

# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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## FROM BALMORAL TO OSBORNE.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

BALMORAL, Queen Victoria's Highland home, is in the southwestern corner of Aberdeenshire, about forty-eight miles from "Aberdeen awa'." Aberdeen is a town of no small note, but its inhabitants believe it to be one of the most important places in the world.

There is an old University in Aberdeen, and the town has produced learned men, and some famous sculptors and painters—Philip "of Spain" among the rest. It is a pleasant, clean, bright place, and Aberdeenshire is an agreeably diversified county, famous for its cattle, and the purity of its Free Church principles. The Findon haddocks that are dried upon its rocky beaches have made

its name familiar at every breakfast-table in the land. The Dee finds its way into the sea at Aberdeen. Strath-dee, through which it flows, is studded with old and new mansions, some of them showing considerable elegance in design and construction. At Ballater the railway line ends, and the journey to Braemar, some eighteen miles, has to be done by coach. About half way between Ballater and Braemar stands Balmoral Castle, on a natural platform that slopes from the base of Craigan-gonan to the margin of the Dee. Its situation is charming, the wooded hills that rise around it making a grand setting to the substantial granite pile. The building is irregular—



THE DRAWING-ROOM IN BALMORAL CASTLE.

there are wings and offshoots, and a tower with turrets rising to about a hundred feet high. The architecture is of the old Scottish baronial style, a style of construction that is one of the results of the long and close intercourse in the Middle Ages between France and Scotland. The private rooms front the west, and look up the valley of the Dee.

Sir Theodore Martin, in his "Life of the Prince Consort," speaks thus of the acquisition of Balmoral: "The attention of the physician, Sir James Clark, had been called by his son, now Sir John Clark, to the fine air and other attractions of this part of Deeside as a Summer and Autumn residence. Having satisfied himself on these points, he had urged the Queen and Prince to acquire the lease of the Balmoral Estate from the Earl of Aberdeen, into whose hands it had come upon the death of Sir Robert Gordon in 1847. The lease was only for thirty-eight years from the year 1836, but the property was found to possess so completely the good qualities which had led to its being selected, that the Prince purchased the fee simple of it in 1852 from the trustees of the Earl of Fife. Apart from the beauty of the surrounding scenery, the dry, bracing character of the air was precisely what, in Sir James Clark's opinion, was most essential for the peculiar constitutions of the Queen and Prince. The whole of Deeside, from Charleston of Aboyne to Castleton of Braemar, he held to be one of the driest districts in Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, and no spot along the valley to be more favored in this respect than Balmoral. The causes for this were twofold: first, the sandy gravelly nature both of the lowlands and of the greater part of the surrounding hills; and, next, the fact that the rainclouds from the sea break and discharge themselves upon the range of mountains which lies between Braemar and the Atlantic before they reach Deeside. On the 15th of September Sir James Clark writes: 'We have been here a week; the weather beautiful, and the place, as regards healthiness of site and beauty of scenery, exceeding my expectations, great as they were.'"

From the very first the Queen took kindly to her Highland home. The rugged grandeur of "dark Lochnagar," the majestic sweep of the Grampians, the roar and swirl of the brawling and "ever-vexed" mountain streams, the solemn majesty of the mysterious pine-woods, even the uncertain climate, must have come as a wholesome change from the sweet tranquillity of Windsor and of Osborne, and the placid greenness of English landscape. The fresh breezes from the Highland hills brought restoration and vigor after the excitements and feverishness of a London season, full of political anxieties and society's inexorable demands. And moreover, as her helper and adviser, the Queen had with her the well-loved husband of her youth, who threw himself heart and soul into every plan that had for end the beautifying of the Deeside residence. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

In Queen Victoria's "Journal," a work published by Her Majesty, the royal lady gives her first impressions of Balmoral:

"BALMORAL, Friday, September 8th, 1848.

"We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is wood down to the Dee, and the hills rise all around.

"There is a nice little hall, with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Up-stairs (ascending by a good broad staircase) immediately to the right, and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room (formerly the dining-room), a fine large room, next to which is our bedroom, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Miss Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen up-stairs.

"We lunched almost immediately, and at half-past four we walked out, and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house, is charming. To the left you look toward the beautiful hills surrounding Loch-na-Gar, and to the right, toward Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thüringerwald. It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.

"The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate; and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Laggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the Dee, a beautiful, rapid stream, which runs close behind the house. The view of the hills toward Invercauld is exceedingly fine.

"When I came in, at half-past six, Albert went out to try his luck with some stags which lay quite close in the woods, but he was unsuccessful. They come down of an evening quite near to the house."

The Queen was so delighted with Balmoral, its wildness, its heath-bound solitude, its being so far from the madding crowd, that she and Prince Albert at once set to work to prepare plans for a Highland home, to be erected on the site of the old Scottish Castle, and we find the following entry in Her Majesty's "Journal":

"September 28th, 1853.

"A fine morning early, but when we walked out at half-past ten o'clock it began raining, and soon poured down without ceasing. Most fortunately, it cleared up before two, and the sun shone brightly for the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new house. Mamma and all her party arrived from Abergeldie a little before three. I annex the 'Programme of the Ceremony,' which was strictly adhered to, and was really very interesting:

"PROGRAMME.

"The stone being prepared and suspended over that upon which it is to rest (in which will be a cavity for the bottle containing the parchment and the coins),

"The workmen will be placed in a semicircle at a little distance from the stone, and the women and home servants in an inner semicircle.

"Her Majesty the Queen, and his Royal Highness the Prince, accompanied by the Royal Children; Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and attended by Her Majesty's guests and suite, will proceed from the house.

"Her Majesty, the Prince and the Royal Family will stand on the south side of the stone, the suite being behind and on each side of the Royal party.

"The Rev. Mr. Anderson will then pray for a blessing on the work. Her Majesty will affix her signature to the parchment, recording the day upon which the foundation-stone was laid. Her Majesty's signature will be followed by that of the Prince and the Royal Children, the Duchess of Kent, and any others that Her Majesty may command, and the parchment will be placed in the bottle.

"One of each of the current coins of the present reign will also be placed in the bottle, and the bottle, having been sealed up, will be placed in the cavity. The trowel will then be delivered to Her Majesty by Mr. Smith, of Aberdeen, the architect, and the mortar having been spread, the stone will be lowered.

"The level and square will then be applied, and their correctness having been ascertained, the mallet will be delivered to Her Majesty by Mr. Stuart (the clerk of the works), when Her Majesty will strike the stone and declare it to be laid. The cornucopia will be placed upon the stone, and the oil and wine poured out by Her Majesty.

"The pipes will play, and Her Majesty, with the Royal Family, will retire.

"As soon after as it can be got ready, the workmen will proceed to their dinner. After dinner the following toasts will be given by Mr. Smith:

"The Queen."

"The Prince and the Royal Family."

"Prosperity to the house, and happiness to the inmates of Balmoral."

"The workmen will then leave the dinner-room, and amuse themselves upon the green with Highland games till seven o'clock, when a dance will take place in the ballroom.

"We walked round to the spot, preceded by Mackay. Mr. An-



derson made a very appropriate prayer. The wind was very high, but else every thing went off as well as could possibly be desired.

"The workmen and people all gave a cheer when the whole was concluded. In about three-quarters of an hour's time we went in to see the people at their dinner, and after this walked over to Craig Gowan, for Albert to get a chance for black game.

"We dressed early, and went for twenty minutes before dinner to see the people dancing in the ballroom, which they did with the greatest spirit."

The new castle was "righte swiftly builded," and the Queen and Royal Family took possession. We quote from the Queen's "Journal" :

"September 7th, 1855.

"At a quarter past seven o'clock we arrived at dear Balmoral. Strange, very strange, it seemed to me to drive past, indeed *through*, the old house, the connecting part between it and the offices being broken through. The new house looks beautiful. The tower and the rooms in the connecting part are, however, only half finished, and the offices are still unbuilt, therefore the gentlemen (except the Minister) live in the old house, and so do most of the servants; there is a long wooden passage which connects the new house with the offices. An old shoe was thrown after us into the house, for good luck, when we entered the hall. The house is charming; the rooms delightful; the furniture, papers, everything perfection."

"September 8th, 1855.

"The view from the windows of our rooms, and from the library, drawing-room, etc., below them, of the valley of the Dee, with the mountains in the background, which one never could see from the old house, is quite beautiful. We walked about and alongside the river, and looked at all that has been done, and considered all that has to be done, and afterward we went over to the poor, dear old house, and to our rooms, which it was quite melancholy to see so deserted, and settled about things being brought over."

"September 10th, 1855.

"Mamma, and her lady and gentleman, to dinner.

"All were in constant expectation of more telegraphic dispatches. At half-past ten o'clock two arrived—one for me and one for Lord Granville. I began reading mine, which was from Lord Clarendon, with details from Marshal Pélissier of the further destruction of the Russian ships; and Lord Granville said, 'I have still better news'; on which he read, 'From General Simson—*Sevastopol is in the hands of the Allies.*' God be praised for it! Our delight was great; but we could scarcely believe the good news, and, from having so long, so anxiously expected it, one could not realize the actual fact.

"Albert said they should go at once and light the bonfire which had been prepared when the false report of the fall of the town arrived last year, and had remained ever since waiting to be lit. On the 5th of November, the day of the battle of Inkermann, the wind upset it, strange to say; and now again, most strangely, it only seemed to wait for our return to be lit.

"The new house seems to be lucky indeed, for, from the first moment of our arrival, we have had good news. In a few minutes Albert and all the gentlemen, in every species of attire, sallied forth, followed by all the servants, and gradually by all the population of the village—keepers, gillies, workmen—up to the top of the cairn. We waited, and saw them light it, accompanied by general cheering. The bonfire blazed forth brilliantly, and we could see the numerous figures surrounding it—some dancing, all shouting; Ross playing his pipes, and Grant and Macdonald firing off guns continually; while poor old François d'Albertançon lighted a number of squibs below, the greater part of which would not go off. About three-quarters of an hour after Albert came down, and said the scene had been wild and exciting beyond everything. The people had been drinking healths in whisky, and were in great ecstacy. The whole house seemed in a wonderful state of excitement. The boys were with difficulty awakened, and when at last this was the case, they begged leave to go up to the top of the cairn.

"We remained till a quarter to twelve; and, just as I was undressing, all the people came down under the windows, the pipes playing, the people singing, firing off guns and cheering—first for me, then for Albert, the Emperor of the French, and the downfall of *Sevastopol*."

"September 20th, 1855.

"Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had already spoken to us, on the 20th, of his wishes; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again.

However, we felt it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon, he picked up a piece of white heather (the emblem of "good luck"), which he gave to her, and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Gironch, which led to this happy conclusion."

An entry in the Queen's "Journal" of August 30th, 1856, announces the completion of the new castle :

"On arriving at Balmoral at seven o'clock in the evening, we found the tower finished as well as the offices, and the poor old house gone. The effect of the whole is very fine."

"August 31st, 1856.

"We walked along the river and outside the house. The new offices and the yard are excellent; and the little garden on the west side, with the eagle fountain which the King of Prussia gave me, and which used to be in the greenhouse at Windsor, is extremely pretty, as are also the flower-beds under the walls of the side which faces the Dee. There are sculptured arms on the different shields, gilt, which has a very good effect; and a bas-relief under our windows—not gilt—representing St. Hubert, with St. Andrew on one side and St. George on the other side, all done by Mr. Thomas."

"October 13th, 1856.

"Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so, now that *all* has become my dearest Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year."

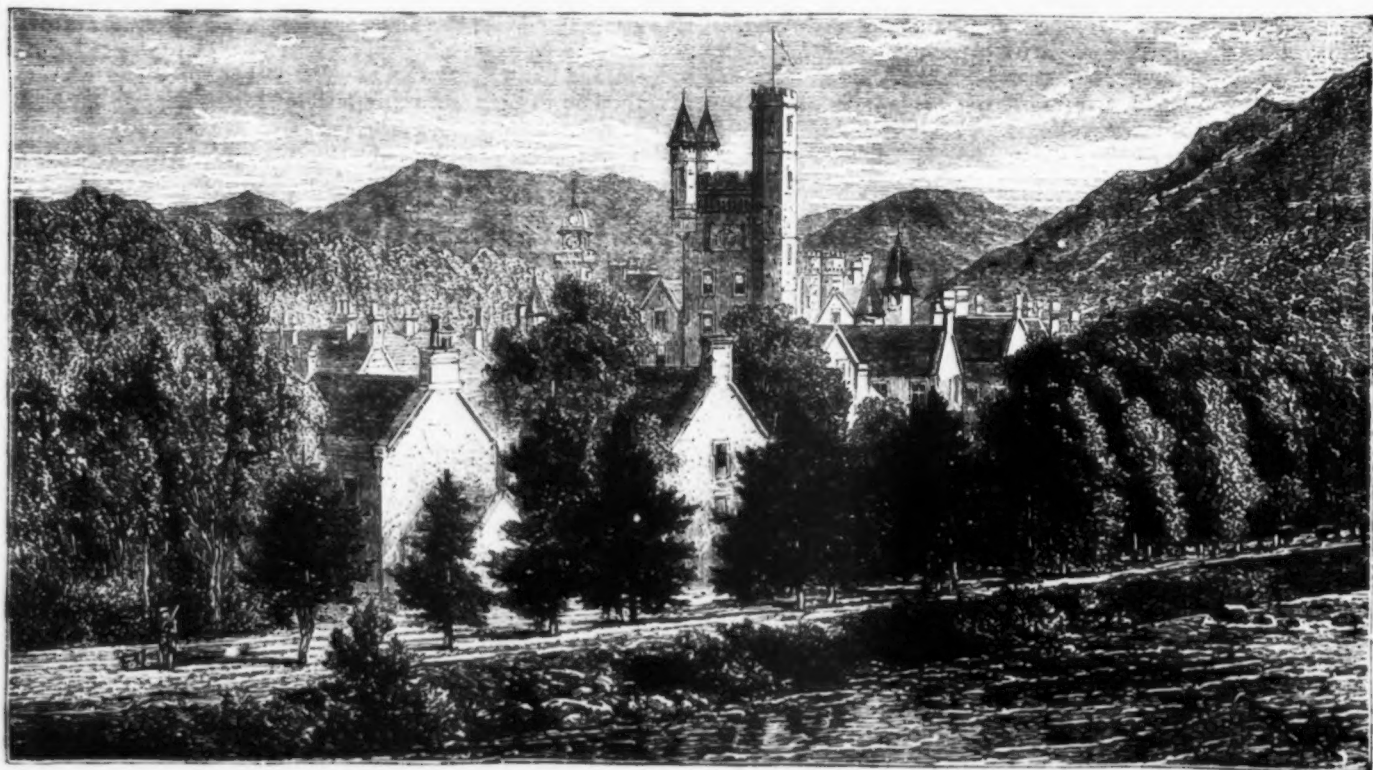
Balmoral is a happy hunting-ground for the sportsmen. Deer and grouse abound. The Queen's "Journal" is full of accounts of the Prince's prowess as a stalker; of his dealings with the ptarmigan; of his skill as a shot; of his unwearied patience in pursuit; and his good humor even when disappointed. He could laugh at his own non-success, and he could feel becoming pride when he brought down a "Royal" stag. At a deer drive in the Balloch Buie, or through the Abergeldie woods, he was almost more at home than in making a speech to the British Association.

The Queen takes her pleasures simply at Balmoral; there are no feverish excitements there, and no attempts at ostentatious display. Driving, walking, entertaining distinguished guests, visiting the neighboring families, are her principal amusements and occupations. Her carriage, with its four "grays" and single outrider, is a familiar sight on the roads around the Castle, and she often rides about the grounds on a pony—the faithful John Brown ever in attendance.

The following extract from the "Journal" shows how deservedly John Brown has won the esteemed favor of his royal mistress :

"John Brown, in 1858, became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands; he commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care and faithfulness cannot be exceeded; and the state of my health, which, of late years, has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable; and, indeed, most needful in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since, most deservedly, been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant. (December, 1865.) He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted and disinterested; always ready to oblige; and of a discretion rarely to be met with. He is now in his fortieth year. His father was a small farmer, who lived at the Bush on the opposite side to Balmoral. He is the second of nine brothers, three of whom have died, two are in Australia and New Zealand, two are living in the neighborhood of Balmoral, and the youngest, Archie (Archibald), is valet to our son Leopold, and is an excellent, trustworthy young man."

But work has to be looked after also! One of Her



BALMORAL CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

Majesty's ministers resides always at the Castle. Dispatches have to be seen to, councils held, and State affairs discussed. Queen's "Messengers" are kept continually on the move. The game of politics will not stand still simply because the Queen of England has retired for rest and change to the wilds of Aberdeenshire.

In the cottages of the poor around Balmoral the Queen is an accustomed and a welcome visitor. Many a kindly word of comfort and advice she gives. She knows the wants of every one about the place, and is a true friend to her dependents. It is pleasant to read in the "Journal" the frequent mentions of old servants, and the frank recognition the Queen accords to faithful service. Into the amusements of the servants and tenantry the Queen enters with hearty goodwill. Highland games and torch-light balls—and the blithe festivities of Hallow E'en—seem to afford her interest and delight, judging from her frequent presence at them, and the anxiety she shows to promote the enjoyment of the merry-makers.

Two or three of the most delightful chapters in the "Journal" are devoted to accounts of excursions from Balmoral made *incognito* by the Queen and the Prince. Such were their visit to Glen Fishie and Grantown, when they passed as Lord and Lady Churchill, and their expedition to Invermark and Fettercairn, where they strolled at night through the almost deserted village, and were

scared by a sudden eruption of music from an amateur fife and drum band.

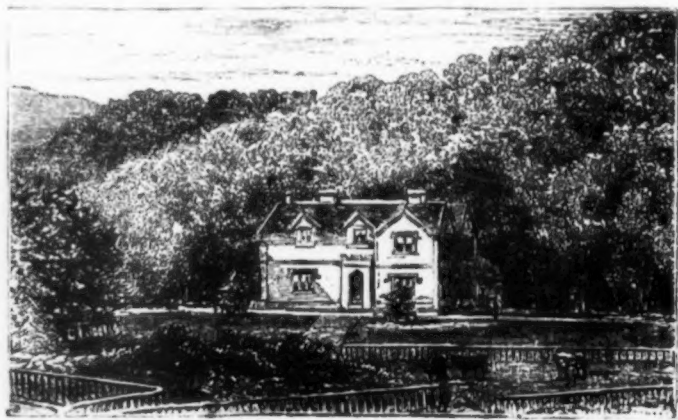
A melancholy interest attaches to the excursion in October, 1861. The Queen seems to have had a presentiment it would be their *last*. And their *last* it proved to be!

In the little village of Crathie, close to Balmoral, there is a church belonging to the old Kirk of Scotland, and Her Majesty is there an almost regular attendant. She even scandalizes rigid sticklers for prelatical forms, by taking the Sacrament after the Presbyterian fashion. The walls of Crathie Church have echoed to the voices of almost all the most celebrated preachers in Scotland—Principal Tulloch, the late Dr. Robert Lee, Principal Caird, the late Dr. Norman Macleod, and Dr. Donald Macleod, are among those who have preached frequently at Crathie. Tourists, with more curiosity than reverence, throng the church every Sunday, while the Court is at the Castle, in the hope of catching a glimpse of royalty. They come not to pray, but they remain to gaze and pry most obtrusively, and to make themselves offensive to both heaven and men by tittering comments and impertinent staring.

There are mountains and hills and lochs and straths in endless variety throughout the whole district of which Balmoral is the centre. Away to the south rises for nearly



THE SERVANTS' AND FACTORS' RESIDENCES.



JOHN BROWN'S HOUSE.



3,800 feet Lochnagar, of which Byron sang in his "Hours of Idleness":

"England, thy beauties are tame and domestic  
To one who has roamed o'er the mountains afar!  
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!  
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar."

Braemar, about ten miles beyond Balmoral, is a tourist's paradise. Just as good Americans, when they die, all go to Paris, so the spirits of good tourists—men who never grumble at hotel charges, and believe all the stories guides tell them, all flit off to Braemar.

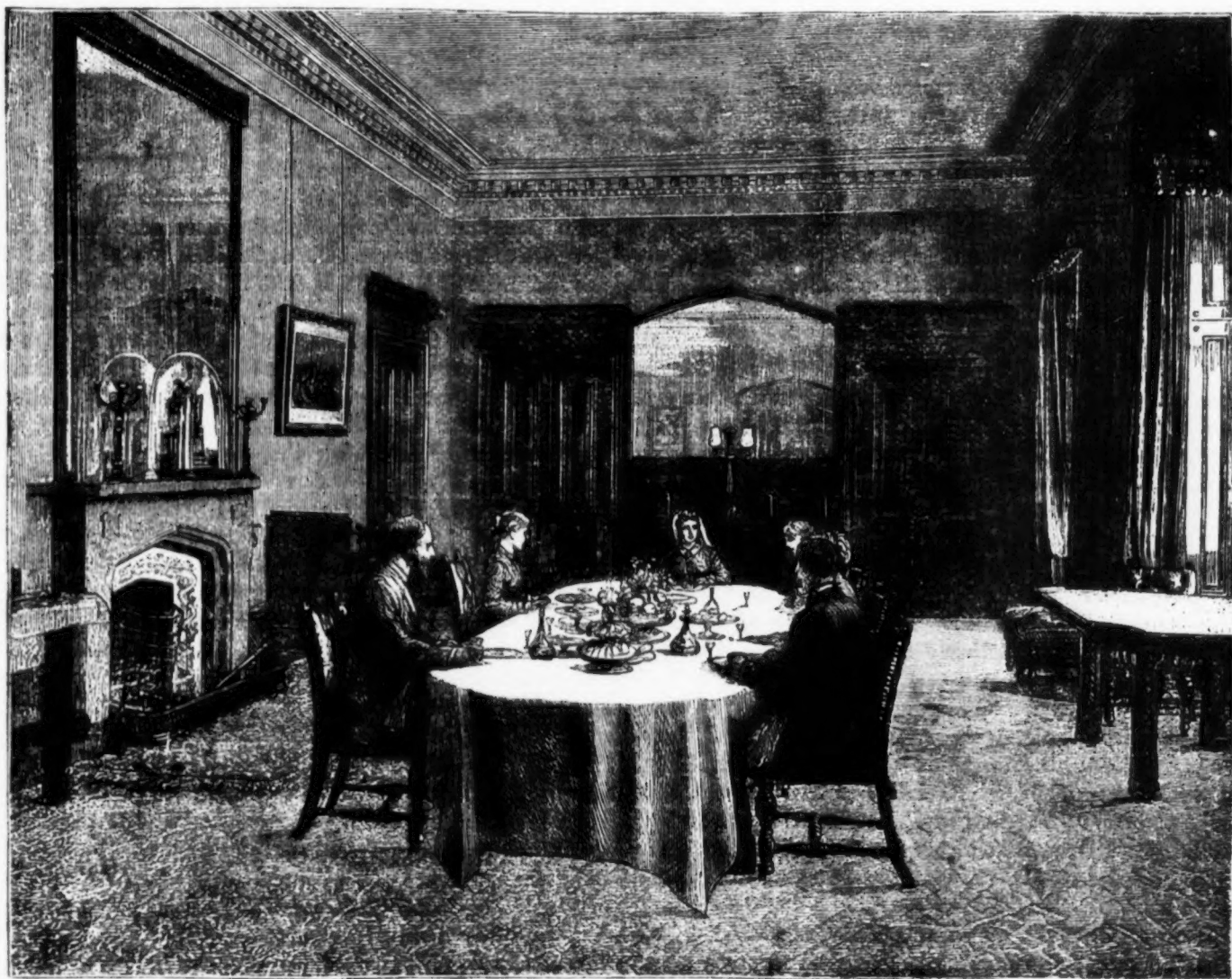
In the height of the season the little hamlet shows a lively scene. The two hotels are full to overflowing. A bed on a billiard-table is looked upon as a precious haven

ale! It is liquid dynamite. It blows your head off. I was returning, some years ago, from a shooting-box about ten miles from Balmoral. It was a warm September day. At the quaint little hotel in Braemar the ale is sold in stone jars. I tossed off the contents of one jar, and demanded another. I was warned against number two.

"Pooh!" I exclaimed, "two bottles of ale to affect me! Forbid the notion."

I tossed off the contents of number two, and—had to be led, if not carried, to the carriage. Such poteen! Luckily, the dizzying effect passed off almost as rapidly as it came on.

The coach-road from Braemar by the Spital of Gleenshee to Blairgowrie is at parts one of the steepest in Scotland.



THE DINING-ROOM.

of rest. Male tourists strut about in all the bravery of knickerbockers and kilts. It is a strange fact that the more "ill thriven-looking" a man's legs are, the more certain is he, as soon as he smells heather, to adopt "the garb of old Gaul." Female tourists, got up in fascinating costumes and "deer-stalker" hats, saunter along the streets, and carry agitation into the hearts of all the kilted heroes who are conscious of the deficiencies of their legs. Coaches rattle up to and leave the inn doors, the strains of the bagpipe every now and again float upon the air. Only perfervid Celts, in their "wild hysterics" of patriotism, call this music. It was a Braemar man who declared that he once heard twelve bagpipes playing twelve different pibrochs at the same time, and "thocht he was in heevin." There is a deal of life and movement everywhere in Braemar.

Beware when at Braemar of the famous Prestonpans

There are bits in it as ugly as any careful family man would care to have to tackle on a dark night and with a restive horse. Once at Blairgowrie, the traveler is out of the Highlands and into the tameness of civilization. Perth lies at an easy distance, and Perth is but a stage on the direct road to London. The fame of its "Fair Maids" is now quite eclipsed by the reputation of its station refreshment-rooms, where the Queen always breakfasts on her journey from the sylvan shades of Windsor to the rugged grandeur and the keen mountain air of her far-famed Highland home.

The size of the older Palace was very much less than the new one, and must have been more in symmetry with its surroundings. The present Castle is too large for the valley in which it rests. It has the appearance of being cramped for room, hemmed in too closely by the wooded heights. Where this impression is less felt is when one

comes upon the Castle going toward Braemar on the main road from Ballater. The royal laundry is in the foreground, partly hidden by trees, with a foreshortened view of the river frontage of the Castle, the great tower rising in the centre of the mass with the smaller minarets clustering round. To this view, there is no immediate background. The hills seem far away, and very rugged. In this position there is a certain degree of grandeur and romance in the appearance of the Queen's Summer residence.

The servants' and factors' residences form quite a picturesque little village a short distance from the Castle, and on the road to the Lochnagar Distillery, which, by-the-way, is a very picturesque old still, and looks especially quaint when one has imbibed a glass or two of its mellow whisky. One or two more favored servants have residences nearer the Castle, one of which has just been built by Her Majesty's command for Mr. John Brown.

The Queen is awakened every morning by the strains of the royal bagpipe, played beneath the bedroom window. The music generally lasts from eight to nine or half-past.

It is very unusual for Her Majesty to miss her morning-walk between breakfast and luncheon, whether the weather be soft or hard, and she may be seen with the Princess Beatrice and her favorite dogs, a white-and-dark terrier and a coolie, strolling through the grounds, or by the Dee side. A gillie is in attendance with extra wraps in case the weather becomes "too saft a wee."

Though "far from the madding crowd" and the restraint of Court life, Her Majesty is not altogether free from the cares of State, and works for several hours a day, generally between her morning walk and afternoon drive. Then, in carriage and pair, and with outriders, Her Majesty drives with the Princess and lady-in-waiting to her favorite haunts in the neighborhood. One day to the Linn of Dee, on Lord Fife's estate, changing horses at that well known hostelry the Fife Arms, at Braemar. Another day to the Shiel of Derry, where Her Majesty will take tea in the most ordinary fashion in a simple hut in the most truly rural style.

When the Queen is at Balmoral, there is always a company of some Highland regiment, as Royal Guard, quartered at Ballater, the terminus of the Deeside Railway. This little town, which is gradually growing into an Aberdeen Summer resort, is not only famous for its close proximity to Balmoral and Abergeldie, but for the farm in its neighborhood where the poet Byron spent some time when a boy at Ballatrach.

The interior of Balmoral is plainly furnished. The Tartan Room is rather interesting, as it is wholly draped in Balmoral tartan—a quaint, warm, gray design, I believe arranged by the late Prince Consort. It is far superior in design and color to the startling and gaudy Royal Stuart tartan.

#### BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

It has often been said by foreigners that if they were to judge of the dignity and greatness of a country by the palace which its sovereign inhabits, they would not be able to ascribe to Her Majesty Queen Victoria that proud position among the "crowned heads" of Europe which undoubtedly belongs to her. But though Buckingham Palace is far from being so magnificent as Versailles is, or the Tuileries once were, yet it has about it an air of solidity and modest grandeur which renders it no unworthy residence for a sovereign who cares more for a comfortable home than for display. Indeed, it has often been said that, with the exception of St. James's, Buckingham Palace is the ugliest royal residence in Europe; and although vast sums of money have been spent at various

times upon its improvement and embellishment, it is very far from being worthy of the purpose to which it is dedicated—lodging the sovereign of the most powerful monarchy in the world. It fronts the western end of St. James's Park, which here converges to a narrow point; the Mall, upon the north, and Birdcage Walk, upon the south, almost meeting before its gates.

The present palace occupies the site of what, in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., was known as the Mulberry Garden, then a place of fashionable resort. It was so called from the fact that the ground had been planted with mulberry-trees by order of James I., one of whose whims was the encouragement of the growth of silk in England as a source of revenue. With this object in view, he imported many shiploads of young mulberry-trees, most of which were planted round the metropolis. Indeed, he gave by patent to Walter, Lord Aston, the Superintendence of "The Mulberry Garden, near St. James's"; but all Lord Aston's efforts were unable to secure success; the speculation entered into by King James proved a failure, and the Mulberry Garden was afterward devoted to a public recreation-ground.

In a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, printed in "London and its Environs," the Duke of Buckingham describes the house, and his style of living there, in the most minute detail. It is said that, at an annual dinner which he gave to his spendthrift friends, he used to propose as a toast, "May as many of us as remain unchanged till next Spring meet here again!" He died in this house, and here his remains lay in state previous to their removal to Westminster Abbey, where they were consigned to their tomb in the stately chapel of Henry VII.

The duke's proud widow, Catherine Darnley, the natural daughter of James II. by Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, lived here after his death. "Here," writes Mr. J. H. Jesse, "on each successive anniversary of the execution of her grandfather, Charles I., she was accustomed to receive her company in the grand drawing-room, herself seated in a chair of state, clad in the deepest mourning, and surrounded by her women, all as black and as dismal-looking as herself. Here, too, that eccentric lady breathed her last." "Princess Buckingham," writes Horace Walpole, "is either dead or dying. She sent for Mr. Anstes, and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill that she feared dying before the pomp was come home. She said, 'Why don't they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it, even though all the tassels are not finished.' But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all. She made her ladies vow to her that if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead."

By her own express directions, she was buried with great pomp beside her lord in the Abbey, where there was formerly a waxen figure of her, after the usual royal fashion, adorned with jewels, prepared in her life by her own hands. She was succeeded in her ownership of the house by the duke's natural son, Charles Herbert Sheffield, on whom his Grace had entailed it after the death of his son, the young duke.

George III., in his second year, bought the house for the sum of £21,000, and shortly afterward removed hither from St. James's Palace. Here all his numerous family was born, with the exception of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., whose birth took place at St. James's. The King and Queen grew so fond of their new purchase that they took up their abode entirely here; and during their reign St. James's Palace was kept up for use only on Court days and other occasions of ceremony.



In 1775 the property was legally settled, by Act of Parliament, on Queen Charlotte, in exchange for Somerset House; and henceforth Buckingham House was known in West-end society as the "Queen's House."

In 1809 the King gave a reception to the Persian Ambassador, when an honor was conferred upon him that was hitherto confined to the Royal Family—namely, "the great iron gates fronting the park were thrown open for his entrance."

One of the ladies of the Court of the Princess of Wales thus mentions Buckingham House, in 1811: "I was one of the happy few at H——'s ball, given it B——m House—a house I had been long anxious to see, as it is rendered classical by the pen of Pope and the pencil of Hogarth. It is in a woeful condition, and, as I hear, is to be pulled down."

From its doors, in 1816, Princess Charlotte went forth as a bride, attired for her wedding with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. The nation even now does not forget how, within a few short months, that brightest gem in the English crown was carried to the tomb.

George III. and Queen Charlotte, while living here, it appears, were strong believers in the literal application of the precept of Solomon, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." "The King," writes the Honorable Amelia Murray, in her "Recollections," "was most anxious 'to train up his children in the way they should go'; but severity was the fashion of the day; and although naturally a tender and affectionate father, he placed his sons under tutors who imagined that the 'rod' of Scripture could mean only bodily punishment. Princess Sophia," she adds, "once told me that she had seen her two eldest brothers when they were boys of thirteen and fourteen, held by their arms at Buckingham Palace, to be flogged like dogs with a long whip!" Was it wonderful that the results proved anything but satisfactory!

Christmas-trees are now quite a common sight in almost every English household. But this was not the case half a century ago. Queen Charlotte, however, true to her German associations, regularly had one dressed up, either here or at Kew Palace, in the room of her German attendant. "It was hung," says a lady of the Court, "with presents for the children, who were invited to see it; and I well remember the pleasure that it was to hunt for one's own name, which was sure to be attached to one or more of the pretty gifts."

In 1825 the present edifice was commenced, from the design of John Nash, by command of George IV.; but as William IV. did not like the situation or the building, Buckingham House was not occupied until the accession of Queen Victoria. It was at first intended only to repair and enlarge the old house; and therefore the old site, height, and dimensions were retained. This led to the erection of a clumsy building, as it was considered that Parliament would never have granted the funds for an entirely new palace. On the accession of her present Majesty, several alterations and improvements were effected, and new buildings added on the south side. The principal of these is the private chapel, which occupies the place of the old conservatory. It was consecrated in 1843. The pillars of this building formed a portion of the screen of Carlton House. Four years later other and more extensive alterations were effected by the erection, at a cost of about £150,000, of the east front, under the superintendence of Mr. Blore. The palace, as constructed by Nash, consisted of three sides of a square, Roman-Corinthian, raised upon a Doric basement, with pediments at the ends; the fourth side being inclosed by iron palisades. In front of the central entrance stood, formerly,

the Marble Arch, now at the northeast corner of Hyde Park. It was removed to its present situation in 1851. On it was displayed the royal banner of England, denoting the presence of the sovereign. This flag is now displayed on the roof in the centre of the eastern front. The new east front of the palace is the same length as the garden front; the height to top of the balustrade is nearly eighty feet, and it has a central and two arched side entrances, leading direct into the quadrangle. The wings are surmounted by statues representing "Morning," "Noon," and "Night"; the "Hours and the Seasons"; and upon turrets, flanking the central shield (bearing "V. R., 1847"), are colossal figures of "Britannia" and "St. George"; besides groups of trophies, festoons of flowers, etc. Around the entire building is a scroll frieze of the rose, shamrock, and thistle.

It has been asserted that the mismanagement on the part of the Government nearly ruined the artist of the magnificent gates of the arch. Their cost was 3,000 guineas, and they are the largest and most superb in Europe, not excepting the stupendous gates of the Ducal Palace at Venice, and those made by order of Bonaparte for the Louvre at Paris. Yet the Government agents are reported to have conveyed these costly gates from the manufacturer's in a "common stage-wagon," when the semi-circular head, the most beautiful portion of the design, was irretrievably mutilated; and consequently it has not been fixed in the archway to the present day.

The most important portions of the palace are the Marble Hall and Sculpture Gallery, the Library, the Grand Staircase, the Vestibule, the state apartments, consisting of the new Drawing-room and the Throne-room, the Picture Gallery—where her present Majesty has placed a valuable collection of paintings—the Grand Saloon, and the State Ballroom.

The Entrance-hall is surrounded by a range of double columns, with gilded bases and capitals, standing on a continuous basement; each consists of a single piece of Carrara marble. The Grand Staircase is of white marble, the decorations of which were executed by L. Gruner. The State Ballroom, on the south side, was finished in 1856, from Pennethorne's design, and decorated within by Gruner; and it has been more than once stated in print that it cost £300,000. It has ranges of scagliola porphyry Corinthian columns, carrying an entablature and coved ceiling, elaborately gilt. In this room are Winterhalter's portraits of the Queen and the late Prince Consort, also Vandyke's Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. This splendid room was the scene of two superb costume balls in 1842 and 1845—the first in the style of the reign of Edward III., and the *fête* in 1845 was in the taste of George II.'s reign.

The Library, which is also used as a waiting-room for deputations, is very large, and decorated in a manner combining comfort with elegance; it opens upon a terrace, with a conservatory at one end and the chapel at the other, whilst over the balustrade are seen the undulating surface of the palace gardens. From this noble apartment, as soon as the Queen is ready to receive them, deputations pass across the Sculpture Gallery into the Hall, and thence ascend, by the Grand Staircase through an ante-room and the Green Drawing-room to the Throne-room.

The Sculpture Gallery contains busts of eminent statesmen and members of the Royal Family, and extends through the whole length of the central portion of the front of the edifice.

The Green Drawing-room, which opens upon the upper story of the portico of the old building, is a long and lofty apartment. Visitors on the occasions of state balls and



WAITING FOR HER MAJESTY AT CRATHIE CHURCH.

other ceremonies are conducted through the Green Drawing-room to the Picture Gallery and the Grand Saloon. On these occasions refreshments are served in the Garter-room and Green Drawing-room, and supper laid in the principal Dining-room. The concerts, invitations to which seldom exceed 300, are given in the Grand Saloon. It is only the too utterly utter swells who are bidden to these concerts, the invitation being a joy forever.

The Throne-room, which is in the eastern front, is upward of sixty feet in length, and has the walls hung with crimson satin, the alcove with crimson velvet, and both are relieved by a profusion of golden hues; the ceiling is richly carved and gilt, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and the fringe adorned with bas-reliefs, illustrative of the Wars of the Roses.

The palace includes a Picture Gallery, containing a choice and extensive collection of specimens of ancient and modern masters; it can be viewed by orders from the Lord Chamberlain, which are granted only to persons who can give good references and guarantees of respectability. The gallery itself is an extensive corridor, upward of 150 feet long, and lighted from the roof by skylights of ground-glass, on which are exhibited all the stars of the various European Orders.

The "private apartments" of the Queen, which are very rarely shown, contain some fine portraits and miniatures of the late and present Royal Families, by Vandyck, Lely, Kneller, Gainsborough, Copley, Lawrence, etc.

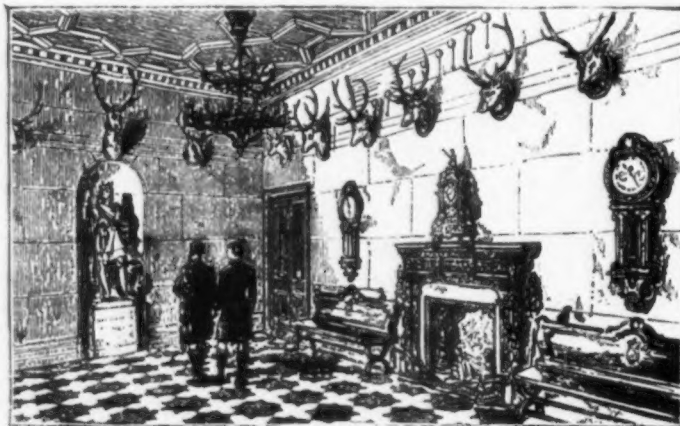
The Yellow Drawing-room is generally considered the most magnificent apartment in the palace; the whole of the furniture being elaborately carved, overlaid with burnished gold, and covered with broad-striped yellow satin.

The garden, or west front, of the palace, architecturally the principal one, has five Corinthian towers, and also a balustraded terrace, on the upper portion of which are statues, trophies, and bas-reliefs, by Flaxman and other distinguished sculptors.

The pleasure-grounds cover a space of about forty acres, five of which are occupied by a lake. Upon the summit of a lofty artificial mound, rising from the margin of the lake, is a picturesque pavilion, or garden-house, with a minaret roof. In the centre is an octagonal room, with figures of "Midnight" and "Dawn," and eight lunettes, painted in fresco, from Milton's "Comus," by Eastlake, Maclise, Landseer, Dyce, Stanfield, Uwins, Leslie, and Ross. Another room is decorated in the Pompeian style, and a third is embellished with romantic designs, suggested by the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott.

The Royal Stables—or mews, as they are generally called—are situated on the north side of the garden, and are concealed from the palace by a lofty mound. They contain a spacious riding-school, a room expressly for keeping the state harness, stabling for the state horses, and houses for forty carriages. The magnificent state-coach, which is kept here, was designed by Sir William Chambers, in 1762, and painted by Cipriani with a series of emblematical subjects; its entire cost is said to have been little short of £8,000.

In 1837 it was a common joke of the day that Buckingham Palace could boast, at all events, of being the cheapest of all royal residences, having been "built for one sovereign and furnished for another." It was in July of the above year that Queen Victoria took up her residence here, since which period this



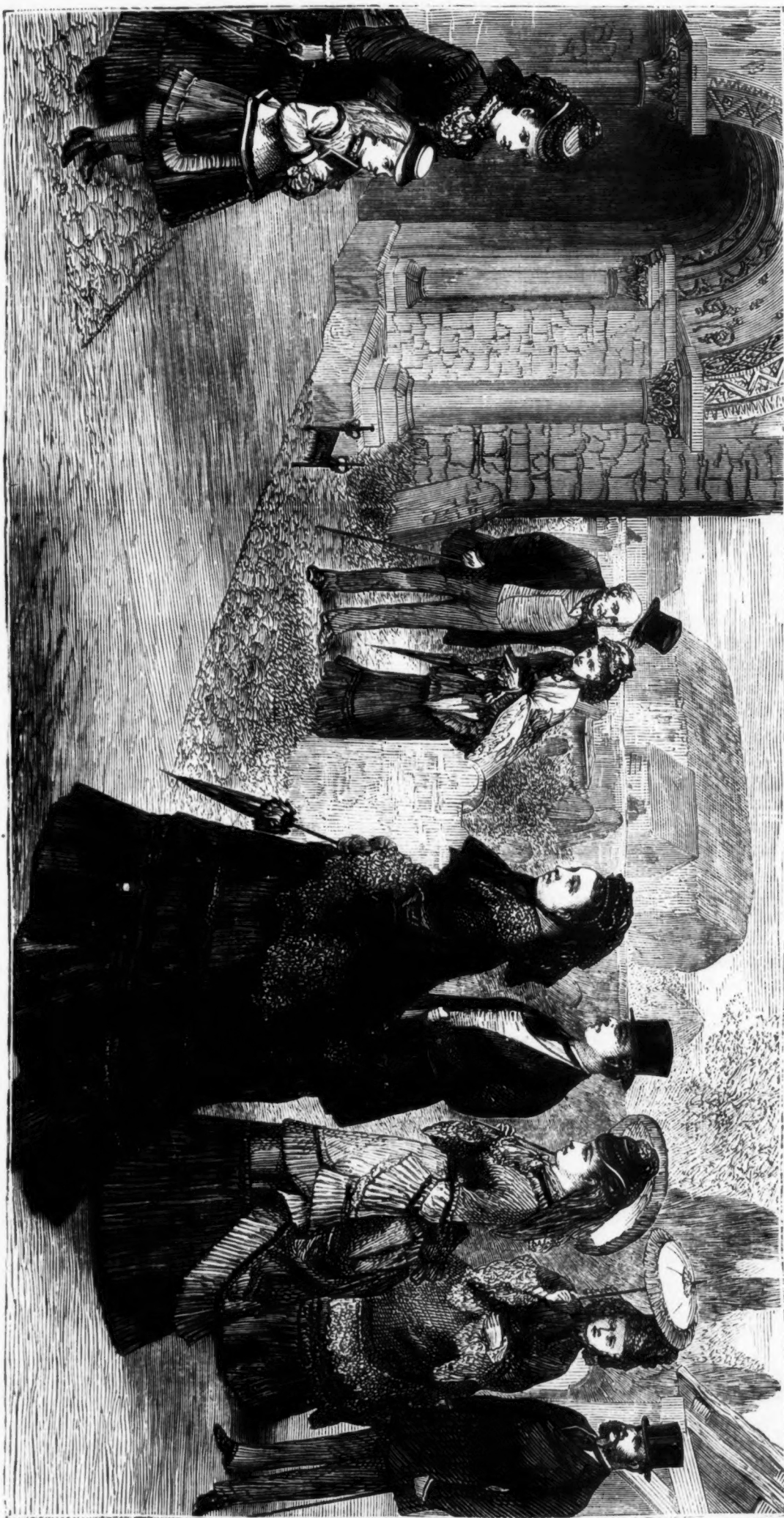
THE HALL OF BALMORAL CASTLE.



palace has been the constant abode of Her Majesty, when in town. Here, in 1840 and 1841, were born the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales; and it has been the birthplace of most of the other children of Her Majesty. It is, too, occasionally set apart as the temporary residence of the royal guests from foreign parts, when on visits to that country—notably the Shah of Persia. I visited the Palace immediately after the Shah's departure, and every official, from a chamberlain to a chambermaid, was uttering an equivalent for "How disgusting!" The Shah's notions of cleanliness differ from those of other potentates.

It was at Buckingham Palace that Charles Dickens had his only audience with his sovereign. Accident led to it. Dickens had brought with him from America some large and striking photographs of the battle-fields of the Civil War, and the Queen, having heard of this through Mr. Arthur Helps, expressed a wish to look at them. Dickens sent them alone, and went afterward to Buckingham Palace with Mr. Helps, at Her Majesty's request, that she might see them and thank him in person. This was in the middle of March. . . . The Queen's kindness left a strong impression on Dickens. Upon Her Majesty's expressing regret that she had not heard his readings, Dickens intimated that they had now been a thing of the past, while he

QUEEN VICTORIA AT WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.



acknowledged gratefully the compliment of Her Majesty in regard to them. She spoke to him of the impression made upon her by his acting in "The Frozen Deep"; and on his stating, in reply to an inquiry, that the little play had not been very successful on the public stage, said that this did not surprise her, since it no longer had the advantage of his performance in it. . . . She asked him to give her his writings, and could she have them that afternoon? but he begged to be allowed to send a bound copy. Her Majesty then took from the table her own book upon the "Highlands," with an autograph inscription "To Charles Dickens," and saying that "the humblest of writers" would be ashamed to offer it to "one of the greatest," but that Mr. Helps, being asked to give it, had remarked to her that it would be valued most from herself; so she closed the interview by placing the book in Mr. Dickens's hands. Just two months from the day of the above interview with the Queen, Dickens was buried in Westminster Abbey.

It is at Buckingham Palace that Her Majesty usually holds her "Courts" and "Drawing-rooms." A court is held for the reception of the diplomatic and other official bodies, the general circle on the court list, and other persons having special invitations, the presentations being few in number.

At the appointed hour Her Majesty, who has arrived from Windsor, takes her place, having been joined by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, with their respective attendants. The scene on the staircase—the company being on their way to the Throne-room—is very splendid, and in the Throne-room itself it is gorgeous in the extreme.

Of the assembly who approach her a few are presented in form and kiss the royal hand; the rest pass by Her Majesty in rotation, and file off by a sidelong, retiring movement from the presence. The ceremony occupies a considerable time, as must be, owing to the large number present; and the scene during the continuance could scarcely be surpassed for splendor and costly state. The apartment in which it is enacted, too, is well worthy of the occasion, with its glass, and its gilding, and its crimson draperies.

When the last lady and gentleman have passed the throne, Her Majesty retires with her suite; then there is a movement down-stairs, a general call for carriages, and the first "Court" of the season has fairly come to an end.

#### ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

St. James's Palace is an irregular brick building at the bottom of St. James's Street. It was the only London palace of the British sovereigns from the time of the burning of Whitehall, in the reign of William III., to the occupation of Buckingham Palace by her present Majesty. It was first made a manor by Henry VIII., and was previously an hospital dedicated to St. James, and founded for fourteen Sisters, "maidens that were leprous." Henry altered or rebuilt it, and connected the present Park, closed about with a wall of brick, with the Palace of Whitehall. Little remains of the old palace but the picturesque red-brick gateway toward St. James's Street, and contiguous to it is the Chapel Royal. On the chimney-piece of the old Presence-chamber the initials "H. A." (Henry and Anne Boleyn) remain.

In the Great Council-chamber the odes of the Poets Laureate were formerly recited and sung before the King and Queen. Here died in, 1558, Queen Mary I., and in 1612 Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I. Charles II. and James II. were born here. Here Charles I. passed his last night before his execution, walking the

next morning "from St. James's through the Park, guarded with a regiment of foot and partisans," to the scaffold before Whitehall. Monk took up his quarters in "St. James's House," while his plans for the Restoration were as yet undecided. James II.'s son, by Mary of Modena, the old Pretender, was born here, 1688. The child was said to have been conveyed in a warming-pan to Her Majesty's bed in the Great Bedchamber, pulled down in 1822. Queen Anne (then the Princess Anne) describes St. James's Palace "as much the properest place to act such a cheat in." Along the corridor was dragged on her knees by the obdurate George I., Lady Nithsdale, who had waylaid him with a petition to save from death her husband, implicated in the 1715 rebellion. Here in 1737 died Caroline, Queen of George II.; and, in 1762, George IV. was born.

In the dingy brick house on the west side of the Ambassadors' Court, Marshal Blucher was lodged in 1814. He was so popular that he had to show himself every day many times to the mob, who were content to wait until the court was filled, when he was vociferously called forward to the window to be cheered.

The watching of the palace is intrusted to the Household Brigade of Guards, and the guard is changed every day at a quarter to eleven, when the band plays in the outer or east court for about a quarter of an hour. I would earnestly advise all readers of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, when visiting London, not to miss the guard-mounting.

Down to 1861 Drawing-rooms were always held at St. James's Palace; but since the death of the Prince Consort they have taken place at Buckingham Palace. Levees are still held here.

In the Chapel Royal, entered from the Color Court of the palace, Her Majesty Victoria, and various sovereign princes and princesses of her line were married. On the festival of the Epiphany Her Majesty presents to the altar, through two Gentlemen of the Court, gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. The roof is of very elegant Holbeinesque design. The seats in this chapel are appropriated to the nobility. Service is performed at ten A.M., twelve M., and half-past five P.M.

Contiguous to the palace on the west is Clarence House, formerly the residence of the Duchess of Kent, enlarged and fitted up in 1874 for H. R. H. The Duke of Edinburgh and his Russian Princess.

#### WINDSOR CASTLE.

Windsor Castle bears marks of the hand of almost every English monarch, from William the Conqueror downward. The principal names connected with this edifice are those of William, Henry I., Edward III. and IV., Henry VII. and VIII., Elizabeth, Charles I. and II., Georges III. and IV., and William IV.

From the time of Charles II., however, if we except the pictures introduced by James II., and a painted staircase begun by Queen Anne and finished by George I., the Castle appears to have been neglected till the reign of George III. This Prince repaired and superbly decorated the chapel.

The Keep, or Round Tower, stands between the two wards of the Castle, and is certainly a very remarkable structure. The view from the summit is, perhaps, unrivaled of its kind in England. The windings of the Thames at your feet, through a comparatively level country—the luxuriant parks and sombre forest—the fields and groves intermingled—the towns, villages, mansions, detached cottages gleaming through the trees—all combine to form a picture which gladdens the heart as



much as it amuses the imagination. From this spot the following counties may be seen at a single glance: Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Berks, Oxford, Wilts, Hants, Surrey, Sussex, Kent and Bedford; and, on a clear day, the dome of St. Paul's, at London, may be distinctly recognized. O those Summer days spent on the glades of Windsor Park! O those lunches at the "White Hart"! O those little dinners at the "Wheat Sheaf"!

St. George's Gateway, by which the public enter to view the quadrangle, is entirely a new construction, as well as the portion of the building which connects that gateway with the tower of King Edward III. The turret which rises on the left hand above the tower does not nearly reach the summit. Beyond this, still proceeding along the southern point, was the principal entrance, a mean gateway in an obscure situation; which is now entirely closed, and the line of building continued, with beautiful Gothic windows, till we reach the present royal gateway, flanked by the York and Lancaster towers. From this, the buildings, constituting the apartments of the household and guests, have been raised a story to the end of the façade, and surmounted by battlements. A turret, which rose midway, has been cut down to a level with the rest of the line; and instead of a low plain tower, which terminated the front in this direction, a lofty and magnificent structure, with battlements and machicolations, has arisen, which receives the name, and is the peculiar abode of its present royal mistress.

Turning the angle, we find the eastern front scarcely less altered. Between Victoria Tower and the Prince of Wales's Tower there are two others, Clarence and Chester; all completely different from the old plan, which I have compared minutely with the new. This façade was disfigured by round windows, entirely out of keeping with the character of the edifice; and these have now vanished, and are replaced by magnificent Gothic windows. The upper coping of the roofs are embattled and battlements also carried along the terrace.

In the northern front, a lofty and handsome pile, called Brunswick Tower, serves to give effect to the perspective. In this façade are Cornwall Tower, King George IV.'s Tower and Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; with two Norman towers, forming a gateway into the middle ward.

The portion of the Castle where the Round Tower stands is usually designated as the middle ward, although at present there is no barrier between it and the lower. The lower ward, to which I shall hereafter more particularly refer, contains, besides several towers, the Chapel of St. George, the Royal Tombhouse, and the habitations of the disservants of the chapel, poor knights, etc. Here the external changes are few.

The circumference of the Castle is 4,180 feet, or nearly one mile; and it is 1,480 feet long from east to west. The superficial area within the walls is twelve acres, two roods and thirty poles. Measured roughly, the south, or principal front, is about 1,300 feet long; the north 1,600 feet long, and the average breadth, from east to west, from 400 to 500 feet.

The principal approach is from the Home Park, through a lofty gateway, flanked by the York and Lancaster towers, two noble structures, 100 feet high, and crowned with projecting battlements. This gateway is in a line with the Long Walk, an avenue of fine elms; and from the part of the avenue where the statue of George III. stands, a superb and somewhat peculiar view of the Castle is obtained.

King George IV.'s Gateway conducts into the Upper Ward, which is a hollow quadrangle, entered also through St. George's gate, at the southwest, and the ancient

Norman gateway at the west. The first of these entrances is sacred to the Royal Family, and the second to distinguished visitors. The public are not admitted into the quadrangle; but from a pathway, inclosed, from St. George's Gateway along the base of the Round Tower, they are permitted to view it. The first floor of the eastern side of the quadrangle is occupied by the rooms appropriated to the Royal Family; those on the south are for the reception of distinguished visitors, and for the lodgings of the household; and the state apartments, including St. George's Hall, the Waterloo Gallery, the Audience Room, the Presence Chamber, the Throne Room, the Grand Staircase and others, are to the north. On the west the quadrangle is bounded only by the inclosure of the path I have mentioned.

I now propose giving a brief sketch of these apartments, in the order in which they are shown to the public.

Entering by a door under a Gothic porch, adjoining to King John's Tower, a staircase conducts the visitor to a small oaken vestibule, from which spot is seen a splendid portrait of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, the architect by whose happy talent this princely residence of the British monarchs has been made to surpass in grandeur and magnificence all the other castellated buildings in Europe.

The Queen's Ballroom is a very splendid apartment. The original ceiling of this room was painted by Verrio, the favorite artist of Charles II.

The walls were formerly hung with Brussels tapestry; and two fine chandeliers, seen in the adjoining room, added to the splendor of the effect.

Among the portraits which adorn the walls, that of the Countess of Carlyle, in her cherry-colored satin, is one of the most prominent. A whole length portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, represents a much handsomer woman, but one whose distinction is owing more to her husband's character than her own. The portrait of the Countess of Dorset also recalls to remembrance a very devoted servant of Charles I. The portrait of Madame de St. Croix is one of the best. The portrait of Lady Anastasia Venetia Digby is remarkable for its beauty, and is painted by Vandyke with more than usual carefulness.

The portraits of Henrietta Maria exhibit the great improvement in costume made by the taste of this age. The English Court was in her time the most polished, and the most profligate, in Europe. The retinue sent to Paris to escort her to her new home is said to have been the most splendid that ever left England; and the Duke of Buckingham at its head, exhausted the luxury of the age to do honor to the occasion.

The portrait of Charles I. represents the King mounted on a white horse, with his equerry on foot holding his Majesty's helmet. The armor is much admired and the horse wonderfully correct.

The picture of Charles I. and his family is one of the most celebrated of Vandyke's productions: "the grouping of the figures being simple and unaffected, the likenesses faithful, the dresses elegantly designed, the coloring harmonious, and the execution happily uniting the most spirited penciling with the highest finish."

The Queen's Drawing-room has a ceiling of stucco, richly embellished with margins of oak and palm entwined; in the centre a large octagon panel surrounded with the oak, shamrock, rose and thistle. In the centre of the cove are richly emblazoned shields, containing the arms of England and Saxe-Meiningen, surmounted with the royal crown. Other shields at the end of the room contain the initials "W. R." and "A. R." The paintings in

this room are all by Zucarelli, and consist of "The Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca," "The Finding of Moses," "Jacob Watering the Flock," and eleven Italian landscapes, all of large dimensions, and all forming fine specimens of the artist. "The Finding of Moses" was painted by Zucarelli in the inner room of the old Royal Academy, granted for his use on the occasion. The subject was chosen by the artist himself, with the King's permission; but "The Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca" is superior in composition, and was the foundation of the artist's fortune in England.

The Queen's Closet is a small, oblong room, with the ceiling enriched with festoons of fruit and flowers. Two large glasses, with silver frames, silver tables and chandeliers, small gilded chairs with hangings of light-blue silk, give an air at once of sumptuousness and elegance to the

created an earl by King William, a duke by Queen Anne, and the palace of Blenheim was erected for his abode at the expense of the nation. He died at Windsor Lodge in 1722.

The ceiling of the Drawing-room is in separate panels, the centre embellished with a star and oaken wreath, and a handsome border running round the room, composed of the rose, thistle and shamrock. The cove has numerous circles entwined with palm, laurel and oak; in the centre of which the letters "G. R.," with the royal arms, are heightened with gold. The pictures are all by Rubens, and most of them are well known.

The Vestibule is ornamented with the star and oaken wreath richly gilded, and the walls of polished wainscot are hung with the masterpieces of West.



THE PRINCE CONSORT'S ROOM.

room; which is adorned, besides, by numerous valuable pictures.

The Council-room is a magnificent apartment, both in size and decoration. The old ceiling was by Verrio, and represented Charles II. in his robes of state, sitting upon a throne, receiving the offerings of the four quarters of the globe; a canopy over his head, supported by Neptune, Jupiter and Time, and the Genius of France paying homage to the British monarch. All this, however, has disappeared; the cross of the Garter and the letters "C. R., 1660," being now the principal ornaments.

Among the numerous paintings is the portrait of a great man, Marlborough, who, from a court page became one of the most distinguished of the English generals. He was employed by Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne, and became the favorite of George I. He was

A bust of Queen Philippa stands on the projecting fireplace, in an angle of the room; and one of her husband, Edward III., on a corresponding abutment in the opposite angle.

The Throne Room is a very splendid apartment, with a highly decorated ceiling, the centre composed of circles of the Garter, connected by medallions of St. George and the Dragon, embossed in gold and silver.

There is here a piece by West, which is, perhaps, the most important picture existing illustrative of English history. The scene is the interior of St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, when the Bishops of Winchester and Salisbury are performing High Mass, with Edward III., Philippa and the knights kneeling round the altar. In the gallery are the Royal children, the captive King of Scots, the Bishop of St. Andrews, and some French prisoners.



The spectators include a galaxy of female beauty, in conformity with the pen-and-ink picture of Froissart. Many of the figures are portraits, such as Edward III., Philippa, the Black Prince, the King of Scots, the beautiful Countess of Kildare, and all the Royal children.

This room leads into the Ballroom, which again communicates, by two other doors, with St. George's Hall and the Waterloo Gallery; the four apartments presenting collectively a scene of magnificence which is probably unrivaled in Europe. The Ballroom is 90 feet long, 34 broad and 33 high; the Waterloo Gallery, 98 feet long, 47 feet broad and 45 feet high; St. George's Hall, 200 feet long, 34 feet broad and 30 feet high.

The Ballroom is superbly adorned with mirrors, and the walls hung with Gobelin tapestry, representing the legend of

Jason and the Golden Fleece. This fine Gobelin tapestry was sent by Louis XVI. to decorate the apartments of his queen, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, in her progress to Paris, at the time of her marriage. The tapestry was afterward given by Charles X. to his late Majesty, George IV. The walls and roof are almost a mass of gilding; but in such delicate designs that no idea of tawdriness or overloading is conveyed. On the north is a grand Gothic window, commanding a very fine view.

The Waterloo Gallery is also called the Waterloo Chamber; but the word "gallery" is more appropriate, inasmuch as it is, in fact, a gallery of portraits of the persons who were connected, either in an immediate or accessory manner, with the battle of Waterloo.

St. George's Hall has been greatly changed in appearance, and probably greatly improved, by the removal of Verrio's ceiling, containing an allegorical panegyric on Charles II. The new ceiling is in the Gothic style, from a design by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville; in form, it is a flat Gothic arch, and the ribs, or moldings which divide its compartments, spring from corbels on the walls. The entire ceiling is divided into fifteen bays, each of which is subdivided into twenty-four smaller ones, and these contain each two shields, emblazoned with the armorial bearings of all the Knights of the Garter, from the institution of the Order down to the present time. On the corbels

are represented knights in complete armor, with the shields of the first twenty-six Knights of the Garter; the two at the eastern end being Edward III. and the Black Prince.

On the southern side of this majestic hall are thirteen lofty Gothic windows, and in the opposite wall corresponding recesses, containing portraits of the last twelve sovereigns of England—James I., Charles I., Charles II., James II., Mary, William III., Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV. and William IV.

The Guard Chamber, the same I believe that was formerly called the King's Guard Chamber, is now completely altered. The length is 78 feet, the breadth 31, and the height 31. The most striking object as you enter is a bronze bust of Lord Nelson, on a pedestal composed

of a portion of the mast of the *Victory*, with the British flags drooping over it. On either side are busts of Marlborough and Wellington. Figures in antique armor are placed in recesses, representing Charles I. when Prince of Wales, Henry Prince of Wales, Lord Howard, the Duke of Brunswick, the Earl of Essex and Prince Rupert. Under a glass dome is a silver target, inlaid with gold, presented to Henry VIII. by Francis I. on the Field



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THEIR CHILDREN.

of the Cloth-of-Gold, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, and considered a fine specimen.

When Queen Anne was sitting in her closet, which commanded a fine view over the northern terrace of the Castle, she received the news of the victory of Blenheim; and for several years in that closet was deposited the banner of France—a flag of white sarcenet, embroidered with three fleurs-de-lis. It was afterward kept in the Queen's Presence Chamber, on an elegant built table; but it now hangs over the bust of the hero in the Guard Chamber. The Duke of Wellington's tri-color hangs in like manner over his bust; and the estates of Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye are held upon the tenure of these banners being presented every year at Windsor Castle—the former on the 2d of August, before twelve o'clock, and the latter on the 18th of June.

The Queen's Presence Chamber is forty-nine feet three inches long, by twenty-three feet six inches. The ceiling

is one of Verrio's flatteries, representing Queen Catherine attended by the cardinal virtues, with Fame sounding her trumpet, and Justice driving away Sedition, Envy and Discord. The walls are decorated with specimens of the Gobelin tapestry, and with portraits of the Duchess of Orleans, youngest daughter of Charles I., and two Princesses of Brunswick, the latter supposed by some to be the work of Mytens, a contemporary of Vandyke.

In the Queen's Audience Chamber Verrio has represented Catherine again, in the character of Britannia, drawn by swans in a triumphal car toward the temple of Virtue, and attended by Pomona, Flora and other goddesses. The tapestry is a continuation of that of the last room. The few pictures are chiefly by Honthorst, who had the honor of teaching painting to the sisters of Charles I.; two of whom, the Princess Sophia and the Abbess Maubuisson, attained to considerable practical knowledge of the art.

It is now my duty to give the readers of the *POPULAR MONTHLY* a glimpse of the *terra incognita* of the Palace, to which they can only be admitted by an order from the Lord Chamberlain, and to which they cannot be admitted at all during the residence of Majesty.

The visitor will be quite unprepared for the magnificence of the vestibule and staircase. You fancy for a moment that you are entering some majestic temple; and in the vestibule, more especially, this illusion prevails, where the double ranges of columns are seen by a "dim, religious light."

Instead of ascending the stairs, we keep along the ground floor by a convenient passage, which conducts to the kitchen, the confectionary-room, and the other offices requisite to minister to the luxury of a palace. Among these will be observed a room dedicated to the sole purpose of making coffee. The confectioner has a very large and lofty apartment for his agreeable avocation; and the ministering spirits of the place—female, of course—have a delicacy of appearance not to be found in the kitchen. The Grand Kitchen is well worth inspection. In its general aspect, and more especially in the lofty roof, it is supposed to have undergone comparatively little alteration since the time of Edward III. The immense fireplaces, however, are now filled with the stoves of modern cookery, with the exception of one at each end of the kitchen, either of which could conveniently roast an ox whole.

The Plate-room is on this story, and contains a mass of plate which may be valued at upward of a million pounds sterling. This Plate-room is, perhaps, as much worth seeing as anything in the Castle. Here are cups of exquisite workmanship, and of great value; amongst them are three by Benvenuto Cellini. The visitor is, indeed, dazzled with the sight of the jeweled cups and vases, and the peacock and golden tiger's head of Tippoo Saib. These latter are valued at £45,000. A gold salver made for George IV. from snuff-boxes is stated to be intrinsically worth £8,000. Much of the gold plate has historical facts connected with it, and there is a beautiful wine vase, taken at the time of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Here, also, may be seen Nell Gwynne's pair of bellows, which formerly accompanied her silver warming-pan, on which was inscribed, "Fear God and honor the King!"

On ascending the staircase, and after passing into a room in the Octagon, or Brunswick Tower, the walls of which are of oak, and the window commanding the whole interior of the quadrangle, we enter the Dining-room. This magnificent apartment is far more imposing in its effect than the State Dining-room. Vast mirrors are embedded in what might seem to be walls of sculptured gold. A vase of gilded silver stands upon a table, and is of such

enormous size that half a dozen men are required to remove it. This was a toy of George IV.; but it has nothing, except its richness and vastness, worth the interest of the money so capriciously funded. The furniture of the room corresponds in other respects with its general character of the splendid and imposing. From the windows a view of the country is obtained to the north and east of great beauty and variety.

The next apartment is the Queen's Drawing-room, opening into the one next mentioned. Elegance would be the prevailing characteristic of this room; but its great size makes it something more than elegant. A deeply embayed window, of square Gothic, commands the same magnificent view seen from all this suite. The furniture is not simply of the most costly—for that might be expected—but also of the most convenient and luxurious description. Both this and the next room open into the Concert-room; they are the usual evening-rooms of the Court.

The next room, called the Chester Drawing-room, is smaller, but in the same style; and beyond this is a long breakfast-room. Below those apartments is the private garden, a parterre four hundred feet square, laid out in formal walks, with vases and statues, intermixed with beds of flowers. This is bounded by a broad terrace-walk, under which an orangery extends to the length of two hundred and fifty feet, the front of which forms a long series of arches.

From the Breakfast-room I have mentioned to the extreme end of the façade, formed by Victoria Tower, there is a multitude of apartments which it is impossible to particularize. These are occupied by the ladies and officers of the household. In the tower itself the Queen is enshrined in a commodious sitting-room and sleeping-room. In the same angle of the building is Her Majesty's entrance and staircase.

I must now, in order to dispose of what I must call public private apartments, carry back the reader to the extreme Norman Tower, which he may remember forms the northern termination of the Upper Ward. Here commences a series of apartments, all thrown into one, and including Queen Elizabeth's Gallery, which is now one great and splendid library. It is fitted up in the Gothic taste, and is perhaps less changed than most other parts of the building; but what will strike the student most are the embayed windows and shady recesses, where he may fancy himself in a hermitage.

Formerly the means of communication with the various apartments were extremely limited; and a bold and grand idea suggested itself to Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, of a corridor which, to include the Mall, should sweep round two angles of the quadrangle, and which should in itself form one vast apartment, superior to all others in decoration.

The corridor commences at St. George's Hall, and terminates at the tower of Edward III., a distance of five hundred and sixty feet. During the whole of this immense length it is the breadth of a good-sized room, and is furnished with chairs, tables, sofas, benches, cabinets, pictures, busts, statues, and ornaments of every possible description in such profusion as to defy any attempt at a catalogue, except in a work devoted to the purpose. You cannot see the corridor in an hour, or a day. It will take at least a week before you can obtain anything like a suitable idea of its contents. In wet weather this forms a promenade for the Court, and from the loftiness of its highly ornamented ceiling, and its numerous windows, it forms an admirable substitute for the terrace.

From this noble passage doors open into the various



suites of apartments, and into the vestibules of various staircases; and from this, among others, you see, within a few paces, the door of the Queen's sitting-room, from which Her Majesty's sleeping-room opens. Beneath, on the ground-floor, is a narrower passage, the sleeping-rooms of the domestics being taken off the breadth.

The following extract from the diary of a maid-of-honor (Lady Bloomfield's *Reminiscences*) gives a peep into the inner life at Windsor:

"EXTRACTS OF LETTERS TO MY MOTHER, LADY RAVENSWORTH.

"WINDSOR CASTLE,

*Thursday Evening, January 20th, 1842.*

"I arrived here about five o'clock, and was immediately shown up to my rooms, which are warm and comfortable. Shortly after Matilda Paget, who arrived just before me, came to me and took me to Lady Lytton, the lady-in-waiting, who received me kindly. I remained some time in her room; and then, when I returned to my own, Baroness Lehzen came to me, bringing me my badge, which, as you know, is the Queen's picture, surrounded with brilliants on a red bow. I am to be presented to Her Majesty in the corridor before dinner. I have a nice sitting-room, with a piano-forte. I hear the duties are very easy, and that except at meals, or when the Queen sends for us, we may sit quietly in our rooms, which is just what I like. The Castle is being prepared for the King of Prussia's visit, and is full of workpeople. I hear they have, after much difficulty, succeeded in warming St. George's Chapel, and it is all carpeted. I found on my table two large cards of invitation to the christening and banquet. The reports of balls and festivities are untrue, though the Queen may have an impromptu dance. I already begin to feel tolerably at home, and if only I find that by constant and unceasing attention on my part, and an earnest desire to do my duty, I can succeed in satisfying my royal mistress, I dare say I shall be very happy, although my thoughts will often—very often—be at home with those I love so much better than anything else in the world.

"As I am not quite sure when the post goes out, I shall write you a few lines, dearest mother, before I go to bed, to tell you that I went down-stairs with Lady Lytton and Miss Paget, and we waited, as is customary, in the corridor, near the door which leads to the Queen's apartment. When Her Majesty came Lady Lytton presented me, and I kissed hands on my appointment as maid-of-honor. The Queen asked graciously after you and Minnie. We then went in to dinner; and after dinner Her Majesty talked to me for some time, asked me about my family, journey, etc., etc. The Duchess of Kent was also very kind, and desired to be remembered to you and my sisters. We were quite a small party, consisting merely of the household. In the evening the Queen and Prince Albert and some of the others played a round game, whilst, as I had asked Miss Paget to take the first waiting, I sat quietly working next Baroness Lehzen, who is very amiable to me, and Lord Charles Wellesley came and talked to us. He is odd and quaint, and amuses me. When we came up to bed Lady Lytton and Miss Paget both congratulated me upon the success of my first interview; and now the worst is over, and I wonder at myself at feeling so little nervous. The hours are very regular—breakfast at ten, lunch at two, dinner at eight. There is a room down-stairs where we are allowed to receive our relations and friends, but they must not come up-stairs."

"WINDSOR CASTLE, January 21st, 1842.

"I have not yet seen the Queen to-day, but Her Majesty keeps very early hours, as she went to the riding-house before we breakfasted this morning. Prince Albert started for Woolwich a little after eleven to meet the King of Prussia, but it is doubtful when His Majesty will arrive to-day. I went all over the state apartments which are prepared for him. What magnificent rooms they are, and what pictures! I should like to spend all my time in studying them. Our chief duty seems to consist in giving the Queen her bouquet before dinner, which is certainly very hard work! and even this only happens every other day. I am left entirely to myself, and can employ my time as I like. The weather has been very thick and foggy ever since I left you, except the day I came up from York, which was splendid; otherwise I really should think that the sun only shines at Ravensworth.

"Being the maid-of-honor in waiting to-day, I had to place the bouquet beside Her Majesty when she sat down to dinner, and sit next the gentleman to the Queen's right; so I was next Lord Jersey. Sarah Villiers's marriage has been postponed, because Prince Esterhazy père is laid up at Ratisbon with a fit of the gout. I had to play at Nain Jaune, or some such game, after dinner. I did not know it the least, but soon learnt. I made some mistakes at

first; but, luckily, always to my own disadvantage, which delighted Prince Albert, who is charmed whenever any one fails to claim the forfeits or prizes. I suppose I may consider myself very lucky, as I got up having won exactly threepence. We are obliged to have a supply of new shillings, sixpences, fourpences and other penny pieces."

OSBORNE.

You run down to the Isle of Wight from the Waterloo station, London. Two hours brings you to Portsmouth, and twenty minutes across the Solent in a wobbly little boat fetches you to Ryde. In the distance may be seen the towers of Osborne, the marine residence of Queen Victoria.

The situation of this splendid mansion is every way eligible for the marine residence of a sovereign of the British Isles, for it commands a most extensive and animated prospect, including the great naval stations of Spithead and Portsmouth; it has a beautiful sea-beach, with a private landing-place, and is sheltered by extensive woods and plantations; while the fine roadstead of Cowes, close by, affords perfect security to her splendid yachts and ships of war. The original seat was a plain family mansion, surrounded by parklike grounds, which have been extended by the purchase of several farms—including Barton, whose fine old Elizabethan manor-house has received a complete and judicious reparation—so that the estate is now most conveniently bounded on the west by the highroad from East Cowes to Newport and Ryde; on the east by a sheltered cove called King's Quay—as tradition will have it, from the circumstance of King John having there concealed himself for a time when opposed by the barons—and on the northeast by the beautiful Solent Channel. Thus compassed by the sea and the best roads in the Island, it extends from north to south about two miles and a half, by nearly two miles from east to west, enjoying the most delightful variety of scenery.

The palace occupies the site of the original house, and forms a noble pile of buildings. The design, which was principally furnished by the late Prince Consort, is in the Palladian style, which so admirably admits of the application of some of the most beautiful features of the Grecian Orders to the necessities of domestic architecture. The general form of the building is quadrangular; the sea-front being flanked on the one hand by the clock tower, ninety feet high, and on the other by the flag tower, one hundred and seven feet; in advance of the latter are the royal apartments, standing nearly detached from the rest of the edifice, and thus securing greater privacy and an uninterrupted prospect. The apparent altitude of the building is increased by two extensive terraces, which are adorned by statuary, fountains, and the choicest shrubs, and descend for twenty-seven feet to a charming little valley that winds to the landing-place, neat bathing-house, etc., on the sequestered shore. On the opposite side of the flag tower, which communicates with an open corridor along the northwest façade, is the carriage-entrance, opening on the original pleasure-grounds, where the luxuriance of the trees and shrubs promises well for the appearance of the place when the more recent and extensive plantations have had a few years' additional growth.

From the Solent, Osborne looks superb, with its towers and terraces and greenswards, whereon tame deer browse to the water's edge. The state apartments are furnished in the most sumptuous fashion, while Her Majesty's private rooms are arranged with a view to right royal comfort. From the Queen's Boudoir the visitor obtains a view of the sparkling waters of the Solent, with merrie England a good six miles away. The Channel in Summer time literally swarms with craft of all sorts, shapes, sizes and dimensions, and is alive with

snowy-sailed yachts, for Cowes is but five miles down Channel, while hundreds of good ships, inward and outward bound, pass majestically on their way. Opposite Osborne House, while the Queen is "in residence," are stationed ten men-of-war, as a guard of honor. I was present when the *Bacchante* anchored off Osborne, last Summer, having on board the two sons of the Prince of Wales after their two years' cruise. What honeyed kissing and hugging took place on that little dock by the sparkling waters of the Solent! The terraces at Osborne are equivalent to our piazzas. Here Her Majesty and the Court spend the most of their time. It is on the main terrace that the Queen, with the Princess Beatrice, takes her daily constitutional.

There are some notable paintings in this seaside palace, while works of art are thick as leaves in far-famed Vallambrosa. The exquisite artistic taste of H. R. H. the Princess Louise manifests itself here, as at Rideau Hall, and hither flock Queen Victoria's grandchildren, for sea-bathing and for change of air, when afflicted by any of those infantile ailments to which even royal flesh is heir to. Osborne is the happy hunting-ground of the three daughters of the Princess of Wales, for here it is alleged that "grandmamma is not so awfully cross."

Alfred Tennyson's sunny residence is within cannon-shot, and around Osborne are the most enchanting drives in every direction.

The estate presents a great diversity of soil, nearly all, however, being of a stiff clay, though some of the worst is well adapted for oak plantations, and the thorough draining and other improvements effected have now rendered

the whole admirably suited for agricultural pursuits, to which H. R. H. the Prince Consort was so very partial. At the cross-road, about half way to Newport, is Alverstoke, one of the Prince's farms. The land which lies to the south was formerly almost barren, but now affords a striking proof of what can be effected by agricultural improvements. Here, also, is the yard for the manufacture of bricks, etc., for the use of the estate.

A great part of the estate is inclosed by a park fence, and through the luxuriant woods and undulating grounds many miles of excellent private carriage-roads have been constructed.

Having a friend at Court, I was provided with the "open sesame," and spent a long Summer day sauntering through the pleasure. I lay at the foot of a lordly elm, watching the snowy-sailed craft that dappled the Solent. A gaunt, grim, ungainly steam transport was on her way to Egypt; strains of music came across the water. Ha! "The Girl I left Behind Me." How many a poor fellow was now taking his last long, lingering look at one of the loveliest spots



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE, DURING THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE LEOPOLD.

in his native land! How many a poor fellow going to the front to fight for his Queen now gazed at the Royal standard that lazily floated in the Summer breeze from the summit of the flag-tower at Osborne Palace! How many a poor fellow thought, as the ship sailed away, of the Victoria Cross "For Valor" at the Queen's own hand.

And now, having personally conducted the readers of the *POPULAR MONTHLY* from Balmoral to Osborne, I resign my office of cicerone with the parting word: "Do not fail to visit these right royal palaces when next you cross the Pond."





A LITTLE WHITE HAND.—“SHE WAS TRYING TO REMEMBER THE LOST ART OF THE SPINNING-WHEEL, WHICH HER OLD NURSE TAUGHT HER.” . . . . “SLOWLY, BUT WITH A FIRM STEP, BRIDE WAS CROSSING THE DIZZY BRIDGE.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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## LOVE SUPREME.

BY SYDNEY HERBERT.

HE loveth best who loves in vain,  
Nor hopes for guerdon, nor for prize,  
Who counteth all he bears as gain,  
Nor bargains love as merchandise.

As rivers seek the ocean's main,  
From where the slender fountains rise,  
He loveth best who loves in vain  
Nor hopes for guerdon, nor for prize.

Whose love knows not the wax and wane  
Of eager hopes or dull surmise,  
And who for love alone is fain  
To tread the path he glorifies,  
He loveth best who loves in vain!

## A LITTLE WHITE HAND.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.



HE heard of him first at Delmonico's, where she was lunching with Mrs. Shelby, a *brunet* so pretty by art that one thought her a great improvement on nature, and Maud Hammond, a dashing, red-headed girl, freckled, with a fine figure; a mouth in proportion to her fortune, which was large, and eyes in proportion to her wit, which was small.

They were arranging for the opening cotillon at a coming ball—a charitable affair—and in talking over the list of invitations, she found that during her absence in Europe (she had wintered in Florence) he had obtained a fixed place in society, and was immensely popular.

"He is only a wandering star, Dimsdel, that that set have picked up lately," said Mrs. Shelby; "but the social astronomers have turned their telescopes on him, and his orbit, though eccentric, is known. He belongs to the Fabians—old Sieurs of Ancient France; he has all the grace of those wicked old darlings, and their *muguet* accomplishments added to the muscular type of the present day. Men of that kind are wanting in society, if one is to have any enjoyment. He knows really good people."

"Like Satan," said Mrs. Beauchamp, smiling, and not much interested.

She was a widow of five-and-twenty, beautiful and wealthy. A superb woman, with a most wonderful face, pure Saxon in its rose-flushed snow, and with an odd dash of the Semitic blood giving oddity to the perfect features. Men had ceased to interest her since she found that nine-tenths of them were anxious to marry either her perfect face or unassailable investments.

Mrs. Shelby laughed.

"He will make a capital *Childe Harold* for our tableaux—dark, *magnifique*, unapproachable! Let me see—he must be in dark-blue velvet, scornfully turning from—

"The laughing dames in whom he did delight,  
And goblets filled with every costly wine,  
And all that mete to luxury invite."

We must have three rehearsals—one at your place, my dear Beauchamp; I have an evening disengaged for another; and you, Maud?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Miss Hammond, eating vanilla ice enthusiastically. "Mamma keeps track of my engagements. This is the ninth; on the tenth, there is the Charity Bazaar at Dr. Butterbunce's Church; the eleventh, the Vintamper's *bal masque*; the twelfth, we

have a choral service to commemorate poor dear papa's death; there is only the thirteenth left. I can't remember whether that night is open. Oh, yes, I do! We have two bishops to dinner—they will go early; so you can all come to us on the thirteenth."

"And you, Beauchamp?"

Mrs. Shelby walked with a jeweled cane, smoked cigarettes, or, rather, honest cigars—*tapageuse* of unapproachable *chic* and *aplomb*.

"The fourteenth—tell every one to come—even your Mr. Fabean. *Apropos* of the tableaux, I shall have little Bride Mornington with me there. She will work in charmingly in them, like a seed-pearl in a gorgeous embroidery. She is a dear little soul."

Mrs. Beauchamp was too superb to be envious, and, an undisputed queen regnant herself, she liked her maids of honor to be beauties, and, if possible, heiresses—they lent *éclat* to her splendors.

Mrs. Shelby shrugged her thin shoulders as she scribbled the date in her notebook with a pencil giving blue lightning from its sapphires.

"Poor little Bride! We must arrange a marriage for her, if possible—there are so many poor, dear fellows who want a fortune, and a little inoffensive wife just like her, without intrusive relatives—relatives are the bane of existence. We might try Fabean for her, only he has a lordly contempt for that style of woman. Prefers something of, let us say, Maud's type, or your own, Beauchamp, divinely tall and most divinely fair. Are you going?"

"Yes; I have an hour's vigorous shopping before me," replied Mrs. Beauchamp, rising superbly, and nestling herself into her velvet cloak and sealskin luxuriously. "Do not forget the fourteenth, and your Mr. Fabean. I am almost curious to see him. So he admires Maud?"

"I did not quite say *that*," said Mrs. Shelby, watching Miss Hammond dash to a mirror to arrange the heron's plume in her blue velvet *toque*. She was a girl of what would be termed "high action" in a horse, though in her case it covered very little ground. "He goes in for the superb reserve force of every description, muscular and mental. *Addio, addio*, until the thirteenth—Maud's night, you know."

"I did not think he would be likely to fall captive to Maud's bow and spear," thought Mrs. Beauchamp, as she whirled away in her cozy *coupé* nest of dove-colored satin: "at least, if he has not changed a great deal since we met and—parted."

"If one may ask, what does this charming scene mean?"

"You may ask," said Bride Mornington, graciously; "not *me*, however; I am too busy. Inquire of Mrs. Beauchamp—here she comes."

She was dressed for dinner in a white satin, with the flash of ice on its folds: seed pearls in slender ropes round her minute, white throat, and a couple of diamonds—like suns of fairyland—on the white wonder of her elfin hand. The pink of the fire laid its loving rose upon her, and the waxlights their mellow silver, and so lighted, she stood ankle-deep in the vast, snowy hearthrug, before her a small spinning-wheel, Mrs. Beauchamp's Maltese terrier snapping and yelping as the little wheel flew round. A pale-blue velvet curtain fringed, tasseled and embroidered in gold—behind her; and before her the great window, with the vivid silver crescent of the moon, the opal of the sunset, the pure eyes of the stars peering in on her.

"Ah, here she comes, truly! I am just wondering and admiring, Mrs. Beauchamp. Permit me."



He took the heavy masses of the blue velvet *portière* from her white, magnificent bare arm, and wheeled a chair close to the rug for her with all the grace and sentiment it was possible to put in the two actions. He certainly was rather magnificent, and the while paused a brief, brief second as Bride looked up at the two lofty, superb people who stood smiling down at her.

Mrs. Beauchamp and Mr. Fabean had resumed their friendship just at the point where they "had hoisted their sails of silk," and parted after a month of semi-flirtation amongst the ruins and modern improvements of imperial Rome three years before; and society already connected their names significantly, nor did Mrs. Beauchamp snub society for its officiousness in this instance.

"She is to be 'the Puritan maiden, Priscilla,'" answered Mrs. Beauchamp, leaning her grand golden head indolently into the dimpled velvet of her "sleepy hollow." "In those realistic readings from the poets we are getting up, and she is recalling the legends of her youth and trying to remember the lost art of the spinning-wheel which her old nurse taught her. My dear, you will spoil that fairy paw of yours with such work. Do put it away."

Bride was the gentlest of little white heiresses, with weird violet eyes and a general effect at all times of being woven out of moonbeams, as the maiden "Flur was made by glamour out of flowers."

"A helpless, insignificant, pretty little being, Mr. Fabean thought, as his fine, dark eyes, which always seemed full of kindness and disdain, rested for a moment on the exquisite picture, and then turned on Mrs. Beauchamp, who, waving her black-lace fan like a sceptre, her wine-colored velvet draperies flowing softly about her, looked an embroidered ideal of vigor, beauty and grace.

"Here is my ideal, I believe," he thought, as he glanced laughingly from the arch of her large, fine instep to her crown of burnished gold. "Reserve force in every exquisite feature and gesture. I detest a feeble physique of mind or body! Miss Mornington would palsy a man sooner or later with that helpless, clinging, feeble little white hand, but I can fancy one growing stronger of soul each day with this large, grand, strong hand and nature by one's side. Yes! I think I have found my ideal. I half thought that in Rome three years ago."

In spite of his really fine nature, Mr. Fabean was a hopeless, a confirmed flirt; and, though Mrs. Beauchamp might be his ideal, after dinner—a mere affair of half a dozen, to worship a special new Sèvres dinner-service—he found himself at the piano; he sang finely, singing for Bride, nestled in a primrose satin chair, her cheek on her fairy palm, her eyes dewy and dark as she listened to him, and caught the meaning glances which he sent her.

To do him justice, just now he was flirting mechanically; he would have cast the same melting glances at the marble faun capering on the pedestal behind Bride, had not her charming little head been before it in his field of vision.

Bride did not know this, and listened as in a dream as his deep chest-notes trembled with a feeling his large, dark eyes seemed to tell her was hers, and hers alone, while all the time he was thinking that Mrs. Beauchamp's cook deserved the rack and thumb-screws for that vile last *plat* at dinner.

Affairs went on this way until June. Mr. Fabean had not yet proposed to his ideal, who was looking more sumptuous than ever, just as Bride, perhaps by contrast, looked wanner, more weird, more moon-woven.

She was finding the bitterness in her nectar, discovering that bees sometimes rob poisonous nectaries to eke out

their honey, and was beginning to look with sick horror on her especial honeycomb, which had seemed so full of golden sweetness.

She was to remain a year with Mrs. Beauchamp; and just before they left for a quiet retreat in the mountains—Mrs. Beauchamp liked nature well enough to visit her *en famille*—the blow fell.

Sebastian Fabean, one evening, played *Claude Melnotte* to Mrs. Beauchamp's *Pauline*, in the closing performance of their dramatic club; and while they waited at the wings for their cue he bent his lofty, powdered head to the brim of her tremendous white satin hat, and the few words he murmured stirred the jewels on her ivory bosom into rainbows, as her heart beat quicker to their music.

The engagement was at once public property, and Bride's little white lips never quivered as she kissed her friend, whom she liked warmly, and whispered her congratulations; nor did she wince when it was decided that Mr. Fabean should accompany them to their Summer retreat.

She was a little absent and dreamy over India muslin and Valenciennes toilets, and her judgment was sometimes at fault in regard to artistic combinations of materials; but otherwise she was the same radiant creature as before.

If she grew more delicately fragile and flower-like every day, only one person noticed it—Mr. Fabean—and he was particularly careful to say nothing about it.

He had thrown the glamour of unreal love over her—if not in words, in long, deep glances; in songs full of sweet significance; in the thousand nameless ways a man of the world, who is radically nobler than his deeds, has at his command.

A strange remorse descended on him as he saw how truly the idle shafts had gone home, and how deeply they had bitten into the white bosom, a secret only known to himself, and more than once he found himself wondering what made his eyes keen enough to discover and interpret the faint signs of the deadly wound unseen by others.

He was pondering this problem one breathless July day, as he strolled down a tree-hung hill some distance from the little white hotel where they were staying, his gun on his shoulder and his retrievers smelling through the rank ferns which the intense, prolonged, fiery drought had left ready to crumble to powder at a touch.

There had been extensive bush-fires in the neighborhood, and the air was pungent with smoke; the sky, a haze with "Gheergis, the sun," red, as with war-paint, marching wrathfully across its arch; and the atmosphere so oppressive that more than once he gasped for breath, as, with a quick stride, he made his way through the "dry-tongued," almost impenetrable, coverts.

It was some time before the truth burst on him. He was flying, and the flames were in pursuit, with banners of smoke and spears of biting fire.

He was a brave man, and braced himself for the race with something of gay defiance of his swift foe.

"Mind and muscle against the blind forces of Nature," he said, with a half-laugh. "By Jove! it will be a neck-and-neck race! There's the wind following like a howling hound! How quickly it has risen!"

He flung aside his gun and launched himself forward. He was in fine condition; he prided himself on his iron muscles and magnificent lungs, just as he was vain of his faultless dark face and superb figure; but the wind was tireless, the drift-leaves sparkled into rubies almost before the lances of the flames struck them; and at last, with a half groan, he fell across a log, lying for a few moments stunned, and staggering up to find the flames nearer and his right arm smashed between wrist and elbow.



CYCLONES AND TORNADOES.—A RACE BETWEEN A TORNADO AND A LOCOMOTIVE.—SEE PAGE 279.

"I am lost," he said, quietly—"lost! Here is the river, but I cannot swim that frightful current with a broken arm; and as for crossing on that old tree—pshaw! I dare not even attempt it. Oh, Bride, Bride! my poor little love, my white darling! If I might only see you for a flash before the end, and ask you to forgive me!"

Half an hour before he was wondering vaguely if Diana Beauchamp was really his ideal, and half regretting the tie which bound him to that superb incarnation of Reserve Force. Now he found, as he stood listening to the plash of the river, that he had no ideal, and only loved, with the roused force of his whole nature, the weakling who —

He started—a fine, shrill, sweet voice struck his ear.

"Mr. Fabean! Oh, what are you dreaming of? Cross at once, or the flames will reach you!"

Two forms stood on the opposite bank—Mrs. Beau-

champ, loftily magnificent against the grayish haze; Bride, a tiny thing, sharply cut in sheer white against the same background, her transparent face smitten into rose by the angry red of the sun.

"I cannot," he called back across the roaring stream.

"I am afraid the end has come. At my best I never could cross such a bridge as that, and my arm is broken."

They were about fifty feet apart; between them the wrath of the river, with the mossy, half-crumbling log bridging it. Mrs. Beauchamp flung up her large, superb, perfect hands frantically.

"The flames will leap over directly. Oh, Bride, come! We can't save him, and we shall be burned to death! Oh, my God! how awful!"

"Go!" thundered Fabean. "You are right, Diana. Take her out of danger, for God's sake!"



CYCLONES AND TORNADOES.—"THE WHIRLING AND SWEEPING DOWN OF A LONG POINT OF INKY BLACK CLOUD."



But Mrs. Beauchamp neither heard nor heeded. Winged by mortal terror, she was already vanishing through the opposite woods in mad flight. Bride stood motionless for a second, and in that second he stretched his hand toward her slightly, and his lips moved, but the increasing roar of the hurrying flames drowned the words on his lips. The

and Fabean braced himself proudly to meet his doom. For a second a great cloud of smoke tumbled between him and the opposite bank, and as it lifted its lurid fringes, he gave short, terrible cry.

Slowly, but with a firm step, and steady, brilliant, weird violet eyes fixed on him, Bride was crossing the



CYCLONES AND TORNADOES. — "I SAW IT STRIKE A HOUSE ABOUT A MILE DISTANT, SWEEPING IT UP AND SCATTERING IT LIKE CHAFF." — SEE PAGE 279.

gesture, however, was eloquent, and Bride smiled as she saw it.

"I love you," she said to him, in her heart, "and I will try and save you, to be happy with your choice. You never meant, I know, to wound me to death. You are sorry for it now, I know. No, he never intended to break my heart."

The smoke was beginning to roll down in tremendous whirls of lurid yellow, beaded with sparks of flying fire,

dizzy bridge, and even as he looked, a spark lighted on her white dress, but fell redly from it into the seething water. For the next moment he died a thousand deaths in the agony of watching her on her terrible journey—in the wonder and terror at her daring.

"Are you mad?" he asked, fiercely, as she at length laid her fragile snowflake of a hand on his. "Oh, my darling, my darling! go back while you can; but before you go, forgive me."

"I knew you could not cross alone," she said, trembling with girlish terror of the danger she was in, but with gentle, steadfast eyes fixed starlike on his proud, blanched, agonized face. "I have heard you say you were always tempted to fling yourself headlong into swiftly running water. See, I can guide you across if you will let me tie my handkerchief over your eyes. I am sure of it. It is your only chance, I know."

The blood rushed to his temples.

"No," he said, haughtily. "I am not such a paltroon as to destroy you in a vain attempt to save my worthless life. Go—I bid you go—while there is time!"

"I shall not go without you," she said, gently. "Do you dislike me so much that you will not let me save you for—*for Diana's sake, whom we both love?* Oh, Mr. Fabean, come! See, the flames are snatching at us! I shall not go without you; but this is terrible! Oh, the fiery heat!"

She crossed toward him with wide, wild eyes on his and he saw that she would not leave him.

"Do as you will, Bride," he said.

He knelt before her while she swiftly covered his eyes with her handkerchief, her fingers like ice where they touched his burning flesh, but steady as marble.

"Bride, he said, still kneeling before her, 'kiss me and forgive me before we both die, for I am certain neither of us will reach the opposite bank alive. My only love—my one and only love!'"

"I do forgive you," she said, tremulously, and added, piteously, "Oh, Sebastian, never flirt with a woman again. You have broken my heart. No, I can't kiss you. I think it would kill me. Come, let us go. We can wait no longer."

How they made that terrible journey he never could remember.

He felt his strong right hand resting on her delicate shoulder, hers clasping it as he walked behind her, the smoke suffocating him, the roar of the water like a hurricane in his ears.

How steadily the dainty little creature moved: how firm was the clasp of that little white hand on his! how gentle the silver of the tender voice speaking to him when at last the log was crossed and safety was won!

He snatched the handkerchief from his eyes, and gave her one long, piercing look—wild, pleading, full of anguish.

She returned it, her very lips like snow, her eyes sweet and steadfast.

"Come," she said, gently. "Diana will be so dreadfully frightened! Come to her. She is yours."

That was all the revenge she took, but it pierced his very soul. He lifted her hand and looked at it.

"A little white hand," he said, "but strong as an angel's, and it might have been mine—it might have been mine."

"Yes," she said, steadily, "once, but not now."

\* \* \* \*

"I snared a wide-winged albatross,  
I built a nest of softest moss;

"I wove its sides of osiers white,  
I shaded it with roses bright;

"I hung it on a myrtle-tree  
Leagues distant from the calling sea;

"This nest of blossoms, reeds and moss,  
I built for my wild albatross.

"Wild bird,' I said, 'I love thee well.  
Thou in my dearest bow'r shall dwell.

"Nor shalt thou more on tempest toss,  
Thou wide-wing'd, bright-eyed albatross.

"I wander'd, singing, thro' the trees,  
I robbed the homeward hurrying bees.

"Wild bird,' I said, 'no more for thee  
Rank, sealy food from yeasting sea;

"But flow'r and scented clover-field  
Thy honeyed feast shall gladly yield.

"With me thou'lt mourn nor change nor loss,  
My wide-winged, bright-ey'd albatross.'

"All night a fear sang low to me,  
And told me of the distant sea;

"At dawn I sped the lawn across,  
I sought the nest of reeds and moss;

"Spurn'd to dead leaves the roses fell;  
The osiers I had knit so well.

"Lay tangled with the velvet moss—  
Gone was my wide-winged albatross!

"O Voice of Night! O strong soul'd sea!  
That lured my albatross from me!"

"Where did you find the *motif* of that melancholy song, Bride?" asked Mrs. Beauchamp—a lofty form of silver in the moonlit window. "Not in your own experience, I am sure."

"In the mouth of Shakespeare's *Rosalind*," said Bride, placidly, "where she says, 'Love is a cage of rushes.' Don't you remember?"

"Yes, I remember," said Mrs. Beauchamp, restlessly; "and it is a 'cage of rushes,' where it ought to be a fortress of alabaster overlying granite. I wonder *can* a nature help its inconstancy?"

"Are you inconstant, Diana?" she asked, curiously, and laughing. "You do not look so, dear."

"I *am*"—passionately—"I confess it. I am tired of this engagement. In fact, dear child, Fabean is too aspiring for me. It turns out the man has a soul, and tries to live up to his own idea of it."

"Like the æsthetic servant-maid who wished to 'live up' to the blue china teapot," said the musical voice of the owner of the soul from a shadowy chair.

Bride and Mrs. Beauchamp started violently.

Mr. Fabean sauntered into the moonlight as superb as ever, his arm still in a sling, but the light of laughter in his eyes as they turned on Mrs. Beauchamp.

"Do you really object to my—soul?" he asked, gravely. "I was not aware that you did."

Mrs. Beauchamp's beautiful face lighted into a very gay smile. She swept her white satin train across the room. They were back in New York, and were going to the opera presently with Bride, who, in her silver tissue and pearls, looked like—

"A bead of wampum  
On the robes of the Great Spirit."

and laid her lovely strong hands on Mr. Fabean's shoulders.

"Sebastian," she said, shaking her lovely, lofty, diamond-wreathed head, "I do not object so much to your soul as I do to your—heart."

Mr. Fabean winced, and blushed as he had not done since he was seventeen. Bride's golden head drooped behind the wax tapers on the piano, her silvery cheeks flamed like daffodils, her fingers lay pinkly on the mother-of-pearl keys.

"Yes, your heart," said Mrs. Beauchamp, more seriously. "I am not so blind as Cupid, fortunately for us both. And



"I think—I am sure it is just as well we should for the second time

'Hoist our sails of silk  
And flee away from each other.'

I have fallen out of love, Sebastian. I'm afraid I never can remain long at a time in the rosy quagmire. We are a remorseless pair of flirts, *mon ami*. There! You have the grace not to protest at all, and here is your diamond. You and I are equally tired of its pretty, glittering lie, I think."

"But let us be friends," he said, kissing her hand, gratefully; "at least we can be that, Diana."

"Oh, of course—why not? We were always too friendly to make very constant lovers, I think. We amused each other this past Summer a little, and one can't expect more. Don't run away, Bride. You must entertain Sebastian while I run up-stairs—I forgot my bouquet."

She went away with her white teeth showing merrily, a cloud of perfume about her, the rich *frou-frou* of lace and satin, the starry splendor of diamonds. A regal, superb, kindly, inconstant woman, incapable of a strong or lasting love, but full of gentle, everyday likings and amiabilities.

Mr. Fabean turned and looked at Bride, who grew very pale under the gaze which seemed to pierce her very soul.

"Bride," he said, quietly, "I am free. Oh, my God! how much that means! I may have been a flirt; but I have had but one love. I shall never have another—and—I dare not ask her to give me love for love. She says I broke her heart—did I, Bride? That valiant, tender little creature's heart, who saved my life!"

"I thought it was broken," confessed Bride, blushing, "until just this moment; but if it is, you may have the pieces and—mend it, if you can; and—oh, Sebastian?"

"Yes, my little love. What is it?"

"You are sure you do not love poor Diana? I thought she was your—your ideal of reserve force, you know."

She healed the wound this little shaft made by drifting in her silver tissues, starlike, into his sound arm, and dropping her head wearily upon it.

"I have been so tired of late," she said, sadly, and added, joyously; "but I shall never feel tired again, Sebastian. You never intended to hurt my heart, I know, and it is all yours—all yours."

"We always return to our first loves," said Mrs. Beauchamp, triumphantly, putting her hand over his shoulder to pull Bride's little waxen ear. "I thought I was right in certain surmises of mine during the past six weeks. Thank the gods, Sebastian, who made Diana Beauchamp inconstant—and let us go. I don't want to miss a note of 'Lohengrin.' Here, Fabean, take this darling little white hand from me. It is very strong in its weakness, credit me, *mon ami*. I believe," archly, "you have found your ideal of reserve force, after all."

"I am sure of it," he said, with quiet triumph, and a rather boyish and rapturous hug of the silver tissues. "Is not she a small, white morsel of humanity to have captured me, Diana?"

Bride looked a little wistful as the two superb, lofty people stood smiling down at her as she stood before them, a little astral speck in a silver cloud.

"You seem made for each other," she said, admiringly, "you are so well matched."

"Except in the statures of our souls," said Mrs. Beauchamp, laughing; "Sebastian has a large, if a nebulous one. It will solidify into a star some day, now that he has given up flirtation. Mine is barely large enough to swear by. Do come. Maud Hammond and Mrs. Shelby have a little Scotch earl on exhibition, and if fate is kind,

I may take him from them. He will be in the Shelby box this evening."

"Was that the reason you jilted me?" asked Sebastian, as he rolled Bride up in satin and silver fox. "Come, confess, Diana."

"No, you dear, foolish fellow," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "I did not care about you, and I saw the compliment was reciprocal—that was the reason."

But for all that, she married the earl.

## CYCLONES AND TORNADOES.

BY FREDERICK GRUNDY.

LET any man who thinks there is anything trivial or facetious about a tornado or a cyclone try his hand at wrestling with one. We will venture ten to one that he comes out a splendid subject for a medical college.

I have had the pleasure (?) of being run over by two cyclones and one tornado, and having my eyes open—as long as circumstances would permit—and wits about me, I think I know whereof I speak.

Many people have an idea that a tornado and a cyclone are one and the same thing, but that is where they are mistaken. A tornado has a straight forward and sometimes downward motion. According to my observations, they are caused by two winds of about equal strength, coming together and darting forward in the shape of a V, the destroying point rarely exceeding 150 feet in width. They travel with great velocity, two to ten miles, destroying everything in their course, then vanish as quickly as they formed.

A cyclone is a powerful monster whirlwind, full of and largely held together by electricity. The outside whirls downward, exerting a tremendous pressure toward the inner circle, where the suction more than equals the outside pressure.

I believe a majority of the cyclones that sweep over the prairies of the Western States have this motion, though it is scarcely possible to determine what kind of a motion they have by an examination of their track. The trees and bushes on either side invariably incline toward the centre, and show plainly that the pressure was in that direction, but the ruins directly in the track rarely give any indication of greatest pressure.

In the case of a tornado proper, the bark will be peeled off the trees on the side whence the storm came; but in a genuine cyclone it is likely to be peeled from the opposite side, especially if the storm is heavily surcharged with electricity.

A building standing directly in the centre of a cyclone's path will almost invariably be reduced to splinters, and the greater portion, if not all, swept away. Should it stand on either side of the centre, however, it may be crushed flat where it stood, split open, or simply thrown off its foundation. In the latter case, if it is strongly constructed, it may receive no further injury.

When a cyclone runs over a hill, the pressure on the earth as it rises is simply incredible, and the roar terrific. As it descends on the other side it is somewhat lighter for a short distance. When it suddenly leaps over a high bluff the roar seems to die away for a few seconds to a deep, hoarse gurgle.

The noise made by a cyclone passing through heavy timber is enough to make the stoutest heart quail. The deafening thunder, the crash and boom of falling trees and flying branches, and the ominous, deep, hollow roar above all, make up a din that sends animals and birds, two miles away, trembling into corners and under cover.

A cyclone can only be seen in its glory and entirely when crossing an open country and passing the observer one or two miles distant. Then the view from earth to dome of cloud is inexpressibly grand. When standing directly in front of one, the sight is so appalling that a person must have steady nerves, a good and secure place to hide, and nothing at stake, to look the swift-advancing grim destroyer in the face and note the peculiarities of its rapidly changing front.

As they are rarely more than 300 feet wide, it is an easy matter for a mounted man to get out of the way of one if it comes in the daytime. Their peculiar roar can be heard a long distance, and easily distinguished from continuous thunder by any person who has ever heard one.

In an open country they can be plainly seen and their true character detected by a close observer while yet several miles distant.

Several years ago I saw one arise in the northern part of Illinois, and watched its course fully twenty miles as it passed me nine miles distant. I could distinctly hear its peculiar roar, and knew by its dark and grim appearance, and the rapidity of its movements, what it was.

Its course was from southwest to northeast, and it destroyed an immense amount of property, besides killing or maiming upward of thirty persons. It ran over sixty miles, and when at its worst was nearly 600 feet wide. The rain and wind storm that accompanied it was the most severe ever known in that section of the country.

I once sat on a horse on an open prairie and watched one form about a mile west of me. My attention was first called to it by the peculiar noise it made, and the whirling and sweeping down of a long point of inky black cloud. A moment afterward it struck a wide pond, and instantly a rapidly revolving column of water, as thick as a man's body, shot upward into the heavy cloud above. As soon as it had crossed the pond, the lower end of the column was broken off and the whole was swiftly drawn up and disappeared in the surging cloud overhead.

About a minute after, it came tearing past me about fifty yards off, splitting the grass into shreds, and sweeping it

down like a giant broom. There was a heavy rain-storm prevailing about a mile northeast of me, and its course was in that direction. It was only about thirty feet wide when it passed me, but it rapidly increased in size, and soon assumed the form of an immense funnel, extending from the earth to the clouds, and became black as soot. The lightning darting in and out of it continually.

Soon after it passed me it struck a boy on horseback, who was too frightened to get out of the way. It threw the boy about fifty feet to one side and broke his leg. The horse was carried about a hundred yards, thrown violently on the ground and instantly killed.

This cyclone ran a course of about thirty miles, destroyed thousands of dollars worth of property, killed six persons and severely injured fifteen or twenty more.

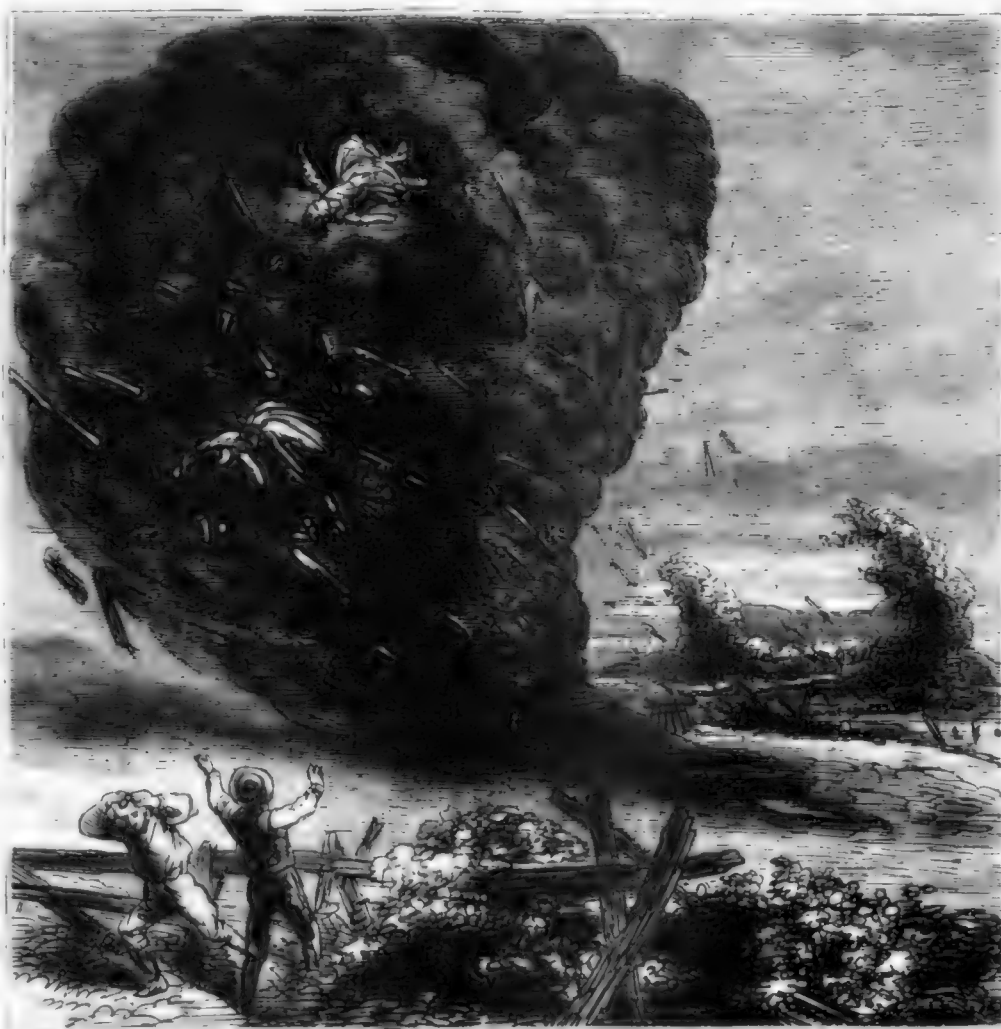
One sultry August afternoon I was examining and repairing a line of pasture fence nearly a mile from home. Coming to a little clump of willow-trees, I lay down in their shade, covered my face with my handkerchief, and dropped into a quiet snooze.

I had previously noticed a bank of clouds in the north, and another in the west, but as they appeared rather light and fleecy, I concluded there was no immediate prospect of rain.

I had slept about an hour.

when I was suddenly awakened by a deep, ominous rumble. I sprang up just in time to see two immense storm-clouds—one moving east and the other south—come together. They were about two miles distant, and as they closed, each seemed to give vent to a terrible roar of defiance.

Lightning darted up, down and through them in all directions, and the incessant explosions of thunder fairly made the earth tremble. There was a mighty whirling and surging above, then suddenly a point of dense black cloud darted forward and downward, directly toward where I stood. It struck the earth with a boom about half a mile away, and came rushing on with a roar. I saw it shatter a fence and a little grove of maples, then I concluded it was time to look out for number one. I lay down among the willows, got a firm hold on a thick root that protruded above the ground, and awaited my fate.



"THE OTHER CHILD WAS CARRIED NEARLY THREE HUNDRED FEET, AND THROWN INTO THE TOP OF A CRAB TREE."





GENERAL APPEARANCE OF COUNTRY AFTER PASSAGE OF A TORNADO.—FROM AN ACTUAL SKETCH IN 1865.

On it came, thick, black and irresistible. There was a crash, and the entire clump of willows were swept off like icicles. Something struck me a violent blow on the shoulder, tore my vest open down the back, and I felt as though the very life was being crushed out of me; but I held my breath and stuck like a leech. It didn't last very long, but it was pretty rough while it did, and it was fol-

lowed by a perfect deluge of rain, lasting thirty or forty minutes.

That was a regular tornado. Its course was in a direct line, and everything was swept clean and straight before it. It was twenty feet wide when it struck the earth, and it ran five and a half miles, gradually expanding to 400 feet, when it lost its destructive force and died away. It



TORNADO STRIKING TIMBER.

cut a clean swath through several cornfields, demolished a couple of shanties, scattered several haystacks, smashed a few farming implements, killed eleven head of cattle and one horse, and chopped up a couple of families pretty badly, but killed nobody.

My next experience was with a cyclone of the first water. It was a very warm day in the month of June. A light breeze was blowing from the southwest, and not a cloud was to be seen. I was hoeing the weeds out of a grove of young trees. About three o'clock in the afternoon I raised myself up, and for the hundredth time eagerly scanned the western horizon for signs of rain, wind, or anything to cool the heated atmosphere. This time I was rewarded with a view of the upper edge of a healthy-appearing storm-cloud looming up in the southwest.

Watching it a few minutes, I was somewhat surprised at the rapidity of its movements. When it came into full view I carefully examined it, and saw that it differed in no respect from ordinary Summer storm-clouds, except in intense blackness and celerity of motion. I had no idea that it was a cyclone, but I soon saw that it was no ordinary storm.

In less than an hour from the time I first saw the cloud I could hear the heavy peals of thunder. I was a little over a quarter of a mile from home, and as the storm was coming straight toward me, I determined to do as I'd often done before—get under a three-year-old osage hedge close by and take it.

I had a common rubber overcoat, which I used to cover a jug of water with me, and I knew it would protect me from the rain, and I rather liked to double up under it and see a storm whoop it up; so I selected a good spot under the hedge and piled some grass upon it for a seat. When this was done I took another good look at the coming storm. It was about six miles away, and coming with a rush, and its appearance was anything but assuring. The thunder was heavy and continuous, and as I looked and listened I suddenly detected the deep, hollow roar of a cyclone, then I saw it.

It was of the regular funnel shape, only the lower end seemed wider than common. The heavy black clouds rolled and boiled high up above the centre, while they seemed to rush into and be swept down the outside with a whirl. Vivid lightning darted in and out of it incessantly, sometimes shooting far into the clear sky overhead, but oftener down and through the circling mass.

While I was noting these peculiarities and, wishing I was somewhere else, I saw it strike a house about a mile distant, sweeping it up and scattering it like chaff. I wrapped my coat tight around me, and lying flat down on the lee side of the hedge, selected two of the strongest plants near together, and took a firm hold of them close to the roots.

As the cyclone drew near the leaves and grass, and even my hair, were drawn upward, as though by a strong wind. I took a last look through the hedge at the grim monster, then grit my teeth and gripped my plants.

The next moment everything vanished in the deep gloom, there was a terrible whizzing roar, and in an instant I was jerked up and banged around against the hedge, then wrenched and twisted into a dozen shapes, flopped up and down, and whipped by the hedge until I fairly howled, but I knew it was certain destruction to let go, so I hung on and took it.

It was gone as suddenly as it came, and it left me lying across the hedgerow exhausted, cut, bruised and literally plastered with mud and straw from head to foot. My rubber coat was split and torn to shreds from the waist down.

The hedge looked as though it had been combed with a Cyclopean steel comb. All the leaves were gone, the ends of the limbs whipped into brushes, and the bark split open and peeled off in many places clear to the roots.

My hands were fearfully lacerated. I had wrenched the bark from both of the plants I held to, and drawn one of them out of the ground about four inches. Had the roots broken, my remains would have been scattered to the four winds. My hoe and jug of water had disappeared for ever.

The cyclone was closely followed by a drenching rain, and I stood up to let it wash me off. I felt rather sore, and decided that experimenting with cyclones was rather too severe on my frame to be funny.

This cyclone commenced its career of destruction about forty miles west of where I interviewed it. It formed on an open prairie, ran seven and a half miles, crossing a strip of heavy timber a mile wide, then, without any apparent cause, bounded up to the clouds, whirled along twenty-one miles, then again descended, and ran nearly fifteen miles, when it lost its force and dissolved.

It was fifty feet wide when it began, and gradually spread to 130 feet, where it bounded up. When it again struck the earth it was about eighty feet wide, slowly expanding to 450, where it expired. It was 390 feet wide when it ran over me.

Everything in its course was shattered and swept away. Animals were killed and covered with mud; chickens denuded of feathers, and in many instances torn to pieces. It totally destroyed eleven houses, and unroofed, threw over, or split open, fourteen more; it killed eight persons outright, and crippled or severely injured between twenty and thirty.

Fortunately, its course lay over a thinly settled country, or the destruction of life and property would have been appalling.

I think its force had declined to a considerable extent when it passed over me, because three miles west, where it ran through a farmyard, it picked up a brand-new farm-wagon, and reduced it to kindling-wood. Only a small portion of the heavy iron tire of one wheel was ever found, and that was firmly wrapped twice around the stump of an apple-tree.

Where the cyclone passed through the strip of timber on its first run, it struck a small house made of heavy logs, picked it up clean, and rubbed the ground so hard that no one could tell where it stood. Only one log of that house was ever found, and that one was stuck up in a cornfield two miles distant, one end being driven into the ground nearly five feet.

A family consisting of a man, woman and two children occupied the house, and they ran out just before the cyclone struck it. The man was nearly killed, being crushed by a heavy stick of timber. The woman, with one child in her arms, was sent spinning into a deep ravine, and escaped with a few bruises. The other child was carried nearly 300 feet, and thrown into the top of a crab-tree, where it was found considerably scratched and torn, and howling lustily, but not seriously injured.

It would require a whole volume to describe the wonderful capers it cut, and the destruction it wrought in its wild career. Many superstitious persons honestly believed it was the devil, and were ready to swear that the cloud was full of blue flame, and that everything it touched had a sulphurous smell long after the storm passed.

My last experience was in the night, and of all the terrible mishaps that can befall a man in the dead hour of night, nothing can surpass in horror an attack by a



cyclone. If he has a cellar, cave, or nearly dry well to bolt into, and has time to get there, he may escape. If he has no such fastness to hide in, he is "in a bad state of fix," and his only alternative is to "grab a root."

I was occupying with another man a light frame shanty set up on the open prairie. He was breaking up sod for wheat, and I cooked and managed the shanty business.

One hot night, just before retiring, I called the attention of my partner to the rapidly-flashing lightning low down in the southeast. He glanced at it, hoped it would reach us, and be a soaker, because we needed it badly. His wish was emphatically gratified.

About eleven o'clock we were suddenly awakened by a terrible crashing and booming of thunder close at hand. We jerked on our trousers and ran out. The whole heavens were ablaze with electricity, and the fearful roar overhead and just southeast of us soon convinced us there was trouble adjacent.

We had driven two stakes firmly down near the well to tie the horses to when watering, and we both thought of them at the same time. We had just time to reach them, throw ourselves down and secure a good hold, when a ripping cyclone burst upon us in all its fury.

It was about 200 feet wide, and, fortunately for us, we were near the outside of it. We were treated to a severe wrenching and pounding, and were nearly suffocated with mud and dirty water, but we escaped with whole bones.

Our shanty, with all its contents, had vanished like a dream, and we were left exposed to one of the coldest and

fiercest rainstorms I ever experienced. We suffered terribly. The vivid lightning totally blinded us, but we were compelled to slash around to keep alive, and in doing so my partner ran into the open well, and plumped head foremost to the bottom.

Luckily, it was only ten feet deep, and had about four feet of water in it, so he escaped serious injury, though nearly frightened to death. I had to take off my trousers and use them as rope to draw him out.

We then started off in what we supposed to be the direction of our nearest neighbor, about a mile distant. The rain ceased falling soon after, but it was dark as soot, and daybreak found us, two stiff, sore, dirty and forlorn-looking bipeds, dragging ourselves along less than 300 yards from where we started over three hours before. We had been prancing round in a circle over about six acres of ground all night.

We found our three horses at the house of a farmer four miles distant. They had apparently broken loose, and fled on the approach of the storm.

The next day we followed the track of the cyclone a couple of miles in search of our shanty, clothing and cooking utensils, but with the exception of a few splinters, we found nothing to indicate that such things had ever passed that way.

We never heard of the cyclone afterward, so we suppose it did no further damage. My benighted partner emphatically declared that it was gotten up "just to clean us two poor cusses out." And that it did most effectually.

## LOVE IN THE WOODS.

BY W. O. STODDARD.

GREAT States have now been carved out of that part of the old "Northwestern Territory" lying west of the Mississippi; but in those days it was still an almost unbroken wilderness of prairies, lakes and forests. Here and there a few adventurous settlers were working their way in, but their clearings were few and far between, and the redmen, the hunters and the trappers had things very much their own way, with some occasional assistance and interference from the authorities at Washington and the army detachments, posted at the several forts.

The history of the times has in it an abundance of variety, not to say of romance, for it consists mainly of a series of efforts to pacify as many Indian tribes, or parts of tribes, as possible, while those who refused to be pacified were being whipped into good behavior.

It had, therefore, been a matter of some importance to the commander of what we will call Fort Berry, as well as to the great men from the East who were helping him, when it was found that the Snake Lake band of Sioux Indians were unrepresented at the "Big talk." The other bands were there, or their leading chiefs and warriors were, accompanied by squaws enough to spend their annuities for them and carry home their presents.

"This will never answer," was the sagacious remark of Colonel Clark to the commissioners; "all the mischief the rest may cut out on the whole frontier this Fall and Winter will be laid to the Snake Lake rascals, and we shall not know whom to call to account for it. Besides, old Sa-ke-to-mah has been one of the best of them all, and he has a tremendous influence with his tribe."

"He must be a very old man."

"Yes; he does not go on any more warpaths, but he has plenty of active young chiefs and braves."

"Any sons?"

"Not now. He had three, but they were ambitious young wolves, and got themselves all knocked on the head, one after another, in their scalp-haunts. He's got a daughter, though—the beauty of the woods. By all odds the handsomest squaw you ever saw."

"Never saw her."

"I did, then. Why, three or four of our young officers, not to speak of scouts and trappers, went clean wild over her last year when she was here with her father."

"I'd like to see her," said one of the younger great men. "I've heard all sorts of moonshine about beautiful squaws, but I never saw one yet. Reckon they leave 'em at home when they come to the fort."

"Wish they would, then," replied the colonel. "They make more mischief than all the rest."

The veteran Indian fighter had made a very fair guess at what was the matter with the Snake Lake band—a good deal better than he was at all aware of.

He had not contented himself with guessing, however, for he had taken some pains to learn the real purposes of Sa-ke-to-mah. That is, he had accepted an offer from one of his best scouts to go and find out what they were about, and he had not troubled himself to ask Byrd Nolan why he should undertake a service of so much peril.

It was just like Nolan, in fact, to attempt that or any other audacious and unusual thing, and to make a very good fist at performing it, too.

A handsome fellow was Nolan, a first-rate hunter, trapper, horseman, boatman, dancer, and a good deal of a backwoods dandy, withal.

A general favorite, but somehow he had never yet attached himself to the apron-strings of any one of the many border beauties who had admired his dancing, or wondered over the stories told of his marvelous adventures.

"Would he never settle down," they asked themselves, "and have a wife and a farm and children of his own?"

And nobody had been able to give an answer to that question—not even Byrd Nolan himself.

He was a rapid traveler, however, and he had been pushing through the wilderness for several days before Colonel Clark had that talk with the commissioners. He had even reached the shore of the long, narrow, crooked sheet of water whose name so well described it.

The camp of Sa-ke-to-mah's band of Sioux was on the northern shore—as much for safety as anything else; and Nolan lurked from bush to bush, undetected by human eyes, until he found himself on that side, several miles

And the lurking scout had no manner of idea how good a thing he might have done for himself by pulling the trigger of the trusty piece with which he was even then "drawing a bead" on the bare ribs of the forest chieftain.

For Eagle-father was himself "out on a scout," and it had been a fruitless one. It had failed, too, because the individual whom he was following, or, rather, trying to follow, was even then enjoying the fun of following him.

Fun it was, and no belle of the pale-faces would have enjoyed it better than did the smiling and light-footed Lo-hia-no-vis, as she slipped from tree to tree toward that dense thicket of red tufted sumach-bushes.

She had no intention of meeting Eagle-father in the



'TIS OPPORTUNITY THAT MAKES THE THIEF.—FROM THE PICTURE BY THOMAS GEORGE COOPER.

below the head of the lake, and perilously near the wigwams of the red men.

He had his reasons for not making his presence known, and one of them was, doubtless, that he desired to get back alive to Fort Berry with such information as he might gather.

For the same reasons, very likely, he lay still in the cover he had chosen for nearly an entire day, although more than a dozen braves, of all sorts and sizes, passed within hailing distance of him. He was not naturally a patient man, and, still as he kept himself, his uneasiness was expressed in a hundred ways.

"Pity I can't knock over a few of 'em," he muttered, as a tall, dark, ugly-looking savage strode along within easy rifle-shot. "There's Eagle-feather himself, if I'm not mistaken. The worst of the whole lot. If somebody'd let daylight into him now, I reckon 'twouldn't be so hard to manage the rest."

woods, so far from the shelter of her father's lodge, but neither had she any warning of the surprise which was waiting for her among the bushes.

"Lo-hia-no-vis! I've been waiting for you?"

"Nolan? You here?"

He had risen to his feet and stood before her, holding out his hand. He thought he had never before seen her look so handsome, and how should he have known that the Indian maiden was thinking the same of him!

She could speak little English, but he could do a great deal better with her native tongue, so that there was nothing to hinder their conversation with so many signs and gestures to help them out.

As the daughter of a chief, and a spoiled child at that, she had acquired just enough of pride—perhaps of willfulness—to deliver her bearing from the subdued "squaw look" too common among the downtrodden drudges of the wigwams and lodges.



Just now, however, the expression of her face was one of the deepest anxiety.

"Here I am," said Nolan. "Are you sorry to see me? I did not expect that."

"Oh, why did you come? They will kill you. They are digging up the hatchet. My father cannot stop them."

"I came to see Lo-hia-no-vis. She is not glad to see me, so I will go home again."

When they had met at the fort the year before, it had been in a gay and noisy crowd, and this was the first time they had ever looked one another in the face with no other eyes to note how long the look might be.

She had been gazing at him very earnestly while he spoke, and she replied:

"Eagle-feather followed me into the woods. He is near. If he should find us we would both die."

"Or he would, perhaps," said Nolan, touching his rifle.

"Do you mean they are already on the warpath?"

"No, but they soon will be. It is all his work—his and a few of the young braves. They will not talk peace."

"They had better, then. But are you really sorry I came?"

He did look so wonderfully manly and handsome to the eyes of Lo-hia-no-vis, she even began to understand why it was that the young chiefs of her own tribe had seemed so repulsive to her, ever since her visit to Fort Berry.

"Can I be turning into a paleface," she muttered, "as they tell me I am?" And then she said aloud, in English, "Lo-hia-no-vis glad to see friend. Not glad have him killed. He better go. Come again some day."

That was a good deal, coming from the daughter of Sa-



LOVE IN THE WOODS.—"PIERRE," EXCLAIMED BYRD, AS HE CAUGHT HIS HAND, "YOU WON'T GO IN TOO FAR FROM THE SHORE—THAT IS, IF YOU LAND?"

ke-to-mah, and Nolan felt that he must not ask for much more just then.

Still, the answering look he gave her went far toward explaining why he had volunteered on that peculiarly dangerous scouting expedition.

If she had not forgotten the meeting at the fort, neither had he, and he proceeded to explain to her very plainly that he had been hiding there in the woods in the hope of seeing her, and had expected to wait for days, instead of having her come to him as soon as this.

"I did not know you were here," she smilingly replied.

"But would you have come if you had known?"

"Lo-hia-no-vis not want friend get himself killed! Come tell him. How you get away? Got canoe?"

"No; I came around the head of the lake. Sorry Sa-ke-to-mah can't be peaceable."

"It's Eagle-feather's fault. They go on warpath next moon. Long path. Many scalps."

"May lose their own. Well, I'll go now. See what I've brought you."

He held out a glittering pair of silver bracelets as he spoke, which had cost him half a dozen prime beaver-skins, and were worthy the plump wrists of Lo-hia-no-vis.

It was a strong appeal to the heart of an Indian maiden that a hunter of Nolan's race and rank should risk his life to bring her such a present.

How could she have found it in her heart to reject it? She did not try, but she would not have dared put them on then and there.

Just for one happy moment she clasped them in their places, and saw how beautifully bright they were, but the next she hid them in the bosom of her deerskin dress.

"Thank—very great thank."



LOVE IN THE WOODS.—"THE LEADING BRAVE STRUCK AN ATTITUDE, WITH HIS GUN IN ONE HAND, AND HIS OTHER POINTING TO THE TALL FEATHER ON HIS HEAD."

Lo-hia-no-vis wear by-and-by. Not forget. Go now. Better not have canoe. Many Indian canoe on lake. More come."

"Ah!" thought Nolan. "Braves to join 'em from the other bands. A long warpath means a raid on the settlements. I can't get back too soon—that's a fact. She wouldn't go with me, neither. But isn't she splendid?"

"What think?" she asked him, as he pondered the matter. "No time think. Save scalp."

But he did not tell her at least a part of what he had been thinking, and he added a promise that, on that day two weeks, he would come to the shore of the lake near that spot, and would wait for her there, or in the sumach-bushes.

"Maybe can't come."

"You or I?"

"Maybe you, maybe Lo-hia-no-vis. Glad see friend if can. Good-by—must go."

And she was gone, with a swift, bounding movement, and Nolan, as he looked after her through the bushes, understood the meaning of her haste.

Eagle-feather had turned in his tracks again, and was once more in sight, peering among the trees and the tangled undergrowth.

It was, indeed, time for the scout to be moving, and he had all the news he needed to carry to the fort.

He was heartily complimented by Colonel Clark on his arrival, and it was decided, as a matter of course, that a blow should be struck at Sa-ke-to-mah's band before they had a chance to make their "long warpath."

"It'll be a good lesson to all the others," said the colonel, "and help them keep their promises through the Winter."

And it was equally a matter of course that when Byrd Nolan again proposed to scout in the advance of the detachment of troops, with three men of his own choosing, his offer was promptly accepted.

Creeping through the woods, on the constant lookout for danger, is a slow kind of traveling, and, what with coming and going, and the time wasted at the fort in getting two full companies of riflemen out of it without alarming the whole Sioux nation, nearly the two weeks set by Byrd Nolan in his promise to Lo-hia-no-vis had been consumed before he again came in sight of Snake Lake. Nor had he any certainty of finding a single lodge of Sa-ke-to-mah's band when he got there. It was to find about that that he and his three friends were sent.

Prime fellows were those three. Pierre Duval, a Canadian *voyageur*, whose tough and wiry frame had seen service over the wide domains of the Hudson Bay Company; Big Josh Grain, whose fifty years did not prevent his being still a master-land with either ax or rifle. Best of all, there was Byrd's brother Tom, even handsomer than himself, and as good a woodsman.

"We'd best keep about my old trail," said Byrd. "If their suspicions are up they'll be watching for us lower down the lake."

"Hullo!" exclaimed Tom, "if there ain't a canoe hauled up ashore."

"Hush! somebody brought it."

There it was, however, and both large and in good condition, with a pair of paddles lying in the bottom, and not a living soul near it.

"We must borrow that canoe," said Josh, "if it's only to keep it's owner from using it just now. Pierre and I'll cut across and see what we can see, and you two come around and join us. There isn't another canoe in sight."

"Don't know how many may be along shore," said Tom Nolan. "Will that do, Byrd? You're kind o' captain of this scout."

Byrd thought a moment, but Josh Grain had almost instantly shoved the canoe into the water, sprang in and caught up a paddle, and Pierre showed signs of following him.

"Pierre," exclaimed Byrd, as he caught his hand and detained him, "you won't go in too far from the shore—that is, if you land?"

"No; my scalp's worth somethin'."

"Then cut across, and run along up two or three miles. Tom and I'll work round the head of the lake. It's just as likely as not we may need a canoe to get back with."

A few words more and they were off.

"Now, Tom," said Byrd, "I'll take the shore close in, and you keep the woods a few hundred yards from the beach. That'll be within helping distance, and we may find something. I a'most wish I was in the boat, for I was never so dog-tired in my life."

"No wonder," said Tom; "I don't reckon you've slept a wink since we left the fort."

Neither he had, scarcely, but not even his brother knew what it was that had made him so uncommonly wakeful and active. There was a good deal more than usual for him depending on the results of that expedition.

In fact, there had more been going on already than he knew of, for Lo-hia-no-vis had kept to herself, in her talk with him, the secret of her clan's hostility.

She was the secret herself.

Sa-ke-to-mah was too old a man to retain much more than a nominal position as head chief of his band, and such rising leaders as Eagle-feather were quite keen enough to see that a good deal of his influence would be likely to settle on the shoulders of his son-in-law if Lo-hia-no-vis could be persuaded to give him one.

Therefore, and as she was also so very beautiful, they were all in love with Lo-hia-no-vis, and were particularly averse to her going to the fort, to meet so many young, handsome, distinguished and powerful chiefs and braves of the great Sioux nation, not to speak of her possible pale-face admirers.

Whatever other reasons they may have urged in the public councils of the band, Sa-ke-to-mah and his fellow-elders were not deceived thereby. They knew there was a lady in the case, and they knew the name of the lady.

She herself had given a fresh edge to the feelings of her admirers recently by coming out in public with a new and peculiarly shining pair of silver bracelets, whereof no man could tell the source or giver. Each, therefore, vehemently suspected everybody else of having stolen a march on him, and felt more than ever like going on the longest kind of a warpath.

As a consequence, too, Lo-hia-no-vis found her every movement watched with jealous closeness, and began to doubt if she should be able to secure a *tête-à-tête* with her pale-face admirer, should he be rash enough to keep his promise.

She felt sure he would try, and between fear of what might happen to him and admiration of his courage and devotion, Byrd Nolan was seldom out of her thoughts.

And that was more in his favor than were some other things.

When Josh Grain and Pierre Duval pushed so boldly across the lake, they were well aware of the risk they ran of being seen by sharp eyes from the north shore.

They would scarcely have taken the risk but for their knowledge that the two companies of riflemen, with the celebrated Major Forbes at their head, were now but a



short distance behind them in the woods, and for a sort of conviction of their own that Sa-ke-to-mah's warriors had already gone.

They missed it somewhat on both points; but, for all that, not a visible sign of hostility awaited their approach to the northern shore.

They ran along in their borrowed canoe for a mile or so, until a broad, pebbly beach, with open forest beyond, tempted them to a scout on land.

Very silently and carefully they ran their boat under an outreaching ash-tree at the water's edge, and very stealthily they advanced in the direction Byrd Nolan had indicated as that of the Sioux village.

It was a foolhardy thing to do, but not more so than a hundred others related of such men when on similar duty.

They had gone so far that Josh was just remarking that they had better return to the boat and wait for their friends, when, as they slipped past the shelter of a dense growth of bushes and vines, they found themselves suddenly confronted by no less than five Sioux warriors:

Well was it for the two white men that they were not the only surprised party. In fact, they were "better ready" than the Indians, and although more than one arrow was laid upon the string, the leading brave struck an attitude, with his gun in one hand and his other pointing to the tall feather on his head.

"Eagle-feather!" he exclaimed. "Big Indian me. Who you?"

Big enough he was, and ugly as sin, but quite ready to boast instead of fighting until he could get his two brawny opponents somewhat more at a disadvantage.

Some minutes were wasted in various questions and answers, and then Eagle-feather insisted that the two white men should go with him to the village.

"See Sa-ke-to-mah. Come."

"Best go long," said Josh. "Only we won't let any of 'em get behind us."

"It's a pretty bad lookout," replied Pierre. "No village for me. We must break away first chance we get, but we mustn't let them take the first hit at us."

It would not do to make any open sign of hostility, however, and a very slow march indeed was begun toward the village.

Even before the meeting of Josh and Pierre with the five Sioux, Byrd Nolan had made his way rapidly along the shore, following closely his old trail, until he reached the spot where the canoe had been left.

"Best wait for 'em, I reckon. They won't be gone long. Tom, too—he'll be here soon. Oh, but ain't I tired!"

It did seem to him that all the tremendous fatigue of the past two weeks of scouting, watching and marching had settled upon him just then like a swarm of musquitoes.

He threw himself down on the beach near the canoe, rested his head on a stone, and scarcely had time to think about it before he was fast asleep.

They say Wellington, Napoleon and other capable army officers have been in the habit of catching odd naps while battles were in progress; but Byrd Nolan had never before dropped asleep under such very peculiar circumstances.

They were indeed peculiar, and they shortly became more so.

From tree to tree through the shadowy forest came tripping the light form of Lo-hia-no-vis, glancing with her soft and brilliant black eyes rapidly in all directions, as if she were half in hope and half in fear of seeing some-

body. There was the canoe, and she at once recognized it; but it was natural that she should take a closer and curious look at it and its possible contents.

An man—a white man—lying flat on the ground!

Could he be dead?

She sprang forward in terror-stricken haste, and gazed anxiously down upon the closed eyes and silent lips.

There was scarcely another man in all that region enough of a dandy to shave his chin.

It was the very face she had been waiting and half-fearing to see, and Byrd Nolan could scarcely have told, for a moment, what it was that awakened him, so swift was the kiss the Indian maiden dropped upon his forehead.

"Oh, you are alive? You are not hurt?"

"Not a bit," he exclaimed, as he sprang to his feet; "but I have kept my appointment."

And, before Lo-hia-no-vis knew what was coming, there had been another kiss given, and it was for ever too late to take it back.

"Quick!" he said, as he caught her hand and hurried forward among the trees. "They may be here any moment. I must speak with you."

Alas for them! they had so much to say. They should have sought a deeper thicket, a safer cover, for that intensely absorbing conversation.

Before Josh Grain and Pierre Duval had been led, so slowly and so reluctantly, any considerable distance, Eagle-father suddenly stooped down, examining some mark he found in the soft earth, and when he arose he spoke rapidly to his comrades in their own tongue, unmindful of the possibility that the two white men might understand every word he said, as both of them surely did.

One brave accompanied him as he darted away, and the other three signified to Josh and Pierre that they were to await their return.

"Our chance is now," muttered Pierre to his companion, a minute later; "the first notice we'll have of his comin' agin'll be a bullet or an arrow."

They waited, however, for the eyes of the three braves were on them, and their "chance" did not look very good. Minute after minute passed, and then there came to their ears the sound of rifle-shots muffled by the forest, but not so very far away.

The three braves turned, like one, to listen. A quick and meaning glance passed between the two white men, and then, almost together, two more reports rang out, followed by the crash of a gunstock falling on the bare head of the third brave, for the pair nearest the pale-faces had dropped in their tracks.

Sudden work and deadly, such as determined, steady-nerved men will do to save themselves from death, and it might be from torture, and thus Pierre and Josh sprang away in the direction of the other firing.

Tom Nolan had carried a double-barreled gun that trip, and he was never sorry for it afterward.

He had scouted rapidly along, like the veteran woodsman he was, feeling pretty sure that he was not outstripping his light-footed brother, until he turned the head of the lake and found himself somewhat impeded by the tangled and "brushy" nature of the forest.

Still he kept steadily and cautiously onward, wondering that he found no signs of human presence, red or white, until, as he peered over the body of a huge fallen maple, he found himself the unintentional witness of what seemed to him an exceedingly interesting affair.

"Byrd himself!" he muttered. "But who is she? This accounts for a good deal. Why, if it isn't the daughter of



LOVE IN THE WOODS.—"SHE SPRANG FORWARD IN TERROR-STRICKEN HASTE, AND GAZED ANXIOUSLY DOWN UPON THE CLOSED EYES AND SILENT LIPS."

old Sa-ke-to-mah, that was at the fort last year! That's how he got his information, is it? Well, I don't blame him. Hello, look at 'em!"

He could not have meant his brother and Lo-hia-no-vis, as they sat there gazing in one another's faces, for his gun came to his shoulder with a swift and deadly meaning in his motion.

Then there followed the reports which had so fatally attracted the attention of the three Sioux braves, and Tom thought he heard them as he bounded over the log.

He was right, too, for although his own "grist of buck-shot" had gone to their mark, there lay his brother and the dusky beauty on the withered leaves and ferns, while toward them rushed a tall savage with his tomahawk in his hand. Tom's other barrel was precisely the thing just then, and he used it with cool and deadly precision.

Eagle-feather was, indeed, a "big Indian," but he would follow no more warpaths.

"Byrd, you are not killed?"

Tom lifted him up, and tore open his embroidered hunting-shirt.

A metal flask, good for water or powder or other contents a minute before, but now ruined by a rifle-ball, was suspended from Byrd's neck by a buckskin thong.

"Saved his life," said Tom: "but there's two of his ribs broken. Then it glanced away to the right. He won't die, but he'll need a surgeon. How'll I ever get him out of this?"

"Glad he ain't dead. That won't take long to cure up."

It was the voice of Josh Grain that spoke, and it was quickly followed by that of Pierre Duval.

"Hurrah, boys, the gal ain't killed, nuther. Her head's an ill-fired prett' one, but it's hard enough to glance a ball. She won't come to for a long time."

"We must get 'em both into the canoe," said Tom. "It'd be a mean thing to leave her here to be scalped. Byrd never'd forgive us."

For such strong arms as theirs, it was no great task to carry those two to the waterside, and Byrd was already so far recovered that he could smile, in spite of the pain he suffered, when they told him Lo-hia-no-vis was in no immediate danger.

"Bone ain't cracked a mite, so far as I can see," calmly remarked Josh Grain as they pulled the canoe rapidly out of rifle-range from the bank.

Nor were they any too swift in their movements for other ears had caught the sound of those reports echoing through the forest, and the braves of Sa-ke-to-mah's band were gathering fast on the bloody trail the scouts had left.

Too fast for their own good, for they found the tracks of four white men only, and they saw but three in the canoe as it neared the opposite shore.

They followed through the woods, therefore, in so loose and reckless a race around the head of the lake, that when, a couple of hours later, they felt sure they must be close upon the heels of the fugitives, their calculations were only too nearly correct.

Byrd Nolan, and his friends, and his wounded beauty were within the advancing line of Major Forbes's riflemen, and his pursuers blindly threw themselves against a wall of fire and lead.

The blow Colonel Clark had deemed it wise to strike was therefore given easily and very sharply, and the Snake River Sioux were ready to declare, a day or two later, that they had no intention of going on any war-path, but were quite willing to receive any amount of presents.

Some of their young chiefs, however, had learned, meantime, that they had no longer any cause for jealousy of one another.

The surgeon accompanying the riflemen not only declared Byrd Nolan's wound of no serious account, but assured the anxious young scout that "The chief's daughter 'll be able to nurse you in a week. She was crazy enough till I told her you were all right. She's a beauty, though, and you'd best marry her quick if you want to keep her. She'll be stolen, sure."

Byrd Nolan may, or may not, have been afraid of that sort of robbery; but Lo-hia-no-vis was indeed taking care of him before they reached the fort, and the regimental chaplain was speedily then called in to give her a right in the premises. The slight scar on her forehead took nothing from her beauty.

As for her dusky relatives, it was not long before some of them came to pay her a visit, and the stately old Sa-ke-to-mah himself remarked to Colonel Clark:

"Good. Glad she marry pale-face. Poor Indian no fort. No keep her. Too much heap good-looking. Ugh!"



LOVE IN THE WOODS.—"TOM'S OTHER BARREL WAS PRECISELY THE THING JUST THEN, AND HE USED IT WITH COOL AND DEADLY PRECISION."





GUY'S WIFE.—"THIS IS MY WIFE!" HE CRIED. "THERE IS YOUR MAN—SEIZE HIM!" TO THE OFFICERS, AND THEY RESOLUTELY TOOK OSCAR CARRINGTON IN CHARGE.

## GUY'S WIFE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

THE well-bred servant who brought Oscar Carrington's breakfast to his room carried a letter on the tray. He arranged the chocolate and rolls and laid the letter beside the plate, where it remained unobserved by that gentleman for a few moments. He stood with his back to the fire, paring his finger-nails. He had a handsome face, Greek in outline and blonde in tint. A physiognomist would not have looked twice at the graceful head over-run with pale-brown curls, the light-blue eyes and close-shut mouth, to pronounce the uncomplimentary verdict—"Bold and cruel," yet he was the most popular man of his set. He could have married a hundred beauties, and

nearly as many heiresses. Ladies pronounced him charming. Men who were his peers in every point of wealth, social position and personal advantage, were yet proud of his acquaintance.

He had a rare secret of fascination. I never could account for it. Yet, if I were asked for an analysis, I should unhesitatingly avow that this power of Oscar Carrington's was based on nothing good.

The gentleman turned at last, and saw the letter.

"You may go, Pete," to the negro.

The man obeyed.

As soon as he was left alone, Oscar Carrington cut open

the end of the envelope and took out the sheet. In the same clear and beautiful chirography, it read as follows :

"OSCAR—I have at last come to a decision on this, the fifth Christmas Eve of my widowhood—for such I deem my state to be. Guy must be dead! I cannot believe, as you have intimated, that he yet lives and has deserted me. If I could believe that, I would spurn for ever from my heart such a base deceiver! No, no—Guy cannot be that. He loved me; he was true to me; and I loved him. In some mysterious way death has overtaken him, and in all my life I believe I shall never love again. But I am alone with my little child, whom I tenderly cherish, and would shield from the sufferings of poverty; and for Ethel's sake, Oscar, I make you a promise. If I hear no tidings of Guy for another year, I shall have no further hope that he is living, and, at your loving solicitation, will marry you on another Christmas Eve. But if you can prove, as you hint, that he has willfully left me—that I am a deserted wife instead of a widow—I will wed you instantly. To have been cheated—willfully cheated—would make me hate Guy Walton's very memory.

"As I have said, I have no such belief; if he is living, he is yet true to me. If dead, I accept you, for Ethel's sake.

"ADELAIDE WALTON."

A slow smile curled Oscar Carrington's lips as he laid down the sheet.

"Scarcely complimentary. Accepted for the sake of the brat!"

If you had seen him then, you would have hated him. You did not see him.

He seated himself coolly to his breakfast. Considering his next step, you might wonder, perhaps, that he so evidently enjoyed it.

The clock struck ten, and he arose from the table. Taking a flask from a commode, he went down to a wine-cellar below the house.

No one but himself and Pete ever entered the place. Yet there was a well-worn path from the door to another door at the further end.

This inner door had a closed grating. Carrington slipped it aside, gave a quick glance within, then unlocked the door with a sharp click and entered.

He stepped within an underground room, lighted by a lamp placed on a shelf near the grating, near which was a table with some books and writing materials, a chair and a bed. Standing in the centre of the place was a man young and handsome like himself, yet with all the forlorn marks of being an unhappy prisoner. His beard and hair were neglected, his face pallid and almost ghastly, yet the dark eyes were strangely eloquent as he faced his visitor with an undaunted air.

"You do me unusual honor—two visits within twenty-four hours."

He spoke with an exquisite accent of culture and refinement.

"Yes," replied Carrington, coolly, "I have come back because I have more to say to you." He paused a moment. "Guy Walton, you know that you are quite in my power, do you not? You cannot escape from here; you cannot communicate with any one outside; you cannot bribe my servant."

The other did not answer for a moment. Then he said :

"I have been quite in your power for five years."

"Exactly; your memory is good. Well, further—you know me pretty well, eh?"

"I know you for the most unscrupulous man on the face of the earth."

"Ah! Then you will not be surprised that I have decided to take the last step to force you to my wishes."

The dark eyes glinted hard against the pale ones.

"You would murder me?"

"As you like."

Carrington slowly unfolded Adelaide's letter. So cruel

his hatred of the man who had won this woman from him that he never failed to apply an available torture. He stretched out the sheet, and fixed his eyes upon the other's face.

"Do you know that handwriting?"

A look of convulsive pain answered him to his satisfaction.

"I will read to you what she says." With the utmost composure he read the letter. "And now," to his quivering victim, "the case stands thus: Write a letter as I dictate, and have the privilege of taking yourself out of my way unharmed, or, by heaven, die, so that I may show her your dead body! I will not be delayed in my wishes any longer!"

The other stood with his face turned away.

"I should have no difficulty in killing you," continued Carrington. "Only one person in the world besides myself knows of your existence—and Pete is unbribable. He has been too closely connected with my affairs for years to ever reveal it, if I have you poisoned and a grave dug for you here," stamping the ground with his foot. "A cheerful prospect, is it not? Why, man, you are a fool! Take your life and go. Well, what is your decision?"

The other seemed too wrung with pain to speak for a moment; but Carrington waited, and he recovered himself. It was the direct communication from his wife which had so unnerved him. Carrington knew it.

"I do not fear death."

"I suppose not. But you would prefer to live?"

"Not without my wife."

"Your wife?"

For the first time Carrington shook with rage.

"Curse you! You shall never call her that in my hearing again!"

"She is mine!" said Guy, firmly.

"Make the most of it, then, while you may. You shall not say it long."

"I shall not eat poisoned food," replied Guy, quietly.

"Then starve to death! What does it matter, so I am rid of you?" He turned on his heel.

"Stay a moment. I will write the letter."

"Ah!" wheeling quickly. "There you show your sense. When that is done you shall go to Paris and lead a gay life."

The other looked at him fixedly.

"Do you mean it?" asked Carrington.

"I mean it."

"Then proceed. I am ready, and here are writing materials."

For a moment Guy stood thinking deeply. Then he seated himself at the table. Carrington stood opposite.

"Write her name," said he.

Guy did so.

"It will come under cover to me from England. Date it a fortnight back, at London."

Guy obeyed.

"Now, proceed as I dictate."

"I have thought it best to write you, that you may be no longer uncertain as to my situation. I am in England, and married again to a beautiful and wealthy woman whom I knew in my youth. She knows nothing of my marriage to you, which I consider null and void, as I shall never return to America. I wearied long ago of the privations and vulgarity of poverty. I have every luxury now. I enjoy life, and I am willing that you should do the same. By all means marry again. You are good-looking, and still young. I have no fault to find with you, except that you burden me. As regards the child, I have another here—a boy. I repeat, that if you wish to marry again I shall never trouble you, but if you are particular on that point you can get a divorce on the ground of desertion.

GUY WALTON."



The writer signed his name boldly, and, with a long breath, rose from the table.

"Will that do?"

"That will do," replied Carrington, with a smile he could not repress. He caught up the sheet quickly and folded it. "I will see you again to-morrow," he said then, and left the cell.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a brilliant day for Christmas. The fountain jets sprinkling the evergreens before the Carrington mansion covered them with icedrops, that sparkled like diamonds in the sunshine. The master remarked them as he descended the terraces, and passed down the snowy, tree-hung street. He continued his way, taking no notice of a gaunt-eyed child who begged of him. Not that he grudged the money—he often threw it to beggars with the air of throwing a bone to a dog; but this morning he was so absorbed in thought that he did not see the girl.

Leaving the aristocratic portion of the city, he turned down a narrow street, and ran up the stairs of a decent tenement-house.

He knocked at a door. A woman's voice, clear and musical, called: "Come in!"

Unclosing the door, he entered a suite of singularly pleasant apartments. The windows were filled with flowering plants, and hung with rose-colored cambric. The furniture was plain, but tastefully arranged. In a tiny crib, daintily covered, lay a white-robed child, soundly sleeping, and at the side sat a woman.

She rose up, revealing wonderful beauty. Never was a more perfect face and form; but what made the countenance most remarkable was a fire and spirit which seemed unquenchable.

"Oscar—Mr. Carrington."

He advanced and took her hand.

"How are you, Adelaide?"

"I am well."

"And the little one?"

"She is quite well, also, thank you;" for the first time smiling calmly, and leaning toward the crib.

Carrington seated himself with an at-home air, and, after shielding the child's eyes a little more from the light, Adelaide Walton did the same.

"I received your letter, Adelaide."

She bowed slightly.

"I thank you for the promise. But I have received another, closely relating to it."

"From——"

She could not speak the words; but her eyes flashed with wonderful emotion and beauty.

"From Guy Walton—yes."

"Where is it? Oh, what does he say? Tell me—tell me!"

"Don't hope anything, Adelaide. I warned you of this long ago."

"Where is he?"

"In England."

"What is he doing there?"

"He is married again."

"No—no!" with a sharp cry.

"You must believe it, Adelaide. I have brought the letter with me to prove it."

She had started up, and was wringing her hands with an expression of anguish no words can describe.

"He cannot be married again! My husband! Ethel's father. Why, she was a tiny babe when he left me. Oh, Guy, Guy!"

"Adelaide, here is the letter. It came to me under cover from London last night. I have been led to reveal

to you Guy Walton's baseness; for was he not my friend—did I, too, not love him? But your letter decided me. I henceforth call him no friend of mine. And you, too, must spurn him when you read his heartless letter."

Standing in the centre of the room, the rose-light falling over her beautiful face and figure, she perused the cruel, truthless words.

Carrington watched her face. His pale eyes, with a masterful greed, seemed to devour the lineaments of that exquisitely beautiful countenance.

At length the white hand fell down. The sheet fluttered to the carpet.

"Oh, God, how horrible! And I loved him so! I have waited——"

She took one uncertain step forward and fell senseless at his feet.

He caught her up passionately, and devoured her senseless face with kisses. Then throwing open the window, he let the sunny air blow over her.

In a few moments the dark eyes unclosed. Putting him back, she rose up with a sob.

For a time she struggled with herself. Then her proud face grew hard and resolute.

"Only a monster could do as he has done! He never loved me—he cannot know what love is; and henceforth I cast him from my heart and life!"

"That is my brave girl. And now you are mine?"

"Yes, yours."

"When shall it be?"

"Whenever you wish."

"To-night."

"To-night."

He kissed her hand again with the same respectful tenderness.

"Adelaide, I knew all this long ago, though I could not prove it, and I have already secured your papers of divorce."

"That is right—as it should be. I did not think."

"Well, do not think any more. Do not brood over your wrongs. A brighter life is ready for you now, Adelaide. You have never entered the old Carrington mansion. It is a home worthy of you, my beautiful one. It is full of beauty and wonderful things. And I—I shall be happy there now. Think of me, Adelaide."

"Oh, I do, my one friend!"

Yet she turned from him, and fell upon her knees, with her face beside the feet of her sleeping child.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the evening of Christmas Day. A small party of persons were assembled in Adelaide Walton's little sitting-room. They were only a few intimate friends, for Adelaide had not courted general society since the loss of her husband, and her fortunes had so ebbed that only a few true hearts were hers. Though she had been brought up in refinement, she had chosen a poor man, and had no fashionable circle to exchange compliments with. So the wedding-party was small.

Little Ethel, rose-hued ribbons adding to her snowy apparel, flitted among them; but Adelaide was in the adjoining room, preparing for the ceremony.

The black dress she had worn for five years was laid aside. She was in snowy white, with roses looping the skirt and perfuming her ebony hair. Flowers filled all the rooms. Carrington had sent them. She took a bitter pride in making herself as beautiful as possible.

As the last touch was given to the exquisite costume, he knocked lightly at the door. She took his arm and joined the guests where the clergyman was awaiting them.

A hush filled the room.

It was instantly broken by loud footsteps and such a furious knock at the door that the old minister involuntarily turned toward it. Before it could be unclosed it was opened from the outside, and a young man led two officers into the room.

A young man—dark-eyed, pallid, wild-looking—who sprang to the side of the bride.

"This is my wife!" he cried. "There is your man—seize him!" to the officers, and they resolutely took Oscar Carrington in charge.

Adelaide, in her white robes, stood looking strangely at her husband.

"Am I such an object that you do not know me?" he cried, in a husky voice, assured by her eyes of fear and hope. "Do you not know me, Adelaide?"

"Yes, I know you!" she whispered, excitedly.

"I have just escaped from a prison cell, where I have been confined for five years. Oh, Adelaide—good God!—you are not sorry?"

For answer she fell at his feet, and clasped her arms about his knees.

When their enemy and their friends were gone, he explained in detail the wonderful story.

"Oscar Carrington was crazy about you six years ago, Adelaide. He had been born in the lap of luxury, and had every whim gratified, and when you preferred me, you never guessed how deep lay his desire for revenge. We had been married about a year when he met me in the street, and invited me to his house to lunch.

From that house I never emerged until to-day.

"He drugged the wine, and had me carried to an underground cell, where I have since languished in captivity. Daily I was furnished with fresh water, food and light by his negro servant, Pete; but I saw no one but him, and, perhaps, twice a year, Carrington. He told me his purpose. He meant to obtain you by any means which would succeed. Your faith in me; your patience and persistence, astonished him.

"He was not accustomed to being balked; the harder the prize was to win, the more determined he was to win it. He told me at last that if I would write a letter avowing that I had deserted you, he would release me, with the agreement that I went abroad and troubled you no more.

"I spurned the proposal; I told him I would die there first. I might have died. I was very low at times, but my strength of purpose held out. So did his. After the first examination of the place, I despaired of ever escaping. I thought myself far underground. But about a year ago I heard sounds from the outside which convinced me that the cell was built into a bank, and one side was walled up from the open day.

"I began to think of penetrating that wall—but it was a colossal task. The wall was composed of blocks of stone cemented together. But desperation gave me courage. I

had only a caseknife, but with this I worked around one of the stones in the darkest corner, near the head of my bed, and, an atom at a time, I removed the cement.

"I have been working daily at it for nearly a year. At length I could remove the stone. It was two feet square. Behind it was a brick wall, also securely cemented; but, fortunately, between the walls I found a chisel, lost years ago by a workman, probably. With this I knew I could work my way out to liberty in a few hours. No words can express my joy. I replaced the stone, and then came Carrington, threatening that if I did not write the letter he would murder me.

"I think he intended to murder me in any event, but he wanted the letter first. I rapidly considered the matter. I knew that only a few hours intervened between that time and my escape. I believed that I should soon be with you, and before he could act upon the letter. I deemed it best to write, and I did so.

"I believe he meant that day to be my last; but he left me for the time, and I dug out the bricks, and made an opening into the free air. I found myself on the river-banks in a lonely spot; but I soon got into the city, and hastened to a magistrate. He thought me crazed at first, but finally sent two officers with me. Perhaps they thought me crazed, too, when I did not find you in the pretty cottage where we lived six years ago; but I soon tracked you here, my poor homeless bird!"

She was weeping over his pale face as it lay upon her bosom, for excitement had lessened his strength, and now that the struggle was passed, he was almost ill.

"I think only of what you have suffered, Guy. And to think that I almost hated you at times, my poor, poor darling!"

"My only wonder is that you believed so long, Adelaide. Not one woman in twenty—beautiful and admired as you have ever been—but would have long ago forgotten an absent husband, poor and plain at the best."

"Poor? Oh, we were ever rich in love, my husband, and never was a face and form so beautiful to me as these, ever truthful and protective. I am utterly happy now."

"This is the nicest Christmas Day ever I knew," said little Ethel, "for I have a papa for a Christmas gift!"

Before his trial, Carrington, assisted by his black servant, Pete, escaped from prison. He never dared return to his home, and the beautiful Carrington mansion is now falling into ruins.

We often choose a friend for no particular excellence in themselves, but merely from some circumstance that flatters our self-love.



CRAWFORD'S STATUE OF "PSYCHE."



## GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

THE Thirty Years' War, waged in Germany from 1618 to 1648, marks one of the most notable epochs in modern history. It decided for the generations which have followed, and to all appearance for generations yet to come, the territorial limits between Catholicism and Protestantism. During the half-century before the war opened, the Protestants were undisputed masters of England and Scotland, of Sweden, Denmark, and most of Northern Germany; while the Catholics held with an equally firm grasp Italy, Spain and Portugal. In France, Southern Germany, Hungary and Poland, the contest still raged, although the Protestants, while in the minority, were apparently gaining ground.

When the weary contest came to an end through the mutual exhaustion of all the powers who had one after another been dragged into it, the Protestants practically retained all the north of Europe, including most of what we now know as Germany; the Catholics retained Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria proper, Poland and Hungary. Since then neither faith has advanced its European boundaries by a league. What was Protestant in 1648 is Protestant today; what was then Catholic is Catholic still. Colonies planted in the New World have kept to their ancient faith. The colonies founded by Spain and Portugal are yet Catholic, and likely to remain so. The colonies founded by England, Holland and Sweden are yet mainly Protestant, and likely to remain so.

If we look at the political map of Europe as it was

about the year 1600, we shall find in the north and west a number of states, comprising very nearly what is now the German Empire, all mainly Protestant. On the south and east of these were the dominions of the House of Austria, all mainly Catholic. These grand divisions were very nearly equal in territory, wealth and population.

Still further east lay Hungary and other lands as yet quite debatable ground between the Cross and the Crescent. With these we have here nothing to do. But imbedded within the Protestant territory were a score or so of ecclesiastical states, forming a third of the whole, and the richest part of it. As the Protestants gained civil power here, their rulers claimed the right to appropriate the ecclesiastical revenues either to their own use or to the support of their own form of faith. The Catholics refused to acknowledge this claim. They averred

that this wealth was the gift of generations of pious men to the Church, and was its rightful property, belonging to it exclusively. The Protestants maintained that the estates from which these revenues were derived had been bestowed at a time when there were only Catholics in existence. They had been devolved, so to speak, upon the first-born son, because he was the only one. But in the meanwhile another son had been born into the world, and he was now compelled to leave the ancestral home. Must he go forth empty-handed? The Catholics said Yes. The Lutherans said No, and proceeded to put their claim into a practical shape by demanding that any



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN.

sovereign bishop might become a Protestant, and then establish Lutheranism as the religion of his territories. The Catholics demanded that any bishop who should change his faith should by that act vacate his see, and the chapter should at once elect his successor.

It was tacitly admitted on both sides that to the rulers of the several states belonged the right of absolutely deciding what should be the faith of their subjects. This theory was formally sanctioned by the treaty of Passau, 1552, and indorsed by the Diet of Augsburg, three years later, with the proviso that any subject might leave a state where his faith was oppressed, and go to one where it was favored. It was also provided, though under protest from the Catholics, that in those Catholic states where the majority of the people had already become Lutherans, they should be permitted the free exercise of their worship. Thus by this treaty each religion practically retained what it then held. But from time to time fresh disputes sprang up. Under one pretext or another the Protestants secularized see after see, and at the beginning of the next century they held eight of the richest bishoprics in Northern Germany, the Catholics still remaining in possession of about as many.

Over the whole of Germany—Lutheran and Catholic—was the Emperor, chosen by three ecclesiastical and four lay electors, and this dignity had come to be hereditary in the House of Austria; but his power was little more than nominal. The great vassals made wars and concluded treaties with each other at pleasure. The wisest Emperor at this period could have done little good, although an unwise one could do much harm.

In 1618 the Emperor was Matthias, who was also King of Bohemia, where the Protestants had an apparent preponderance in numbers. The Emperor gave an insulting reply to some remonstrance from his Protestant subjects. He himself was absent from Bohemia, leaving the administration of the kingdom in the hands of two commissioners. An armed band of Protestants, led by the Count of Thurn, burst into an upper room in the Castle of Prague, where the commissioners were seated, seized upon their persons, and flung them from a window eighty feet above the ground. Luckily for them, a huge dunghill had accumulated just under the window. Into this they fell, and escaped with unbroken bones, but in a most unsavory plight.

This outrage, which was perpetrated May 23, 1618, was the opening event in the Thirty Years' War. It is probable that Count Thurn meant by this decisive act to precipitate a war in Bohemia. At all events, the die was cast. Ferdinand of Gratz, the acknowledged heir of the feeble Matthias, whom he was soon to succeed as Ferdinand II., prosecuted hostilities vigorously. An early episode of the war was the proffer by the Protestants of the crown of Bohemia to Frederick, the Elector Palatine, son-in-law of James I. of England. He at first hesitated to accept, but was urged on by his ambitious consort. "You dared," she exclaimed, "to marry the daughter of a King, and now you dare not stretch out your hand for a crown when it is offered you. I would rather eat dry bread as Queen than live in luxury as Electress." Frederick's reign lasted only from September to November, 1639, when he was surprised and routed under the walls of Prague; placed under the ban of the Empire, and driven from his electorate, which was ravaged by the Imperialists under Tilly. Saxony was next menaced, and in 1629 formed an alliance with Christian IV. of Denmark, and the war assumed larger proportions. Next year the Danes were decisively defeated by Wallenstein, and Christian fled back to his own dominions.

Albrecht Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, was one of the few notable men who played prominent parts in this Thirty Years' War. He was born in Bohemia, in 1583. His family were Protestants of the special Bohemian type—scarcely to be distinguished from orthodox Catholics, except that they claimed in the administration of the Eucharist that laity as well as clergy should partake of the cup; but his father dying in 1595, his education was intrusted to the Jesuits, and he soon went over to the Catholic faith. He early distinguished himself by his acquirements. He was master of several languages, was well versed in mathematics, law, and the occult sciences, and believed himself to have been born under a fortunate planetary conjunction. His strongest taste was for military studies; and before he had come of age he had greatly distinguished himself in the wars against the Turks.

Although a younger son, he inherited considerable estates. At the age of twenty-three he married a wealthy widow, old enough to be his mother, who made him master of fourteen estates in Moravia. For ten years he devoted himself to the care of these, and became one of the richest nobles in Europe. Probably no monarch in Europe was in possession of so much ready money as Wallenstein kept on deposit with the great Fugger banking-house at Augsburg. For his brilliant services against the Elector Palatine, he was repaid by being allowed to purchase sixty confiscated estates at a quarter of their value. In 1627 the value of these acquired estates was estimated at a sum which, expressed in the currency of our day, was not less than twenty millions of dollars. This was in addition to his former heritage and acquisitions.

At the time when Christian of Denmark took up arms upon the side of the German Protestants, a great part of the imperial army had been disbanded, and the treasury of Ferdinand was empty. Without a certainty of some payment, and a prospect of plunder, the ranks could not be filled. Wallenstein came forward with a proposition which fulfilled both conditions. He offered to raise and equip an army at his own cost. Once fairly enlisted, the soldiers—if there were enough of them—would be able to feed and pay themselves. They need only take anything they wanted wherever they could find it. He is reported to have said that an army of 20,000 might, perhaps, find it hard to subsist in this way; but nothing would be easier for an army of 50,000.

It was not long before it was bruited all over Europe that some ready money, much prospective plunder, and quite probable promotion, might be found by taking service under Wallenstein. Adventurers flocked to his camp from all Europe. They thronged from the banks of the Clyde to those of the Danube; from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the Baltic, and notably from every nook and corner of Germany. Wallenstein made no minute inquiries into the faith of a stout recruit. Catholic, Lutheran or Calvinist, Scotchman or Croat, were equally welcome; and he soon molded the heterogeneous mass into an army, every man of whom came to understand that the will of their general was their sole law. The force thus collected lacked a score of thousands of the 50,000 which Wallenstein is said to have fixed as its number. But it was sufficient for his purpose, and in a brief period the flight of Christian of Denmark seemed to have put an end to the Protestant Union in Germany. Wallenstein, who had already been created Duke of Friedland and a Prince of the Empire, was rewarded by receiving the brief of the two Duchies of Mecklenberg, and under him the Imperial authority was established upon the Baltic coast. But the important port of Stralsund still



held out against him, although he had sworn to have it, even though it were fastened to the heavens by iron chains.

Looking across the narrow seas, he caught glimpses of a Protestant sovereign who might probably become more formidable than the King of Denmark had proved himself to be. This was the young Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who had given proof of uncommon military and civil capacity. Wallenstein had taken measure of the man. To one of his trusted lieutenants he wrote, in the most colloquial German: "Pray, your lordship, have a sharp lookout upon this Swede, for he is a dangerous fellow. One must not put faith in this Gustav Adolf, for everybody says that he likes to lead folks by the nose. I would be glad to have this Swede for a friend, but not that he should get to be too strong, for '*amor et dominium non patitur socium.*'" The surest way to guard against this dangerous Swede was to form a navy sufficient to command the passage of the intervening seas. This, it was thought, might be accomplished by an alliance with the free Hanse towns. The Emperor at first favored this scheme; and Wallenstein, who took up his residence at the Baltic port of Wismar, was created "Admiral of the Baltic and of the Ocean Sea."

It is dangerous for a subject to become too indispensable to his master. Ferdinand had come to look askance at Wallenstein, who had by this time also made for himself an abundance of personal enemies. Tilly hated him as the man whose military genius had cast his own into the shade. Maximilian of Bavaria was his avowed enemy for much the same reason. The Catholic Princes of the Empire looked upon him as a Bohemian upstart, who had within a few years raised himself to an equality with the proudest of them. The Jesuits, who were all-powerful with the Emperor, disliked and distrusted him, for the sufficient reason that he had shown that he disliked and distrusted them. On every side arose a cry that the Duke of Friedland should be removed from the command of that army which he had raised. The Diet gave formal expression to this urgent demand. Ferdinand yielded, with a show of reluctance, and in September, 1630, Wallenstein was set aside from the command, which was conferred upon Tilly. He retired to Bohemia, where he established himself in more than imperial splendor, brooding over vast and only half-developed schemes of aggrandizement, which his horoscope indicated was in the near future. His trusted astrologer, Seni, indeed read in the planetary aspects that four years hence a great peril awaited him. That overpassed, the future lay bright before him. Meanwhile, only a few weeks before, Gustavus Adolphus had landed on the Pomeranian shore of Germany.

Gustavus II.—known in history as Gustavus Adolphus—was born in 1594, being thus in the prime of early manhood. His father, Charles IX., the youngest son of Gustavus Vasa, had been called to the throne, when his nephew, Sigismund, son of a deceased elder brother, in order to secure his election as King of Poland, became a Catholic, forfeiting thereby his hereditary right to the Swedish crown. Charles IX. died in 1611, and the Crown devolved upon Gustavus Adolphus, then in his seventeenth year. Sigismund at once laid claim to the Swedish crown, not for himself—for his Catholicism was an insuperable bar—but for his son Ladislaus, a minor. He averred that his own exclusion was merely personal, and did not affect the right of his young son, who was not known as a Catholic, and had no scruples at becoming a Lutheran. A desultory war ensued, lasting several years. Gustavus manifested high civil and military capacity; and

when peace was at last effected through the mediation of England and Holland, he not only remained undisputed master of Sweden, but had added to his dominions the greater part of Livonia, including the port of Riga, which gave him a foothold upon the southern shore of the Baltic.

In 1618 he secretly visited Berlin, where he wooed and won Eleonora, the beautiful daughter of the Elector of Brandenburg. The marriage—delayed by the death of her father, and by the opposition of his son and successor—took place in 1620. Gustavus soon after made a tour in the Rhineland, in the character of a private Swedish gentleman.

As yet he had seen only his bleak and poor native North, the contrast between which and these rich sunny valleys gave him much matter for thought. But he looked upon them with the eye of a soldier and statesman rather than that of a mere tourist for pleasure. He noted especially the pomp and luxury of the Rhenish prelates. "If these priests," he said, speaking in his assumed character, "were the subjects of the King, my master, he would long ago have taught them that modesty, humility and obedience are the true characteristics of their profession."

The Imperial successes in Germany soon made it clear to all men that a general war between Catholicism and Protestantism was inevitable, and that sooner or later the Northern powers must be involved in it. The flight of Christian of Denmark, and the triumphant progress of Wallenstein, only made this the clearer. Gustavus resolved that the war should not be waged in his own dominions. He would cross the Baltic and attack the Emperor upon German soil, with the aid of such states as he could induce by persuasion or threat to make common cause with him. For this great enterprise, upon which he had staked his all, he made due preparations.

On May 20th, 1630, he presented himself before the Diet assembled at Stockholm. Taking in his arms his four-year-old daughter, Christina, he announced her as his heir and successor, the government during her minority to be conducted by his able chancellor, Oxenstierna. After having prescribed the ordinances which should prevail in case he should never return, he proceeded to deliver what was to be his farewell address to the Estates of Sweden.

"Not lightly," he said, "do I involve myself and you in this new and dangerous war. God is my witness that I do not fight to gratify my own ambition. But the Emperor has wronged me. He has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren; has trampled my religion in the dust, and stretched out his revengeful arm against my crown. The oppressed states of Germany call loudly for aid, which, by God's help, we will give them. I am fully aware of the dangers to which my life will be exposed. I have never yet shrunk from them, nor is it likely that I shall escape all of them. Hitherto Providence has wonderfully protected me; but I shall fall in defense of my country." The words were prophetic, though their fulfillment was more speedy than had been looked for by the King.

On the 23d of June the Swedes landed in Pomerania upon the German soil. The first reception of Gustavus was not altogether encouraging. Bogislaus, the aged, feeble and childless Duke of Pomerania, was loth to admit the Swedes within the walls of Stettin, his capital. The possession of this place was essential to the plans of Gustavus, and to secure it he had recourse to ample promises and some implied threats. "I come to you," he said, "not



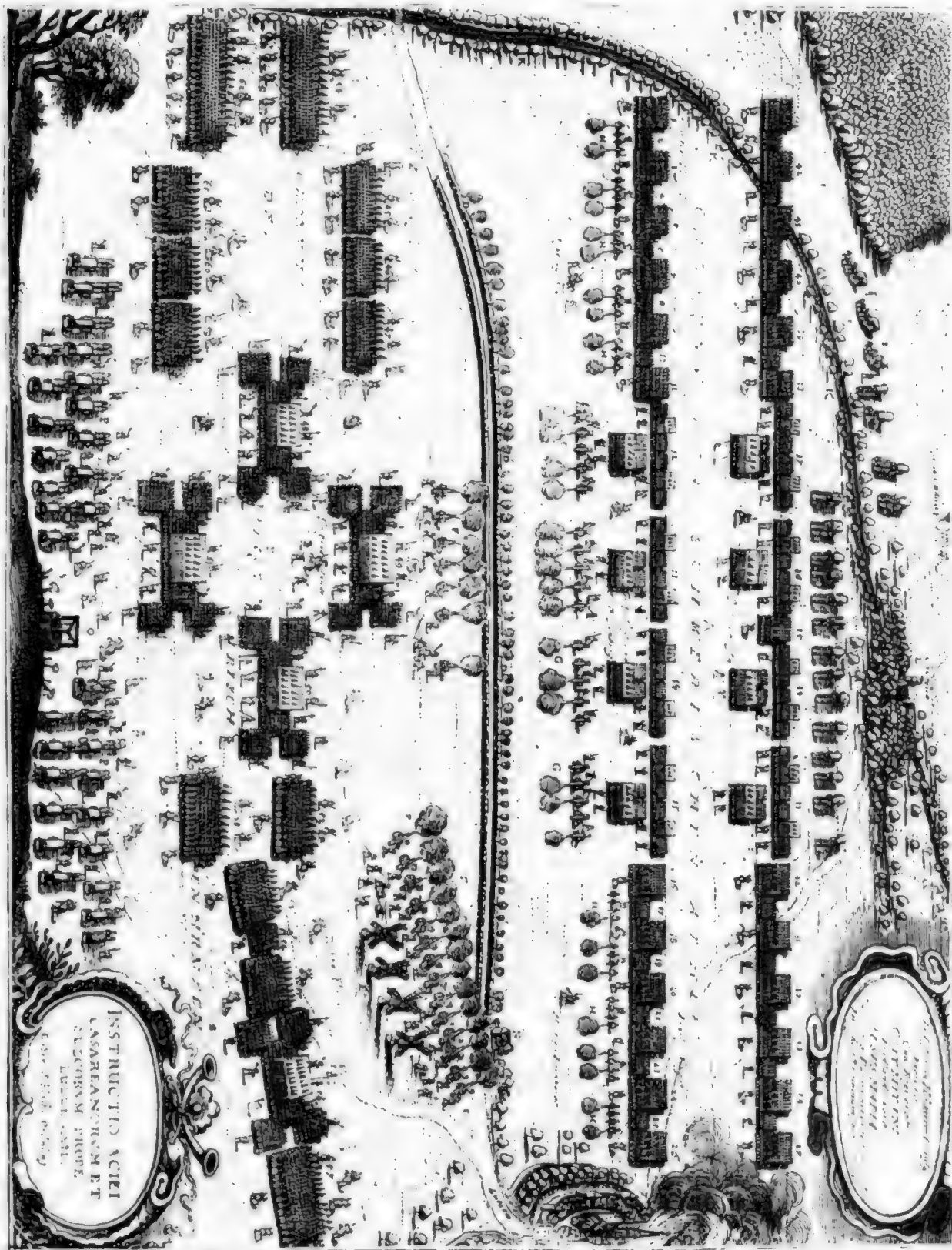
DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, AT THE BATTLE OF LÜTZEN.



as an enemy, but as a friend. In my hands this duchy shall be sacred, and shall be restored to you at the close of the campaign. Now choose between the Emperor and me. Look well to what both of us have done within your dominions, and decide. The case is pressing. Decide at once, and do not compel me to take more violent measures."

vus and Ferdinand. But the Swedish King advanced, and before long Pomerania and Mecklenburg were cleared of Imperial garrisons. The Elector of Brandenburg, brother-in-law of Gustavus, sent an envoy to Gustavus announcing his intention to remain neutral. The Swedish King replied curtly: "He who makes a sheep of him-

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF LUTZEN, FROM AN ANCIENT ENGRAVING.



To a feeble mind the nearer danger is always the greater one. The Swedes were close by, the Imperialists at a distance. The Duke gave up Stettin to Gustavus, who thus gained a footing in Germany, and a convenient base for his communications with Sweden, for his fleet held the mastery of the Northern seas. The chief Protestant Princes of the Empire—notably the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony—hesitated and dallied between Gusta-

self is sure to be eaten by the wolves. His highness must be either my friend or my enemy when I come to his frontier. He must be either hot or cold. No third course will be allowed." It was not until months after that the violent measures of the Emperor forced the two Electors into an alliance with Gustavus.

Ferdinand had committed the blunder of underrating his opponent. When news came of the landing of

Gustavus, he said, derisively: "We have only got one more little enemy," who would be easily disposed of. But Tilly, who now commanded the Imperial forces, thought otherwise. He thrust himself across the path by which Gustavus was advancing into the heart of Germany, at first gaining some successes. At New Brandenburg (March 29th, 1631), he annihilated the Swedish garrison of 2,000 men; but was outgeneraled by Gustavus, who drove him back upon the Elbe, and captured the important position of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, garrisoned by eight Imperial regiments.

Meanwhile, an undercurrent of diplomacy had been strengthening both parties. France, under the able but unscrupulous administration of Richelieu, was drawn in two opposite directions. On the one hand, the Cardinal disliked the Protestants; on the other hand, he both disliked and feared the closely allied Catholic powers of Austria and Spain. It would bode ill for France if the Emperor should get the clear upper hand in Germany.

Proposals for an alliance between France and Sweden had already been made by Richelieu, to which Gustavus declined to accede. At length (January, 1631) a formal treaty was entered into, to which all the German states were invited to become parties. The essential point was that religious matters in Germany should be restored, as far as possible, to their old condition. Gustavus was to respect the Catholic faith in all places which he should conquer. Sweden was to keep on foot an army of 30,000 men, toward the maintenance of which France was to grant an annual subsidy amounting to not far from \$2,000,000, counted in the currency of our day. This subsidy, in the hands of a prince so poor and frugal as was Gustavus, was of no little advantage to the Protestants; but, on the other hand, the German Catholics were put under the mighty protection of France, should Gustavus, in the intoxication of success, undertake to do them wrong. This treaty boded ill for the Emperor; but soon another treaty bade fair to more than restore the balance. A long war had been waged in Italy between France and Spain. This was brought to a close (April, 1631), by the treaty of Cherasco; and Ferdinand was thus not only able to recall his troops who had been serving beyond the Alps, but might also hope to receive aid from his Spanish kinsman. Tilly, who had by this time vainly measured himself with Gustavus, thought little of this promised accession to the Imperial force. Not so Pappenheim, his fiery lieutenant, who wrote, exultingly, "This Summer we can sweep our enemies before us. God give us grace thereto."

Tilly, after his ill success on the Elbe, laid siege to Magdeburg, which, after long disputes between the Catholics and the Protestants, had finally declared for the Lutherans, and was at this moment governed by a so-called Protestant lay bishop, or, rather, "administrator." The siege began near the end of March. The garrison numbered only 2,000, altogether too few to man the extensive works, but there was good reason to hope that the Swedes would soon arrive to their aid. But matters had not yet been settled between Gustavus and the Elector of Saxony, and the Swedish King would not move upon Magdeburg until his rear had been fully secured by the adhesion of the Saxons. So March passed, April came and went, May was two-thirds gone, and the siege was still kept up. On the 19th of May the fire of the besiegers suddenly ceased, and the guns were seen to be withdrawing from their works. Tidings had come that the Swedes were within three days' march, in force sufficient to raise the siege. The garrison and citizens thought that the peril was over. They abandoned the ramparts early on the morning of the 20th, and betook themselves to needed repose.

Tilly had, indeed, resolved to raise the siege, but not until he had made one desperate effort to take the place by storm. The assault was made in force at four different points. The almost unguarded works were carried with a rush. Before noon all had been taken, and Magdeburg was at the mercy of its captors, soured by long resistance, and now inflamed by unlooked-for success. Never was less mercy to be expected, and rarely has less been shown. All distinctions of age or sex were lost sight of. Wives were outraged in the presence of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents. No sacred place was a sanctuary. In one church more than fifty women were found beheaded, after having been subjected to the extreme of outrage.

The town had been set on fire in several places, and was soon one mass of flames. In less than twelve hours one of the most stately cities of Germany was reduced to ashes, only two churches and a few score of houses being left. It is said that some of his officers urged Tilly to stop the carnage, and received for reply, "Come back in an hour, and I will see what I can do; the soldier must have some reward for his danger and toils." The sack of Magdeburg lasted three days. On the fourth Tilly rode among the smoking ruins, which had been partially cleared away. More than 6,000 corpses were found in the streets, and were thrown into the Elbe; a still greater number had perished in the flames. The whole number of slain was estimated at more than 30,000. The cathedral had escaped destruction, and here on the next day solemn Mass was celebrated, and the *Te Deum* was sung amid salvos of artillery. Tilly wrote to his master that never since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem had such utter ruin been wrought.

The Emperor carried matters with a high hand. Tilly, reinforced by the troops which had been set free in Italy, marched into the heart of Saxony. He appeared before Leipzig, and threatened that unless it was at once surrendered it should fare worse than Magdeburg had done. The threat was sufficient; the gates of Leipzig were thrown open.

The Elector of Saxony now made formal overtures to Gustavus, which were received with apparent coolness, but with secret delight.

To the Saxon envoy he said: "I am sorry for the Elector. Had he heeded my remonstrances, Magdeburg would not have fallen, and his country would never have seen the face of an enemy. Now, when he has no other alternative, he asks assistance from me. What security have I that he will not abandon me as soon as the Emperor makes favorable proposals to him?" The envoy could only beg that the past might be forgotten, and that Gustavus would name his own terms. "I require," was the reply, "that the Elector shall make over to me the fortress of Wittenberg; shall deliver to me his eldest sons as hostages; shall dismiss his treacherous ministers, and furnish my troops with three months' pay." The Elector agreed to all this, and proffered even more: "Not Wittenberg alone," he replied, "but all Saxony shall be open to the King. I and my whole family will be his hostages. I will deliver to him all the traitors whom he shall name; will furnish all the money he requires; and will venture life and fortune in the good cause."

So a formal treaty was soon framed, to which all the Protestant Princes of Germany became parties. The united Swedish and German forces marched toward Leipzig, near which Tilly had posted himself in a fortified camp at the Breitenfeld. Here, on the morning of September 17th, the two armies stood face to face. The numbers were about equal—a little more than 30,000 on each



side. The Saxons, in their new uniforms, made a gallant show, and looked somewhat disdainfully upon the Swedes in their worn equipments. Tilly's purpose was to await attack behind his intrenchments. The action was opened by a furious cannonade of two hours. The wind blew the dust and smoke into the faces of the advancing Swedes, and Gustavus veered a little to the north to avoid this. The impetuous Pappenheim thought he saw a favorable moment for attack. He left his strong lines and fell upon the enemy. The brunt first fell upon the Saxons, who were soon streaming from the field in wild confusion. Pappenheim's cavalry now struck the right wing of the Swedes, where Gustavus commanded in person. The Imperialists were driven back, their intrenchments were carried, and their guns turned upon themselves. Tilly, wounded in three places, swore that he, who had been a victor in almost two score great battles, would not now fly from the field. But at last he was induced to put himself at the head of his remaining forces, and cut his bloody way straight through the Swedish ranks. Of his men, fully 5,000 were left dead or dying upon the field. The battle of Brietenfeld deserves to be classed among the decisive battles of the world. It decided, among other things, that the Swedish light infantry, properly handled, were more effective than the serried formations of the Spaniards and Germans.

Tilly was for another six months opposed to Gustavus; but his lucky star had deserted him. On April 14th, 1632, he vainly opposed the crossing of the Lech by the Swedes. A cannon-ball struck him above the knee, and he died the next day, at the age of seventy-three.

In early youth he entered the Society of the Jesuits, but soon embraced the military career, entered the Spanish service, and served under Alva in the Netherlands, then entered the Imperial service and fought against the Turks. Subsequently he commanded at the battle of the White Hill, the first notable engagement of the Thirty Years' War. He was an ugly, little, old man, with broad forehead, sharp chin and keen eyes; noted for his fantastic attire. Even in camp he led an almost monastic life, never touched wine or women; cared little for honors and less for wealth; refused the proffer of a dukedom, and died without estate or wealth. He was a type of the military devotee.

The campaigns of Gustavus had been a series of almost uniform successes, and the Empire was brought to the verge of ruin. All men saw that Wallenstein was the only man to save it. He had remained on his estates, brooding over the indignity which he had endured in being displaced from the command, and meditating vast and vague schemes for the future. He even set on foot negotiations with Gustavus. "If," said he, "the King of Sweden will give me 12,000 men, I will add to them the officers of my old army. We will chase the Emperor across the Alps, and the goods of the Jesuits and their followers shall be divided among our soldiers." But Gustavus would form no such alliance.

Ferdinand, in his extremity, now looked once more to Wallenstein, imploring him to resume the command of the army. Wallenstein would accept only upon condition that he should have sole and absolute command; there should be no Imperial authority in his camps; no peace should be made without his assent; he should have the sovereignty over all the provinces he might conquer; and at the close of the war he should have Bohemia, to be held as a fief of the Empire.

These hard terms were agreed to, and in April, 1632, Wallenstein was replaced in command. His enormous wealth and unbounded liberality now stood him in good

effect. Soldiers of fortune flocked to his camp. They came from Italy, from Spain, from Scotland and Ireland, from every German land between the Baltic and the Alps, and there was scarcely a man of them whom he could not address in his native tongue. Protestants were as welcome as Catholics. Before three months had passed, Wallenstein had under him 60,000 troops, scarcely a man of whom cared a straw for the Empire or the Emperor.

The Saxons had now made themselves masters of a great part of Bohemia. Wallenstein at first attempted to detach the Elector from his alliance with Gustavus. Failing in this, he fell upon the Saxons, and drove them beyond the frontiers of Bohemia; and then with his mighty host moved slowly upon Nuremberg.

Gustavus threw himself, with greatly inferior forces, into that quaint old city. Wallenstein pitched his intrenched camp close by. The fortifications were strong, defended by more than 300 cannon. Wallenstein had no mind to attack these works, preferring to reduce the city by famine. Apart from the citizens, Gustavus had less than 20,000 men; but detached bodies would soon arrive, making his numbers quite equal to those of the enemy. Once the Swedes left their intrenchments and offered battle on the open plain. Some of Wallenstein's generals urged him to accept the gage, but he replied, "Battles enough have been fought; it is time to try another method."

The pressing question on both sides was how to feed the armies. Foraging parties were sent out in every direction, and came into frequent collision. On one occasion Gustavus learned that a great convoy was approaching the Imperial camp. A regiment of cavalry was sent out to intercept it. The Swedes fell upon the convoy by surprise, drove off 12,000 head of cattle, and burned 1,000 wagons loaded with supplies which they could not carry away.

As reinforcements reached Nuremberg the difficulty in feeding the troops grew more pressing day by day. The Swedes had all along been noted for their strict discipline and their abstinence from pillage; but their German allies marauded without stint, to the fierce indignation of Gustavus, who summoned some of their leaders to his presence. "Never," says one who was present, "was His Majesty in such a towering rage." His words were sharp enough. "You, colonels and officers of every rank, plunder your own brothers in the faith. You make me disgusted with you. You cause men to say openly, 'The King, our friend, does us more harm than our enemies. I am so grieved with you that I am vexed that I ever had anything to do with so stiffnecked a nation.'" One day a Swedish corporal was brought before him, caught in the act of seizing the cow of a peasant. "My son," said Gustavus, as he delivered the culprit to the provost-guard, "it is better that I should punish you than that God should punish not only you, but me and all of us for your sake."

The beleaguering had lasted almost two months when the reinforcements to Nuremberg had raised the Swedish force to an equality with that of the enemy. On September 3d, Gustavus made a bold attempt to storm the Imperial lines. The onslaught lasted the whole day. It was repulsed, the Swedes leaving 2,000 men dead upon the field. Then came two weeks and more of comparative inactivity. Famine and pestilence raged in both camps. By these means, rather than by actual warfare, Nuremberg had lost 10,000 of its population; Gustavus almost twice as many of his soldiers, and Wallenstein about an equal number. The fatal deadlock must somehow be broken. Wallenstein showed no disposition to do this; Gustavus could do it only by abandoning Nuremberg; he resolved to do this, but not without making one more effort to entice his



COAT WORN BY GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AT THE BATTLE OF LÜTZEN.

enemy into open battle outside his works. So on the 18th of September, 1632, he marched out in order of battle, with colors flying in full view of the enemy. But Wallenstein made no hostile movement, not even to harass the orderly retreat. Gustavus moved northward, halting for five days at Neustadt to refresh his troops, and see what Wallenstein meant to do.

The Imperial commander felt himself in no condition to take possession of the defenseless Nuremberg. He broke up his camps, and also moved toward the north. When he came to muster his army at Bamberg, he found only 24,000 men with their colors, out of the 60,000 with which he had begun the campaign not four months ago. Thence he moved into Saxony, and early in November intrenched himself near Lützen, close by Leipzig, where he proposed to go into Winter quarters, presuming that Gustavus would do the like. So secure from attack did he think himself, that he sent Pappenheim, with more than half the army, to make a foray in the direction of Halle and Cologne. Gustavus soon learned of this, and with 20,000 men—all that he could muster—advanced upon the Imperialists. Wallenstein had with him scarcely 12,000. But Pappenheim had not gone so far that he could not be speedily recalled; and Wallenstein resolved to remain where he was, and await the attack.

Early on the morning of November 16th, 1632, the Swedes, in battle order, were close to the Imperial lines, covered by batteries, behind which Wallenstein remained motionless. A dense fog shut out everything from view beyond the distance of a few rods. Kneeling in front of his men, the King made his morning devotions, the whole army, upon their knees, raising Luther's noble hymn, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" The fog lifted a

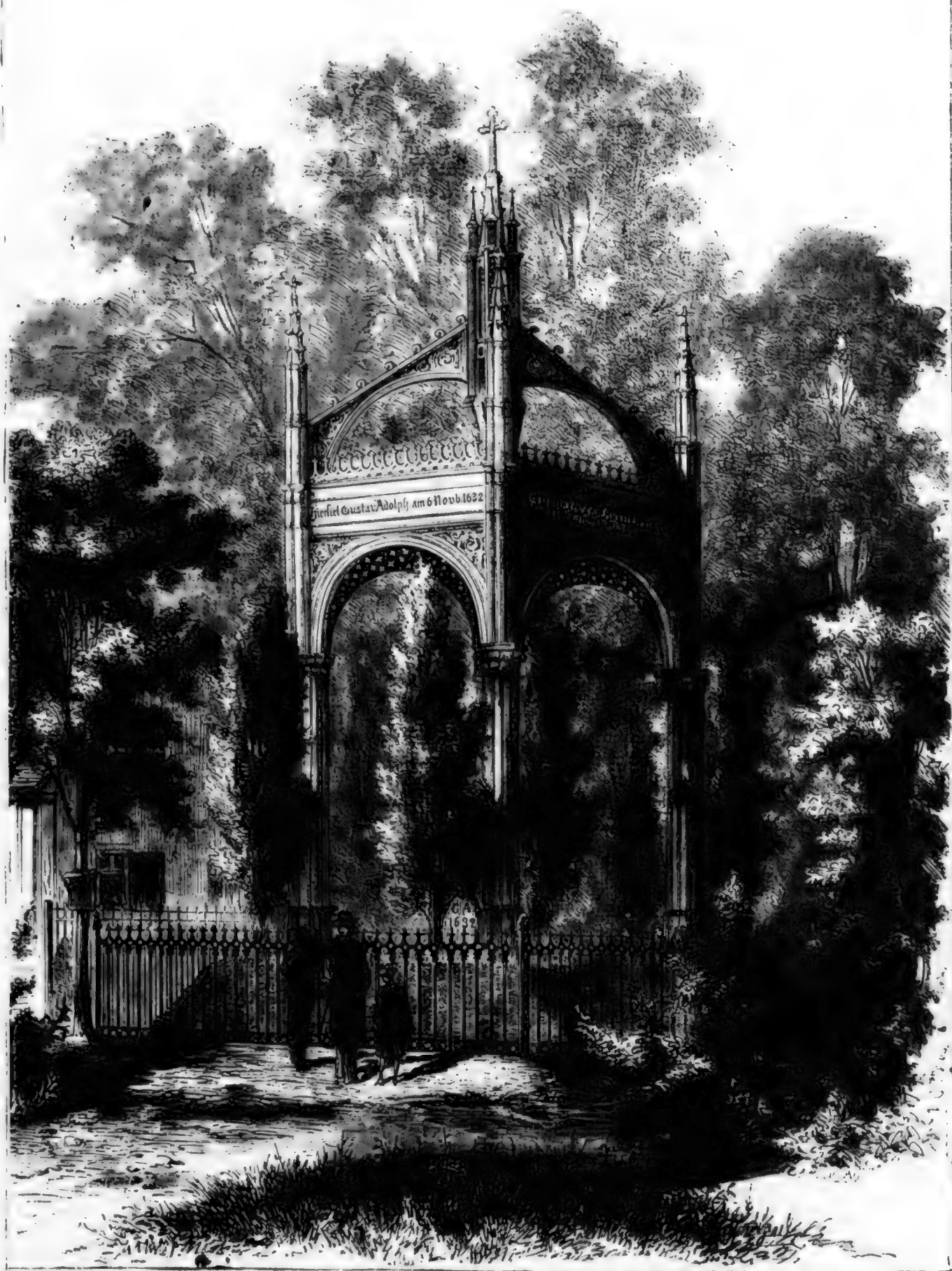
little before noon. Gustavus, mounting his horse, and clad only in a doublet and surtout—for an old wound prevented his wearing armor—rode along his lines with words of encouragement. Looking up to heaven, he exclaimed: "Now Jesu, in God's name, give us to fight in honor of Thy holy name!" Then, waving his sword, he gave the order, "Forward!" And at the head of his cavalry on the right, dashed upon the foe. "God with us!" was the battle-cry of the Swedes; "Jesu-Maria!" that of the Imperialists. The Imperial lines were broken through at every point; their batteries were captured and turned upon themselves. But Wallenstein now showed that he possessed the highest qualities of a general and soldier. Gathering his reserves, he flung them in a solid mass upon the centre of the Swedish infantry, drove them back from the ground which they had won, and recovered his batteries. Gustavus, from the right, galloped toward the scene of peril, only a few of his best mounted men—among whom was Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg—being able to keep up with him. An Imperial sub-officer noticed that everybody seemed to make way before an almost solitary horseman. "He must be somebody," he exclaimed to his little squad; "aim at him!" Two shots took effect. One passed through the neck of the King's

horse, the other shattered his left arm. Some of his troopers now came up, and the cry arose, "The King is wounded!" "It is nothing; follow me," cried the King. But in a moment, fainting with pain, he begged the Duke of Lauenburg to lead him out of the tumult. They made a somewhat wide detour toward the right, and came close to the great stone which formed a conspicuous landmark on the plain. Here Gustavus received a second shot in the back, and fell from his horse, which



THE SWEDISH STONE ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF LÜTZEN, AS IT WAS AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY.





MEMORIAL BRONZE TEMPLE NOW ERECTED AT LÜTZEN.

dashed wildly among the Swedish troops. "Brother," murmured Gustavus to the Duke, "I am done for. Look only to your own life." The Duke took him at his word and disappeared. The dying King lay by the great

stone, alone except for the presence of a lad of eighteen. A troop of Piccolomini's Imperial cuirassiers rode up. "Who is this?" asked their leader. "I was the King of Sweden," was the faint response. Most likely the cuirassier

did not understand the words ; at all events, he shot the King through the head, to relieve him, as he said, from his mortal agony.

The tumult of battle soon surged around the great stone, where a murderous hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The ground was piled up with corpses ; but no one then dreamed that under one of these heaps lay the body of the great King.

There has been much question among historians as to the question from whose hand came that fatal shot in the back. Strong suspicion fell upon the Duke of Lauenburg ; and there is nothing in the character of the man to render it improbable. It is certain that at one time he cherished a bitter enmity toward Gustavus. Some years previously he had resided at the Swedish court. One day he received a deep affront in the royal chamber. Due apologies were made ; but the Duke hurried from the Swedish court, entered the Imperial service, and became intimate with Wallenstein. All at once he made his appearance at Nuremberg during the siege ; offered himself as a volunteer, and was received with marked favor by Gustavus. Men said that at Lützen he kept close by the King, waiting for an opportunity of revenge. It is also said, but with little probability, that he escaped being fired upon by wearing a green sash, the Imperial colors. So slight a token would have been unnoticed. The one thing certain is that he rode from the great stone straight to Wallenstein, and assured him that the royal Swede was no more. He was received with unexampled favor ; entered largely into the subsequent schemes of Wallenstein, and on that general's fall escaped execution only by becoming a Catholic.

The question of his assassination of Gustavus is one that can never be settled with certainty. But when we bear in mind that in battle Gustavus exposed his person as freely as any common soldier, nothing can be more probable than that he would, sooner or later, meet a soldier's death. On the other hand, the fact of the Duke of Lauenburg's going over at this eventful moment to the enemy is wholly inexplicable. Perhaps the only safe verdict in his case is that of "Not proven."

When the bleeding and riderless horse of the King gave sure proof that some mishap had befallen its master, the command devolved upon the young Bernhard of Weimar. Gustavus was doubtless wounded, and if alive most likely a prisoner. The Swedes dashed forward to rescue him if living, to avenge him if dead. Their left wing was formed anew, and hurled upon the Imperial right. Their centre was again dashed upon the Imperial trenches, and carried every thing before it, in spite of the efforts of Wallenstein, who exposed his person as recklessly as Gustavus could have done. Everything seemed lost, when, as evening was drawing on, Pappenheim, with eight regiments of cavalry, appeared upon the field, and for a while stemmed the impending rout. One of the fiercest recorded fights ensued. The bravest regiments on both sides were almost annihilated. Pappenheim, after heading seven changes, fell pierced through the breast by two musket balls. While they were bearing him to the rear, tidings were brought to him that the Swedish King was surely dead. "Tell the Duke of Friedland," he said, "that I lie without hope of life ; but I die happy since I know that the implacable enemy of my religion has fallen on the same day." Even yet the issue of the battle was not decided. But each side had done its utmost, and could do no more. As night fell the trumpets on both sides, as if by mutual consent, gave the signal for withdrawal. The artillery of neither army could be removed, and whichever side should secure it next day might claim

a formal victory. The Swedes were first on the spot, and carried off their own guns and those of the enemy. *Te Deums* were indeed sung in all Catholic churches as for a great victory ; but Wallenstein, by at once abandoning Leipzig and all Saxony, tacitly acknowledged a defeat.

Few battles have been so bloody in proportion to the numbers engaged. All told, there were less than 40,000 men. Of these 9,000 lay dead, and still more were wounded. Of the Imperialists scarcely a man remained unhurt. There is no mention of prisoners on either side. It was a battle in which no quarter was given or taken.

Search was instituted for the body of the King. At last it was found close by the great stone, which has ever since been known as "The Swede's Stone." It was dragged from the heap of corpses, covered with blood, pierced with wounds, stripped of clothing and ornaments, and only to be recognized by some peculiar marks on the person. It was reverently borne to the neighboring Weissenfels, where it was embalmed. Upon a wall in the town hall of that town some dark spots are still shown, which old tradition avers to be ineffaceable traces of the blood of the great Swede.

Gustavus Adolphus died in his thirty-eighth year. His connection with the Thirty Years' War lasted not quite two and a half years. In that brief space he won for himself—Swede though he was—the undying name of "The Protestant Hero of Germany." But his achievements there were the outcome of many years of thought and endeavor. Few of the world's great captains possessed so many of the highest military characteristics, although in each one of them a superior may perhaps be found. His military place is by the side of Frederick the Great of Prussia. As a statesman, a ruler and a man, he stands on a level with Cromwell.

When Gustavus fell, the war had reached a little more than half of its destined thirty years. Bernhard of Weimar seemed likely to prove a worthy successor to Gustavus as a captain ; but he lived only a few months after the battle of Lützen. No great general afterward appeared on either side, and so the war dragged its weary course. But with the death of Gustavus it loses its epic interest. The character—half religious, half patriotic—which it assumed at the outset vanished. Spain and France began, from mere political motives, to take an active part in German affairs. Nobody in Germany, of either faith, even pretended to care much for the question of creeds. The one aspiration of both Catholics and Protestants came to be to get rid of the tyranny and exactions of the soldiery of both sides, who, if they were to live at all, must live by indiscriminate rapine and robbery. All of life that was left was drawn to the camps. In the later years of the war it is estimated that an army of 40,000 men was attended by a loathsome crowd of three or four times as many camp-followers—men, women, and children, all of whom must live by plundering the ever-decreasing number of peasants, who, somehow, managed to carry on a precarious culture of the soil. Here and there we find a bit of authentic statistics, which serve to give some faint idea of the devastation of this long war. Thus in one district of Thuringia, which had suffered less than the most of Germany, there were, in 1618, a number of hamlets, containing 1,717 dwellings. In 1649 only 627 of these houses were standing, and of these 311 were uninhabited. Before the war, there were there 1,402 head of cattle ; at its close, there were only 244. Of the 4,616 sheep, not one was left.

By 1648 both sides had come to the conviction that there was nothing left worth fighting for. And so the peace of Westphalia was entered upon. When both sides are anxious for peace upon almost any conditions, the terms



are not difficult of arrangement. One aspect of the religious contest was settled by placing Calvinism and Lutheranism on an equal footing. As between Catholics and Protestants, it was agreed that each faith should keep what it now held—or, rather, what it could show that it held in 1624. All ecclesiastical benefices which were in Protestant hands in that year should remain there; and the Catholics were to have the rest of them. The results of a quarter of a century of constant fighting were wholly ignored.

Something must be said of the subsequent career of Wallenstein, the great opponent of Gustavus Adolphus. After the battle of Lützen he seems to have entered into wild schemes for a pacification which should make himself the actual head of Germany—if not Emperor in name, at least the Emperor's master. No entreaties or commands of Ferdinand would induce him to resume operations against the Swedes, with whom he now began to enter into negotiations upon his own account. At length Ferdinand III., who had succeeded his father upon the Imperial throne, determined to displace Wallenstein from the command, and declared him a traitor. Wallenstein cared little for this so long as his soldiers stood by him. The Emperor undertook to undermine Wallenstein's influence with the army, and easily found means to win over many of the leading generals, whom Wallenstein thought surely pledged to himself.

Among these was Ottavo Piccolomini, whom of all men Wallenstein most trusted. Piccolomini was by birth an Italian, sprung, it is said, in the fourth generation, from a natural son of Pope Pius II., although some historians, with less probability, affirm that this founder of the house was a son of the Pope's sister—not of the Pontiff himself. Ottavo entered the Imperial service, and fought with brilliant success under Wallenstein. He was colonel of the regiment of cuirassiers under whose fire Gustavus was first wounded at Lützen. He had on one occasion saved the life of Wallenstein, who believed that the stars had bound their fates indissolubly together, and made him the confidant of his most secret schemes. Piccolomini seems to have had a sincere attachment for his commander, who had loaded him with favors. But he loved the Empire more than he did the commander of the Imperial army, and he loved himself better than both. He could not fail to see that Wallenstein's vast schemes would most likely come to naught. Their success depended upon the life and good fortune of one man. So he betrayed them all to the Emperor, and when Wallenstein was proclaimed a traitor, Piccolomini received a secret commission to seize his person, dead or alive, and take command of the army. But before he could find occasion to do this, Wallenstein was assassinated by some of his own soldiers, on the 25th of February, 1634. It is not certain whether Piccolomini was privy to the taking off of Wallenstein. But he was rewarded as though this deed were his own act. He received a considerable part of the confiscated estates of the Duke of Friedland; fought during all the remaining years of the war, and was created a Prince of the Empire, dying at a good old age.

Schiller, in his two dramas, "The Piccolomini," and "The Death of Wallenstein"—nobler than anything else of their kind, saving only the four great tragedies of Shakespeare—has adhered closely to the facts of history, only that Wallenstein and Piccolomini are much idealized. The beautiful characters of Max Piccolomini, the son of Ottavo, and Thekla, the daughter of Wallenstein, are pure creations of the poet. No such persons ever lived.

The year 1632 was the bi-centenary of the death of Gustavus. It was then proposed to erect in Germany a monument to the memory of the Protestant hero. It was

determined that the most fitting monument would be a "Gustavus Adolphus Union," an association whose object should be to promote, in the modes of our day, the cause for which the great King laid down his life. Its effort was to be to raise money to aid feeble Protestant churches in Germany, especially in the Catholic states. The "Union" is precisely what we call a "Domestic Missionary Society." For nearly twenty years the "Union" carried on its work with considerable zeal. Then came the Revolutionary period, commencing about 1848, during which it was almost lost sight of. After the establishment of the present German Empire it sprang into new life. In 1875 its collections were some \$400,000. Before that, from the beginning, they had amounted in all to nearly \$3,000,000. We have not at hand any statistics of this society later than 1875.

The stone where the Swedish hero fell was known as the "Swede Stone," and was visited by many with deep interest; but the field of Lützen bore no other memorial of him than the date carved on it—"G. A., 1632." In 1832 Dr. Grossman, of Leipzig, moved at the public neglect, formed an association, the object of which was to erect a fitting memorial. In 1837 the Swede Stone was inclosed in a beautiful bronze temple, with suitable inscriptions, and which preserved without concealing the old memorial. On September 15th, 1882, before this memorial, took place the 250th celebration of the glorious death of Gustavus Adolphus, Germany, Sweden and Finland, once a Swedish but now a Russian province, taking part in the exercises of the day.

The banner sent from Sweden to wave over the glorious field where her great King shed his lifeblood was taken back to Sweden, and on the 6th of November it was placed by King Oscar over the sarcophagus of Gustavus Adolphus in the Ridderholm Church, at Stockholm.

## GLOVE-LEATHER.

GLOVE-LEATHER is usually colored by manual labor with brushes. This process, besides being slow, has the disadvantage that ugly edges are produced on the flesh side, and the coloring, in spite of great care, is never quite uniformly distributed. Herr Kristen, of Brünn, has sought to remedy this by a patented process, in which uniform coloring is effected with the aid of centrifugal force, the skin being fixed on a horizontal disk, the coloring poured upon it in the middle and the disk rotated. Thus an equal distribution of the matter is obtained. The liquid in excess flies over the edge, and is caught in a funnel, which guides it to a reservoir, whence a pump brings it again to the disk. In about ten to fifteen minutes a skin is finished. Only one man is required for five of the machines, which are placed near one another and run by the same shaft. In twelve hours 150 skins can easily be colored by this method.

## OLD FOLLIES.

In reading an account of the life and death of Monsieur, brother of Louis XIV. of France, we are reminded very forcibly of more than one lamentable folly that marked those olden times. It may have been at that time that the peasant used to put a heavy stone into one end of his meal-bag, to balance the weight of grain in the other, that it might ride properly on the back of his donkey. But that was as nothing when compared with some of the follies that came nearer to the life of the fool. Here is a case in the experience of the prince whom we have mentioned:

Monsieur had a peculiar horror of blood-letting—that is, of the letting of his own blood; and if he chanced to be seized with an attack of bleeding at the nose, he would resort to the most ridiculous means of concealing the fact, for fear that the physicians would insist upon bleeding him.

Being at table with his brother, the

King, one day at Marley, he was seized with a bleeding at the nose so excessive that his friends were all alarmed; but none of them ventured to intimate that he required more care of himself. One of them, however, privately notified M. Fochon, first physician to the King, who, from long experience and service in the royal household, felt free to speak plainly with the princes of the blood. Fochon waited upon Monsieur at once, and found him terribly frightened.

The prince had now become very gross and full-blooded from excess of every kind; and a constitution once of the very best had become shattered and broken.

Said the physician, when he examined the case: "Monsieur, you are threatened with apoplexy, and you cannot be too soon bled."

Poor man! with all his freedom of speech, he had never thought to remove the cause of the trouble. We do not find that he ever attempted to put his patient upon a course of living that would save him. No. He was content to let the corn remain in a mass, in one end of the sack, and to put a heavy stone in the other end to

counterbalance it! He was content that the royal patient should make a volume of worthless blood, and then he would apply his lancet and take it away!

The King joined his persuasions with those of the physician, but to no avail. His brother would not consent to be bled.

At length, said Louis, petulantly: "Well, go on."

my brother; but one of these days you will find what your obstinacy will cost you. We shall be awakened some morning with the word that you are dead!"

And the royal prediction was to be very soon verified. Not long thereafter Monsieur was supping very gayly at St. Cloud. He had made ready to retire from the board; but, before doing so, he turned to M. de Ventadour, and asked him for a flask of liquor that stood near at hand; but, before he had taken it, he fell from his chair—dead!

Be deaf to the quarrelsome and dumb to the inquisitive.



MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.



KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN DECORATING THE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS SARCOPHAGUS IN THE RIDDERHOLM CHURCH, STOCKHOLM, ON THE ANNIVERSARY IN 1882.



LARCHEVEQUE'S STATUE OF GUSTAVUS II.—SEE PAGE 293.





THE SECRET DISPATCHES. —“WITH ALL THE FORCE OF DEADLY PRECISION, HE HURLED IT AT THE COLONEL DE SCHOMBERG, STRIKING THAT GENTLEMAN DIRECTLY BETWEEN THE EYES.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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## THE SECRET DISPATCHES.

BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

THE little inn at Froulay was in a high state of excitement and awe shortly after twilight one October evening, as Monsieur de Cheauvelins, having finished his supper, stepped from its door to enter his carriage, which was to take him on as swiftly as possible to Bagueret.

De Cheauvelins was neither young nor handsome. He was very ill-tempered and exacting, and had quarreled about the ducks, which he thought overdone, and had cursed the wine summarily as poison, though he drank a good deal of it.

But now a little appeased, he took his seat in the light vehicle of English make, the only one of its kind in France, and was about to speak to his horse, when from the inn-door some one else appeared and called him.

De Cheauvelins turned with a scowl, and trying to pierce the darkness, said :

"What now?"

It was a liberty to address De Cheauvelins without his speaking first, and he always resented it.

A slight, very handsome and rather effeminate young man had by this time quickly approached, and standing with his hat off, the sharp night-breeze playing with his dark curls, said :

"Monsieur, pardon me; but you are going on, I believe, to the village of Bagueret."

This tall and slender young fellow's voice was very sweet and almost girlish. He looked, on the whole, a good deal more like a very pretty woman dressed in man's clothes than what he represented himself to be.

"I am going to Bagueret, yes," replied the other, curtly. "Pray, can I have the honor of serving you there?" he asked, with a slow, savage sneer.

"You can do me an immense service, monsieur, by allowing me to accompany you," said the stranger, disregarding the sarcasm. "Your carriage will accommodate two, and mine has lost a wheel, and it is entirely too late to think about having it repaired."

De Cheauvelins studied him for a moment with positive amusement.

The proposition was, according to his view, so cool that it absolutely put him in good humor.

"Perhaps you do not know who I am," he said.

"Perfectly. You are Monsieur de Cheauvelins."

"Oh! That is very true. Perhaps you have heard that strangers are accustomed to take liberties with Monsieur de Cheauvelins, and that he amiably allows them."

"Quite the contrary. I know you have a very fiery temper, monsieur, and nothing but the extremity of my position would have caused me to risk provoking it. I really am obliged to make Bagueret to-night if possible, and I thought when I appealed to monsieur's natural goodness of heart, which, though sometimes concealed by the vexation of temporary annoyances, always exists, I should not be refused."

The young fellow spoke gently and courteously, and in the light of the moon, which had now risen from behind the neighboring forest, his face looked sad and proud, and a little appealing.

De Cheauvelins was not altogether a brute. He was growing interested.

He had already made up his mind how to act, but he said :

"And, pray, who are you?"

"Captain de Luc, secretary to the Marquis de Ville-roy."

"Oh!" ejaculated the other, in a prolonged whisper.

It was as if he had made a bow at the mention of the name of the far-off marquis, and his manner changing instantly to the greatest respect, he said :

"Step into my carriage, I beg."

That particularly handsome captain at once complied, and his companion putting the horses in motion, they rolled away swiftly along the highroad.

Chill was the night, but, as we know, a bright moon had risen, and as the two gentlemen traveled side by side, they grew chatty and comfortable.

"You are on business for the marquis, captain?"

"I precede him in this direction by a day or two, monsieur. I am fortunate in the choice of time, for they tell me that this is a very dangerous road, and I should not care to go over it alone."

De Cheauvelins turned his head, rather astonished. It was not the fashion in those times for people to confess a fear of anything, and everybody assumed a courage, if he had it not.

The elder man, who had seen service, smiled contemptuously. In spite of his respect for the distant marquis, he could not help saying :

"Don't be alarmed, captain. If the highwaymen trouble us, I shall do my best to take care of you."

"I am not so much afraid of myself, monsieur," replied De Luc, smiling, sadly, "as of my property. I have a few louis about me, and they are all I have in the world. We military men get rich by very slow degrees, and when we have saved a little we dislike to lose it."

"How must I feel, then, who have a very large treasure in my bosom—gold—and a magnificent suite of diamonds in my boots, both of which have false soles?"

"Nervous enough, monsieur."

"Not at all so. I carry a sword, and have learned how to use it."

The naïve admissions of the boyish captain amused old De Cheauvelins sufficiently to make him confidential. The brisk pace at which they were getting over the ground had also, perhaps, something to do with his good spirits.

"I carry a sword likewise," replied the captain; "but there is an English proverb which praises prudence at the expense of valor."

De Cheauvelins swore a round oath at that sort of logic, incomprehensible and hateful to him.

"I can't imagine why you carry so much that is valuable about you, monsieur," pursued De Luc, in his frank vein. "It seems like tempting fate."

"Your few louis have made you timorous, my dear captain. But still this is not bravado on my part, I admit. I am going to Bagueret first, and then to the estate De Belleville, where the Count de Roguin and his beautiful daughter reside; and I may as well tell you the rest of the secret—I am going to marry that young lady, and the diamonds in my boots are for her."

"Permit a poor soldier to congratulate you. I have heard of Mademoiselle de Roguin," said the captain, with something almost like a sigh, which so tickled old De Cheauvelins's sense of humor that he was very nearly on the point of explosion.

His suppressed merriment was cut entirely short, for they had approached a turn in the road so very obscure, owing to the trees, that they saw at the middle of the bend a mud-puddle which the adroit management of the horse scarcely permitted them to avoid.



But De Cheauvelins had just succeeded in pulling his head aside with a sharp wrench, when the bushes on the left suddenly opened, and two men, with crape masks on, suddenly stepped forth.

Each held a leveled pistol in his hand.

"Hold, gentlemen!" cried one of the highwaymen. "You must pay toll here."

De Cheauvelins drew his sword instantly and made a cut at the first robber, knocking the pistol out of his hand; but the second at once covered the old man with his own weapon, placing him at his mercy.

Captain de Luc had not moved a finger.

"You will surrender everything you have, gentlemen," said the taller of the highwaymen—"money, jewelry and papers."

"I have only a few louis, messieurs," said De Luc, in a low voice—"my whole fortune. Surely you will not take it all from me? Let me keep twenty-five; there are only fifty."

Old De Cheauvelins, in his dismal strait, began, perhaps, to see something sensible, after all, in the English proverb.

He was entirely helpless; his cowardly companion had not even made a show of resistance, and the idea of losing the large sum he had on his person and the magnificent diamonds was by no means pleasing.

How would a little policy serve?

"Messieurs, I confess frankly I have a hundred louis. Permit me to keep five for my expenses at Bagueret, and you may have the rest."

"Come!" said the robber, impatiently. "Hand over everything."

Du Luc began to fumble in his bosom; but suddenly arresting his hand, said:

"Messieurs, I beg for one more chance. I am a very poor man, and my money so carefully saved is dear to me. Let me retain my fifty louis and I will tell you a secret worth, possibly, thousands."

"Ha! a secret?" said the tall fellow, earnestly. "But suppose you tell us a lie?"

"Then kill me."

"Well, keep your money; and now out with this secret. Make haste."

"My companion is a gentleman on his way to the estate of the old Count de Roguin, the celebrated diplomatist, who is soon, they say, to visit the Court of Sardinia with special dispatches of a secret nature from His Majesty, our King."

"Go on."

My companion, I regret to say, has told you a falsehood. In his bosom he carries a large treasure, in gold, and in his boots, which have false soles, he carries a magnificent suite of diamonds."

De Cheauvelins uttered a fiery curse, and turned upon the captain as if about to run him through.

"Coward and traitor!" he panted, when the robber had succeeded in restraining him.

"Get out of the carriage," said the latter, "and take off your outer clothing and boots."

With a dismal countenance, fuming and blaspheming in an undertone, the old man obeyed; but he had no sooner touched the ground than he wheeled suddenly upon the robber who held the pistol, and made a desperate onset."

The man fired, but ineffectively; and now both the villains, with drawn swords, engaged old De Cheauvelins, and the clang and clash of steel rang out fiercely, mingled with all sorts of cries and execrations from the furious combatants; and while all this proceeded, Captain De

Luc in the carriage touched the horse with the whip, and glided swiftly and noiselessly away.

The captain arrived in due course at Bagueret, and put up for the night. Next day he walked about the village and its environs a good deal, apparently without any particular purpose, and was the object of much gossip and surmise among the pretty maidens, and also of some curiosity on the part of elder folks.

He dined late, and, after dinner, directing the landlord to take good care of his horse and carriage until his return, he set out on foot, taking the posting road which crosses that by which he had arrived the night before, and leads to the estate of De Belleville.

The chateau still exists—a ruin, which no sharp tourist in that part of the country allows himself to miss. In its glory it was a magnificent place, but that was long ago.

Captain de Luc gave his name, and after a little while was admitted, and led by a stately footman to a handsome apartment, where sat the Count de Roguin and his exquisitely beautiful daughter, Mademoiselle Marguerite.

De Roguin was no longer young; but his countenance beamed with intellect, courage, and also kindness. His shrewd eyes studied the person of his visitor with some surprise and curiosity, not ill-bred, but quite unmistakable.

Mademoiselle Marguerite, shy and a little haughty, stood near her father, likewise scrutinizing the slight and youthful captain under the long lashes of her dark eyes.

De Luc told his story briefly—that he was the *avant courier* of the noble Marquis de Villeroy, who would himself follow very shortly—and was cordially welcomed and invited to make himself at home.

Having seated himself near the count, at that nobleman's request, he now, for the first time, observed another person in the room, who had been secluded in a remote corner reading a book, but who now came forward and was also presented, as Father Jerome, a Cordelier.

The monk was the count's nephew—tall, well-made, but pale with study, and, perhaps, an ascetic life, modest and sad.

Captain de Luc soon told his Parisian news—the current politics and court gossip—and made himself highly agreeable. The count, it was easy to see, thought him a charming fellow, and very justly, for the captain had the gifts of satire and mimicry, an excellent memory and eye for character, and also the rare and happy faculty of giving point to the simplest anecdotes.

Father Jerome could understand and appreciate his stories as well as De Roguin, for he was a Bachelor of Sorbonne, and had spent several years in the great world, where, owing to his connections, he was much caressed by the nobility, and was a man of accomplishments.

I don't think you could fancy a pleasanter party. Even the shyness of Mademoiselle Marguerite wore off, and she also conversed with animation and spirit.

After a while, when a little silence had overtaken the assembly, Captain de Luc said:

"It is no secret, I believe, count, that you are going on a special mission for His Majesty to Sardinia?"

"I expect my dispatches by the marquis."

"You have no idea of their nature, of course; but I know from what the marquis chose to let drop that the mission is very important—very delicate—very secret. There are some, I think, in Prussia, who would like to have a look at those papers."

De Roguin smiled mysteriously.

He was flattered at the king's choice. For five years he had retired from active affairs and the world of diplomacy,



FIRES IN THEATRES, AND THEIR PREVENTION.—THE BURNING OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON.—SEE PAGE 312.

and he knew that this demand upon his services, in a sense of peremptory, indicated the extremely delicate nature of the embassy.

"Mademoiselle accompanies you?" inquired De Luc, knowing very well the contrary.

Marguerite's countenance fell. She seemed almost on the point of tears.

"No," said De Roguin; "but there is to be a change for her also, doubtless even more agreeable than a sight of Italy. She is about to be married, captain, to a very worthy gentleman, Monsieur de Cheauvelins—rich, amiable, and of good birth."

De Luc turned away to hide a smile.

The young lady's distress was so unconcealed that the conversation again subsided, and this time the silence was a good deal more awkward.

Perhaps De Roguin was a little vexed; the match was one of his own making; his daughter had never objected positively, but is there anything so irritating as a sullen obedience?

"You will miss each other, will you not?" said De Luc, gently.

"Well, I shall not get into trouble," laughed the count.

"If you hear that old De Roguin, the famous duelist, has become a poltroon, don't be surprised. I am now the man whom everybody may insult with impunity."

"You puzzle me, count."

"Last night mademoiselle there made me swear on the crucifix that I would never fight another duel. She is afraid I shall fall next time. *Parbleu!* I don't know why. But now if some rascal should insult me, I can do no more than show him the wounds of a dozen previous affairs as proof of my courage; and if that satisfy him not, I must, forsooth, make him a bow and walk off."

Marguerite smiled through the tears that had trembled in her eyes.

"You are safe now, dear papa," she said, enjoying her triumph.

"Yes, very safe," replied De Roguin, gruffly. "At the mercy of every blusterer who chooses to annoy me."

"The duel, however, is not the best test of courage, after all, remarked De Luc. "I don't say that no man should fight if he can possibly avoid it, but he certainly should require an actual provocation."

The count unconsciously glanced over the young fellow's slight figure, and at his handsome, effeminate face and white, delicate hands. De Luc perceived the look and flushed a little.

"Come, Father Jerome," said De Roguin, suddenly changing the subject, "let us hear your harpsichord."

The monk smiled sadly, but rose in obedience, and immediately brought his instrument from its place in the corner and played very sweetly. He had, in fact, a passion for music—the only one, perhaps, of the many that may set poor human nature mad—all others merged in this, so that it had nearly reached the point of folly with the good man, preventing a career such as his talents and birth might have reasonably been looked to procure for him; for is it not said: *Qui bien chante et bien dance, fait un métier qui peu arance?*

When they had finished they talked a little of music and of the cantata of Rameau, about which all the world was agitated, and of the little operetta by Clavambault, which had so pleased the king.

Then, at the captain's entreaty, Mademoiselle Marguerite sang a little air from Bernier's "Sleeping Cupids," sweet and melancholy, and with admirable taste.

Father Jerome presently drew near his uncle and the fire, and De Luc, not to his dissatisfaction, was left with



BURNING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.



the beautiful Marguerite. He chatted while she sang, and as there is nothing like music to bring two young people quickly to an understanding, they soon appeared very well acquainted.

And now, in the midst of this cozy scene, the count and his nephew conversing before the hearth, and the captain and the handsome young lady busy over the harpsichord, the door suddenly opened and a servant announced :

"Colonel de Schomberg."

A tall, burly man, with a large head, and a red, rather brutal face, stepped in, smiling.

De Roguin and the monk looked for a minute non-plussed. A ghost could scarcely have astonished them more.

But the count was the first to recover, and, rising, he gave his hand to the stranger and welcomed him—rather dryly, perhaps; but still it was a welcome.

"Necessity forces me to trespass upon your hospitality, count," said the burly and gigantic Colonel de Schomberg. "My horse has fallen lame, and is unable to go a mile further."

De Roguin bowed, passing over the apology without reference, and introduced his new guest to his daughter, and lastly to young De Luc.

The constraint which followed was extremely painful. The tall man was

*de trop*. De Roguin cleared his throat, not knowing what to do next, and, master of diplomacy as he was, unable to hide his acute embarrassment.

The monk looked blankly at the fire; Marguerite plucked a dreamy and uncertain melody from her instrument—a whisper of music; while the captain glanced upward vaguely at the cornice, the faintest suspicion of a smile on his girlish face.

In fact, this De Schomberg and the Count de Roguin in former years had quarreled, and it had never been truly made up. They might have fought, but there were things whispered about the colonel which made it impossible for a gentleman to meet him.

He was said to be a shaper, a spy in the pay of unfriendly governments, and assassin. A noted duelist, he had killed half a dozen men, and some, it was alleged, under very dark circumstances. Lord Trevor Rashleigh,

the Englishman, little more than a stripling, he had, it was reported, first plucked, and then next morning at daybreak run through and through at the first pass. Still more unpleasant scandal was current about him, with which, however, I need not trouble the reader.

So now he sat among those good people, but not of them, with a smile on his coarse face that was wonderfully like a sneer, and something careless in his attitude that was very much like insolence.

"A cold night, is it not?" asked De Roguin, at length.

"Tolerably," drawled the colonel, stretching out his long limbs and smiling queerly at the warm blaze, as if he saw written among the flames some joke which he alone understood.

"A long ride, I dare say."

"Tolerably," nodded the other, in the same slow tone.

Was he drunk? De Roguin looked at his nephew; the Cordelier sighed, declined to meet his glance, and took a little book from his pocket.

"Perhaps," thought the count, "he intends to resent the surprise we exhibited on his appearance, and it certainly was in very bad taste—quite inexcusable; and I have not even asked him to take some refreshment."

So De Roguin offered this form of hospitality, but Colonel de Schomberg avowed the need of no-

thing more than a little wine, which was produced.

The gentlemen drank together, and their intercourse grew a little more genial. The count certainly did not like this ruffianly colonel; but, then, had he not admitted him, tacitly at least, as his guest?

They conversed very amicably, sitting by the table over the decanter and glasses; but the Cordelier, being abstemious, had sipped his, and retreated once more to his book, while Captain de Luc had returned, glass in hand, to his beautiful companion at the harpsichord.

De Schomberg seemed to be one of those men who cannot be where there is wine without testing its qualities thoroughly; at first the good, which are found by moderation in the experiment—and the bad, which show themselves in the alternative.

So the more he talked the more he praised, and, alas! the more he drank. He grew argumentative, he grew



FIRES IN THEATRES AND THEIR PREVENTION.—FIRE-GUARD AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 312.

jolly, he grew sullen, and at last he became almost insultingly disagreeable.

"You go to Sardinia soon?" he said, presently, slapping the table, leaning back, and crossing his long limbs.

"Yes," coughed De Roguin, doubtfully.

"And you carry important secret dispatches?"

"I don't know; it is not certain. I mean, I have no official notification."

"But they have arrived. You have them in your possession," persisted De Schomberg.

"I assure you I have not."

"Come! Why hide it? We are friends here."

"But I really have no such papers."

The colonel eyed him a little tipsily—a sullen stare—his enormous head wagging a little.

"A million devils! Why such secrecy? I am no child to be put off in this way. I won't have it, *pardieu!* Confess that you have those secret dispatches."

"I have not, monsieur. It is not your affair either way," said the count, with heightened color; "but I have not."

"You lie!"

De Roguin sprang to his feet, with a lurid glare upon his countenance, and stood over De Schomberg, trembling from head to foot. He could not speak—I think he was choking.

The monk also had risen, and stood looking on with clasped fingers, pallid and frightened.

Mademoiselle Marguerite clung to De Luc's arm, convulsed with terror, saying:

"Oh, monsieur, do not let them fight! Oh, papa, remember your promise—your oath!"

At last, with a strangling gasp, De Roguin said:

"Retract that?"

De Schomberg laughed slowly and insolently, looking him fully in the eyes, and said again:

"You lie!"

"One of us must die before to-morrow," returned the count, in a measured voice, low and intense.

Marguerite uttered a scream.

"Your oath, papa—remember your oath! You would not perjure yourself, darling papa?"

She would have rushed to him, but De Luc held her. He was very pale—even his lips were white.

"You will fight me, of course?" said De Schomberg.

The count sank down, and hid his face in his hands. That strong man was crying.

"God help me, I cannot!"

"Well, this is charming!" cried the colonel, with a burst of hilarity. "You will not, and Monsieur l'Abbe there, on account of his cloth, cannot. The field, therefore, is all my own."

De Luc, pallid and self-possessed, had watched everything without uttering a word or moving a finger, except with his left hand to clutch the arm of Marguerite and restrain her from going to her father. In the fingers of his right there trembled his still unemptied glass of wine, and now slowly and deliberately raising it, he held it for an instant just above his shoulder, and with all the force of his wrist, and a deadly precision, he hurled it at the Colonel de Schomberg, striking that gentleman directly between the two eyes, blinding him, and smashing it into a thousand fragments.

With a roar of pain, the brute sprang up, drawing his sword, and staggered toward the pale young man; but at the same moment the latter's weapon was out, and the two blades met.

"Not here, sir," said De Luc. "Five minutes from now, in the forest on the other side of the park. It is a

moonlight night, and we can discuss our affair very comfortably."

De Schomberg towered over him, with a frightful smile on his bleeding and stained visage.

"Monsieur—my little friend—my sweet little friend, we shall meet where you propose; and ten minutes from now you will have been cut into one thousand slices."

He turned on his heel and instantly left the house. Captain De Luc, placing the fainting form of Marguerite in a chair, at once followed him.

The moon hung almost directly overhead, as if, in the language of the old Latin poet, about to fall; and, shining down through the openings of the immense trees, gave the forest a certain resemblance to a lighted cathedral.

De Schomberg, furious and unsolber, paced up and down, looking more like a gigantic fiend than a man. Suddenly he was confronted by De Luc.

The captain, sword in hand, had emerged silently through the shadow arch formed by two great oaks, and stood in the path of his enemy, smiling insolently.

"Ho! you have come," cried De Schomberg, with the snarl of a tiger.

De Luc nodded coolly. He did not choose to speak, and there was something singularly provoking in his silence, also in his insulting smile.

As De Schomberg advanced, he guarded himself; an instant afterward the combat began.

The exchanges were furious, the captain acting, however, rather on the defensive, and even retreating.

The enormous strength and stature of his adversary made the odds so great, that I dare say a disinterested spectator would have scouted the idea that there was the smallest chance for poor Captain de Luc.

But in a short while the aspect of things began to be different. De Schomberg's breath went and came with more difficulty, and the wine he had drank, his rage and fatigue, seemed to make him stupid.

He cut and slashed about him wildly, stumbling and cursing, but doing no execution; and just as he swung his sword for a downward cut, with all the force he possessed, De Luc, with the agility of a cat, sprang aside, and thrust his own glittering blade directly through the giant's heart, the point coming out on the other side.

De Schomberg, without even a groan, dropped to the earth and died instantly.

De Luc rested a minute to recover his respiration, wiped the dew from his brow with a small lace handkerchief, and then stooped to examine the face of the dead man, white in the moonlight, and the open eyes glaring with a fixed stare at the calm sky.

"He is gone!" said the captain, with a faint smile; and he began searching the body.

His examination was rewarded with the discovery of a bundle of papers, which he first glanced over, and then hid somewhere on his own person.

And now leisurely he returned to the chateau, in whose windows the lights were still burning. A servant was leading a horse to the rear; evidently there had been another arrival, a late—for it was now past twelve—and therefore an important one.

De Luc re-entered the chateau, going to the room he had quitted under such momentous circumstances less than an hour before.

As he opened the door of that apartment and stepped in, pale and calm, Marguerite, with clasped hands and a little cry of "God be thanked!" sprang up.

She had been weeping; her face wore the storm-beaten look of wild tears and terror.



The Count de Roguin and the Cordelier stared like men who could not believe their eyes.

"The insult is avenged," said De Luc, quietly tossing his hat on the table. "He lies in the forest, a corpse."

"How can I repay you, Captain de Luc?" said the count, coming forward and taking his hand.

"Very easily. You have arranged to wed your daughter to Monsieur de Cheauvelins—a very worthy man, perhaps, but unsuitable to her. I ask you to release her from that bargain."

"But De Cheauvelins has arrived. He has gone to his room to repair the disorder of travel. He met with an accident last night; he was set upon and half-murdered by robbers."

"Before he makes his appearance, I ask you, count, to leave this matter to Mademoiselle Marguerite herself. If she desires still to become his wife, or is, in fact, resigned to that doom, I will say no more."

"You take the advantage of me, Captain de Luc," said De Roguin, much troubled; "but yet I owe you a great deal. Speak, Marguerite."

She was silent for a moment, with downcast blush; but urged again, she said:

"I do not wish to marry Monsieur de Cheauvelins, papa."

"Good!" exclaimed De Luc. "Mademoiselle, I love you, and something in your conduct to-night has led me to hope, to almost feel assured, that my fate is not indifferent to you. Would you marry, instead of the wealthy Monsieur de Cheauvelins, a poor soldier with no fortune but his sword?"

"This is presumption, Captain de Luc," said the count, growing angry.

"Speak, mademoiselle."

"Yes."

The door opened. Old De Cheauvelins, with one arm in a sling and patches on his face, entered, but stopped short instantly.

"Ho! here you are again, Monsieur le Capitaine," he cried. "This is the cowardly villain who ran away with my carriage last night, and left me to the mercies of the highwayman, as I told you a while ago, count."

All started in astonishment.

"Not only that, but he betrayed me to the rascals, telling them of the money and diamonds I had concealed on my person, which, as soon as they had overpowered me, they stripped me of. It was a very clever performance, my good captain, but you shall answer to me for it."

"My dear De Cheauvelins," said De Luc, "I have already killed one man to-night, and have scarcely appetite for another."

"How dare you address me so familiarly, sirrah? It seems to me you need a good drubbing with a stick more than anything else."

"You are an impertinent fellow, my *vieux singe blanc*. You are a simpleton, because you tell your secrets to strangers whom you pick up on the road; a bully, because you scold inn-waiters who are obliged to take it; a selfish and ridiculous old philander, because you would force a beautiful young lady, who hates the sight of you, to become, against her will, your wife."

"Now, by the—" began De Cheauvelins, dancing with rage, too furious to have the strength or the presence of mind to pull out his sword.

"Stop! How much did the sum you lost last night amount to, and what was the value of the diamonds?"

"Hundreds of louis! Thousands! But for you I should have them all at this moment!"

"Let the Count de Roguin, who is a just man, estimate

the sum, and I will pay it three times over," said De Luc. "I betrayed you to those robbers for a purpose. It was not your diamonds or money they were after, but these secret dispatches from His Majesty the King."

He took a bundle of papers from his bosom and threw them down before De Roguin.

"Those men," continued the captain, "were agents of the Prussian Government, and one of them was the villain I killed to-night, Colonel de Schomberg. He knew that those dispatches were on their way to the Count de Roguin, and he took you for the messenger. I therefore adopted a ruse by which I prevented their interception. De Schomberg, finding he had been fooled, at once followed me here. His purpose was, at any cost, to delay the secret mission to the Court of Sardinia, and knowing there was no other way to accomplish it, he determined to provoke a duel with Count de Roguin—in other words, to assassinate him."

His audience listened in amazement.

"He lies in the forest dead, and will trouble us no more. On his person I found documents confirming all I have said of his relation with the Government of Prussia, and which, when you please, I will show you. Now, Count de Roguin, tell me whether I have earned the right to compete for your daughter's hand."

De Roguin was stupefied. He rubbed his forehead with the palm of his hand, like a man trying to make out whether he is dreaming or awake.

"Speak, count. You have always had the reputation of being an honest man."

"But you see, Captain de Luc, while acknowledging all your services, and expressing, certainly, the profoundest gratitude, I must—a—look also at the prudent side of things. Here is Monsieur de Cheauvelins, a wealthy gentleman of good birth, to whom my daughter is almost affianced, although I admit she does not seem to be at all in love with him; while you, whom she really likes, I am afraid, are only a poor captain, the son of nobody knows whom, with prospects just as uncertain as your birth."

"But my patron, the Marquis de Villeroy, count? His favor is worth something."

"Yes; but I should like first to have a talk with the marquis. Let us postpone the question until his arrival."

"He is here already."

"Here? I have heard nothing of it. He is certainly not stopping at Baguret, even for a night, while my house is open to him."

"Count, I have deceived you. I am the Marquis de Villeroy."

The Count de Roguin fell into a chair like a man shot. Old De Cheauvelins stared in amazement. The monk clasped his fingers, according to habit, and looked upward, praying. Mademoiselle Marguerite smiled mischievously, and the Marquis de Villeroy, observing this, seized her hand and imprinted a kiss upon it.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was quite true. De Luc was, in reality, the young marquis, who, going for the king upon a diplomatic mission, had carried it out upon diplomatic and, certainly, very romantic principles. He remained with the Count de Roguin until that nobleman was obliged to set out for Sardinia; but before that took place the fair Marguerite had become the marquis's bride.

De Cheauvelin's loss was made up to him, doubled—a proposition which he first declined, and then quietly accepted. The Secret Dispatches were conveyed safely to Sardinia, and were of great importance in framing the policy of that Government afterward toward France in the singular political events that followed.

## FIRES IN THEATRES, AND THEIR PREVENTION.

BY HORACE TOWNSEND.

MACAULAY remarks somewhere on the absurd aspect presented by the English people in one of their spasmodic fits of morality with which, he says, they every now and then are suddenly taken, and just as suddenly get rid of, returning to their normal apathetic condition as regards the morals or immorals of their neighbors. Quite as curious and worthy of study to the casual observer is the sudden and widespread panic which at some outbreak of fire in a theatre seizes the American nation, and renders them for some space of time keenly alive to the small chance of escape offered to them, should any of the existing places of amusement catch fire when inclosing an audience within their walls.

Editorials are written in the newspapers, articles by experts appear in the leading magazines; the receipts of theatres and opera-houses suffer from a temporary diminution; the Fire Department officials bestir themselves, and present voluminous reports; every one comes to the conclusion that each and every place of public entertainment is "a death-trap," and that "something ought to be done," and the general result is that matters go on much as they did in the past. Nothing is done to amend those theatres already built; architects and builders continue running up their walls, inclosing a mass of inflammable material insufficiently provided with exits; every one awaits with equanimity for the next Brooklyn or Park Theatre disaster, and for matters to commence *de novo*. Certainly, it seems as if every theatre were from the date of its erection consecrated to the Genius of Flame. One rarely hears of a theatre suc-

cumbing to old age and falling into venerable ruins; it is always either torn down to make room for some more profitable erection, or else its elegy is sung to the accompaniment of the whiz of the fire-hose and the clatter of the engines and reel-carts.

One of the most striking features of the subject, too, is the comparative rarity with which the burning is attended

by any remarkable loss of life. The audience, as a rule, have either just left or have not yet entered the building when the flames are discovered, and for once the much-quoted words, "It might have been," lose the melancholy tone the poet attributed to them.

Within the last hundred years the only two notable instances in America in which the horror of the loss of human life has been added to the destruction of the theatre are those of the Richmond and Brooklyn disasters. The Richmond theatre was a cozy little house, holding as a rule about 500 persons. Built,

as was usually



DESTRUCTION OF THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK, IN 1873.

the case then, almost entirely of wood, the very roof being shingled, the boxes, columns, etc., entirely of wood, and the inner ceilings formed of painted canvas, provided with two narrow and insufficient exits—one for the pit and boxes, and the other for the gallery—no fitter arena could have been chosen for that fatal duel between the penned-up mass of humanity and the eager, quivering tongues of flame, which has always but one disastrous result. It was the fullest house of the season, on the night of December 6th, 1811, when the curtain rose on a drama adapted from the French by a local dramatist, and entitled "The Father." This was to be followed, after the interposition,



as was then usual, of a few songs and dances, by the pantomime of "Raymond and Agnes." It was during the second act of the pantomime that the scenery was observed to be in flames, and a cry of "Fire!" raised. A wild rush was made for the doors, but many, not realizing their danger, kept their seats, which proved a fatal error.

sixty-seven persons lost their lives, among them being George W. Smith, the Governor of the State. All the members of the company escaped with the exception of Miss Nancy Green, daughter of one of the managers. The Common Council, at a meeting held next day, after duly providing for the fit and decent burial of all un-



THE OUTBREAK OF FIRE AT THE BROOKLYN THEATRE.

as in five minutes the whole building was wrapped in the flames, which had spread with lightning-like rapidity.

Of the audience, the majority made their escape in a more or less injured condition; of the remainder, some were trodden and crushed to death, while others were suffocated by the dense clouds of smoke or pushed from the windows back into the burning pit beneath. In all,

recognizable remains, and advising a cessation of all business for forty-eight hours, enacted the following ordinance:

"Be it further Ordained, that no person or persons shall be permitted for and during the term of four months from the passage hereof to exhibit any publick show or spectacle, or open any publick dancing assembly within this City, under the penalty of six dollars and sixty-six cents for every hour the same shall be exhibited."

So great was the horror excited by this catastrophe that the writer has been informed by elderly inhabitants of the city, that even after fifty years had passed, many classes still regarded the event as a judgment of heaven, and kept aloof from all theatres, as a matter of principle.

In many a household the chair made vacant by the Brooklyn disaster still seems to savor of the personality of the lost one, so recent seems the fearful night of Tuesday, December 5th, 1876, to those over whose households the smoke from the smoldering ruins cast a lifelong shadow. The Brooklyn Theatre was originally built for Mrs. F. B. Conway, but upon her death was finally leased to Messrs. Shook & Palmer, under whose management it was when it was burnt.

On the fatal Tuesday (almost exactly sixty-five years from the date of the Richmond fire) a large audience was gathered together to witness the performance of "The Two Orphans," then in the height of its popularity. It was about fifteen minutes past eleven, and Miss Claxton, who played *Louise*, was lying on her pallet of straw in the last act, and Mr. Murdoch, as *Pierre*, was bending over her, when they heard the whisper of "Fire!" behind the scenes. Miss Claxton entreated Mr. Murdoch to continue the scene, so convinced was she that the stage-hands would be able to extinguish the flames. The action of the drama continued until Mrs. Farren, as the old woman *Frochard*, entered the scene, and the audience by this time began to suspect that something was wrong. When lighted cinders were plainly seen to be falling on the stage the audience rose to their feet, and King Panic from that moment held his deadly sway. It was in vain that Miss Claxton and her fellow-actor, Murdoch, entreated the people to keep their seats and move out quietly. Some few in the front rows doubtless heard and were governed by the request, but the majority of the audience—and those in the gallery and upper-circle, especially—seemed at once to lose all control of their feelings; the men, curiously enough, appearing to be more wildly hysterical than the women. From that moment the word was "*saute qui peut*."

Miss Claxton, Miss Harrison and Mrs. Farren escaped through an underground passage leading from the stage to the box-office, which had been built for the convenience of Mrs. Conway when she was lessee of the theatre. Mr. Murdoch seems to have accompanied them a short distance and then turned to try and save some of his effects. He was never seen alive again, and his fate was shared by Mr. Burroughs, another young actor. With these two exceptions, the entire company escaped with their lives.

In the meantime the scene in the auditorium had been too terrible for description. The fierce, hard struggle for life had begun, and the ushers, who as a rule preserved their presence of mind, were, in their efforts to enforce order, as straws tossed on some rushing mountain torrent. Those on the ground floor had but little difficulty in fighting their way to safety and life; but the larger proportion of the audience were in the dress-circle and gallery, the exits from which were two badly contrived and steep stairways. Round the entrances to these stairs the people thronged, and were either wedged in the block which rendered escape impossible, or, unable even to make their way as close to the outlet as that, were suffocated by the dense clouds of smoke which soon settled on the auditorium from the burning roof and stage. Thus when the supports of the gallery were burned away, and it crashed down upon the floor beneath, there accompanied it in the fall a huddled mass of suffocated or suffocating humanity which in a few moments was but

a heap of ghastly charred and unrecognizable embers of men, women, and children.

Of the 500 or 600 people in the gallery, fully one-half met their fate in this manner, but some few lowered themselves down by the railings and so made their escape; others leaped wildly down and were mangled on the orchestra chairs below. One man escaped by a small window at the head of the stairs, but another who followed him was suffocated before he could make good his exit. A few lowered themselves into the street from the second floor windows, but these were only exceptions, the greater part were helplessly blocked in and perished as described.

Fifteen minutes after the fire broke out the interior of the theatre was like a furnace, and in another fifteen minutes the east wall fell in with a terrific crash. According to the first accounts published on Wednesday the loss of life, if any, was supposed to be but slight, and as the ghastly truth gradually dawned upon the public, and little by little the truth came out, and the cruel list of the missing was swelled till the total reached 300 persons. The horror and consternation which spread through an entire continent have even yet not died away. The accounts by survivors of the wild rush for life were many of them agonizing by reason of their realistic presentment of the fearful horror of the moment. A woman whose husband had been trampled before her eyes into a shapeless mass was carried away from him by the crowd. Her agony as she implored the bystander to let her remain in the burning theatre was pitiful, but her revulsion of feeling may be imagined when the body, terribly bruised, but still living was rescued from beneath the feet of the crowd. Another man was thrice knocked down and trampled on and eventually dragged out alive.

One of the best accounts was contributed to the *World* by an eye-witness who seems to have preserved his presence of mind to a most remarkable degree. From his account the following graphic passage is taken:

"When I reached the door of the vestibule a scene presented itself which I shall never forget, nor can I at this moment fully comprehend it. The stairs were choked with human beings, who seemed to be all wedged at the angle in a writhing and howling mass. The din was deafening: women were screaming and calling for their husbands, policemen were shouting, and the wretches on the stairs were cursing and yelling. I think I stood there for a minute gazing with horror at the spectacle, and while I did so I felt the hot air drawing through the doors into the lobby, and heard the crackling of the timbers. The crowd on the stairs seemed to be almost wholly composed of men and boys, though I saw the dresses of several women on the lower flight. . . . I saw a large, rough man, who appeared to be blind with excitement, jump over the heads of those nearest to him, and come down upon the face of a fallen woman, who was struggling on the steps, and who was inextricably held by her skirts under half a score of people, her head alone hanging over a lower step. The sight sickened me."

After the long, painful, and in many cases unsuccessful search among the grim array of blackened fragments which were laid in ghastly rows in the Adams Street Market, it was found that over 200 bodies were recognized by one means or another. The funeral of the unrecognized and friendless victims was attended in its course to Greenwood by several thousand persons, despite the bitter and inclement weather, and in one huge trench, fourteen feet wide, the hundred or more bodies—or, rather, the remains of what once had been bodies—were deposited, to take their everlasting rest.

Suggestions possessing more or less practicability as to rendering existing theatres safer, of course poured in on the newspapers for some time, managers were galvanized into an outward show, at least, of extreme care and solici-



tude for the safety of their patrons. Mr. Boucicault, with his accustomed fertility of resource, made use of the fact that any material impregnated with tungstate of soda is thereby rendered unflammable. He therefore conducted a series of experiments at Wallack's Theatre, during the course of which, and in the presence of all the leading professional men, he directed the force of an immense gas blow-pipe against a portion of scenery thus treated. The result was, from one point of view, eminently satisfactory, for the canvas resisted the flames as though it had been a sheet of iron. It was found, however, that the tungstate filled the air with a fine dust exceedingly irritating and prejudicial to the actor's lungs, and also caused the scenery to rot within a few weeks. After all the reports and suggestions had been offered, the excitement gradually died away, and nothing of essential moment was done.

The third great theatrical disaster of the century is still so recent in the minds of our readers that a detailed account would be superfluous. Little more than a year ago, on December 8th, at ten minutes to seven, and before the audience were fully gathered into the house, the magnificent Ring Theatre of Vienna was discovered to be on fire. Of all stories of human incompetence, carelessness, neglect of duty, and gross selfish indifference to the safety of others, the Vienna disaster affords the most striking example.

Before giving a brief account of it, it is curious to note that these three instances of wholesale loss of life—namely, the Richmond, Brooklyn, and Vienna fires—all occurred in the corresponding week of the year—the first on December 6th, the second December 5th, and the third on December 8th. The Ring Theatre of Vienna was a handsome opera house, designed by Emil von Förster, and opened to the public in January, 1874. Very nearly every precaution usually adopted was taken advantage of to guard against fire. There was an elaborate hose system, an iron curtain, and an abundance of special exits to be used in case of fire. It was the night of the second performance of Offenbach's posthumous opera, "Les Contes d'Hoffman," and as there was much interest excited in the production of this work, the house was very nearly filled ten minutes before the time of the commencement of the overture. Suddenly the curtain was seen to bulge in toward the auditorium, and a minute after an immense body of flame and smoke broke in upon the affrighted audience. A few, a pitiful few, made their escape at once; the remainder were either paralyzed by fright or suffocated by the smoke, and many did not even leave their seats.

The remainder of the ghastly story is one long catalogue of official brutality, ignorance, and want of the smallest presence of mind. The gas went out at once, and the oil-lamps, ordered by law to be always lit in case of such a disaster, had been for months entirely neglected; the stage-hands, without an exception, deserted their posts; the fire-alarm, even, was not sounded, and the large iron curtain not let down. To save a few miserable stage-properties, the large door at the back of the stage was opened, thus causing the terrific draft to bear the flames straight to the auditorium. The special fire-exit doors were all securely locked, and only one was by superhuman efforts burst open. Outside the theatre the same stupidity was exhibited. The police shut many of the doors, as they explained, to prevent people entering, with the result, as a matter of course, of effectually preventing the poor wretches inside from making their escape.

Every one was assured that no one was inside the burn-

ing building, and when the firemen arrived, nearly half an hour later, their energies were bent toward the saving of the building alone, and no attempt at rescue for those inside was apparently thought of. The exact number of those who thus met an agonizing death will never be known for certain, but the latest official reports, which naturally place it at its lowest point, give the figures as 794.

To sum up the grave errors which superinduced this enormous loss of life, we find that the theatre was constructed with labyrinthine and narrow passages and stairways, the doors from which opened in toward the auditorium; that gross negligence was betrayed by all the workmen, none of whom were at their posts; that the gas was turned off unnecessarily, and the oil-lamps neglected and never lighted; that the fire-exits were closed, and the fire-alarm out of order; and, finally, that no attempts were made by the firemen or police to save human life, and that they brutally prevented any such attempts being made on the part of the public. The rage of the Viennese toward all the officials knew no bounds, and a savage onslaught on those in authority was with difficulty prevented.

Affecting incidents abound; many who escaped with their lives were bereft of their reason, and thus suffered a living death. One young man, well dressed, was found at midnight hopelessly insane, and clasping a fragment of a girl's cloak to his bosom, ejaculating, "Amalie! Amalie!" On being questioned, all he would say was, "Amalie! I escaped, and she is burning!" An old man was heard repeating, "I knew my curse would be fulfilled," and on inquiry it was found that on the spot where the theatre stood a band of revolutionary martyrs had been shot in '48. The old man's son was of the number; the father had solemnly cursed the spot on that day, and it had been an article of faith with many that the spot was unlucky and accursed. A powerful poem on the subject recently appeared in the *English Fortnightly Review*, a stanza or two of which we subjoin:

"This is my hour; it has come, it has come; and at last I can say,  
Vengeance is mine for the hell, for the horrible hell of that day:  
The balance has swung to my hand, I am paid for the travail  
of years;  
This is my hour; I have lived for it, watched for it, sought it  
with tears.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Look at the flames that leap yonder, upraised, and in mirth  
storm the sky.  
Who made that death-dance? I'll whisper your ear; it was I!  
it was I.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"God never fashioned this fire, so you say; but, however it be,  
He who has sent me revenge is my God, and a good God to me.  
Now from dust I am lifted; day breaks, and all seems me right.  
Faintly the flames flicker down. My story is told you; Good-  
night."

An imposing funeral service was held in the Central Cemetery on the 12th of December before the enormous and imposing catafalque on which the coffins were placed. It was attended by all the city corporations and representatives of the military and civil authorities. The grave in which the coffins were interred was 150 feet long and fourteen feet wide.

In March, 1881, on the 23d of the month, the Théâtre Municipal Italien, or Italian Opera House, at Nice, was burned, and sixty-one lives lost. Nice is a great fashionable resort in Spring, and the annual regatta had just commenced. The fire arose from an explosion of gas, and the list of victims comprised thirty-six French, twenty Italians, three Englishmen, and one German. The sailors in

the port rendered efficient service in the extinction of the flames, and the prizes of the regatta were unanimously devoted to the relief of the sufferers. Several of the company and the chorus were burned, but Mademoiselle Donadio, the *prima donna*, made good her escape.

Other fires in Europe of less importance, but which were attended by slight loss of life, comprise the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, Scotland, which was partially burned in February, 1865, and in which six persons lost their lives. In 1867 Her Majesty's Theatre, London, for the second time was entirely destroyed by fire. This theatre had been unoccupied for some time, and the only loss of life that occurred was that of the watchman and a fireman who was killed by the fall of a brick wall. The Barmen Theatre, in Prussia, was burned in February, 1875, and three lives were lost.

On this continent every year has had to record the destruction of one or more theatres, but they have all been unattended by disaster to life, except in the case of the Quebec Theatre in 1846, when forty-two persons were victims, and those of which the full account has

been given above. The two most recent fires are those of the Park Theatre, New York, and the Alhambra, in London, both of which took place when they were untenanted by an audience.

The foregoing accounts, brief as they may be, seem to supply a sufficient text from which a short sermon on the means of preventing these and similar casualties may with advantage be preached. It is not what ought to, or, in an ideal community could, be done; but what *can*, and as simply as possible, be done, that it seems to the writer ought to be considered. In the first place, we may as well dismiss at once the question of constructing our theatres

in what is technically known as a "fireproof" manner. In countries where the theatre is granted a heavy subvention from the Government, and is, in fact, a state building, this may, of course, be generally practicable. In America, however, a theatre is a business investment, and the immense cost of such a mode of construction is sufficient to banish it at once from the consideration of an investor of capital. The total prohibition of wood in theatrical construction, either before or behind the curtain, is likewise a chimerical idea, and one which it would be practi-

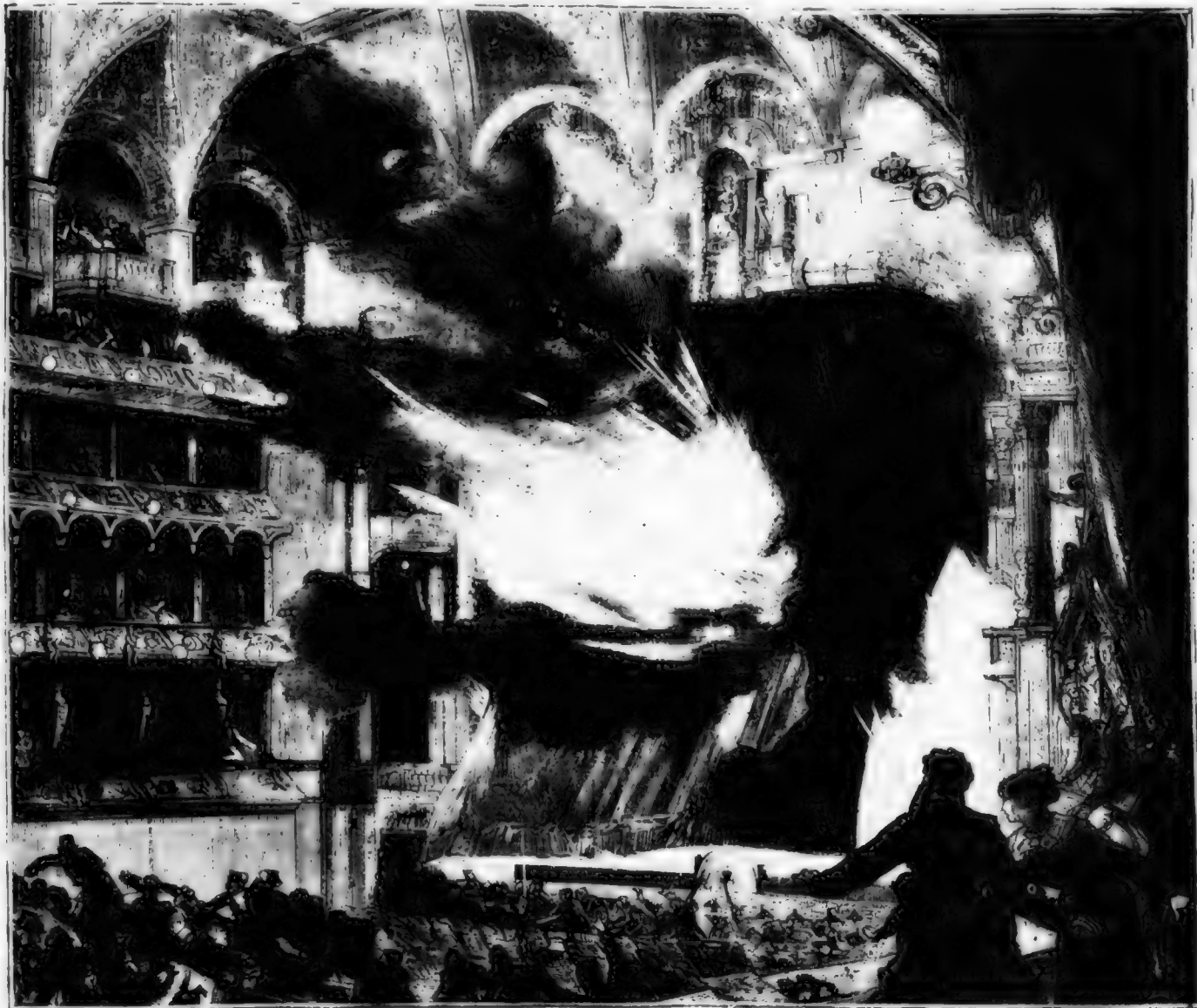
cally impossible to enforce. We have, then, this problem to deal with: Given, a building containing a vast assemblage of human beings and a large quantity of inflammable material; granted, also, that the chances of fire in this building are constant and ever-recurring, how are we to render the means of escape and the facilities for extinguishing the fire when started as simple and expeditious as possible? We will take the means of speedy escape first, and consider how that may be most effectually managed. To begin with, the builder of any place of public amusement should be compelled by law to com-



SCENE AT A THEATRE-FIRE, NEW YORK.

pletely detach it from all surrounding buildings, leaving a clear passage of a minimum width of thirteen feet on each side, and into this a suitable number of exits from the auditorium should be provided, consisting of ten feet passages, containing no twists or turns, and, if possible, no steps. All doors should open outward, and *now* should be locked during the progress of the performance. All staircases should be fireproof and effectually divided from the auditorium by a brick wall. The entire ground floor should be one inclined plane having no steps or sudden breaks throughout its length, and as a matter of course, a sufficient width of aisles as compared with the





THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RING THEATRE, VIENNA.

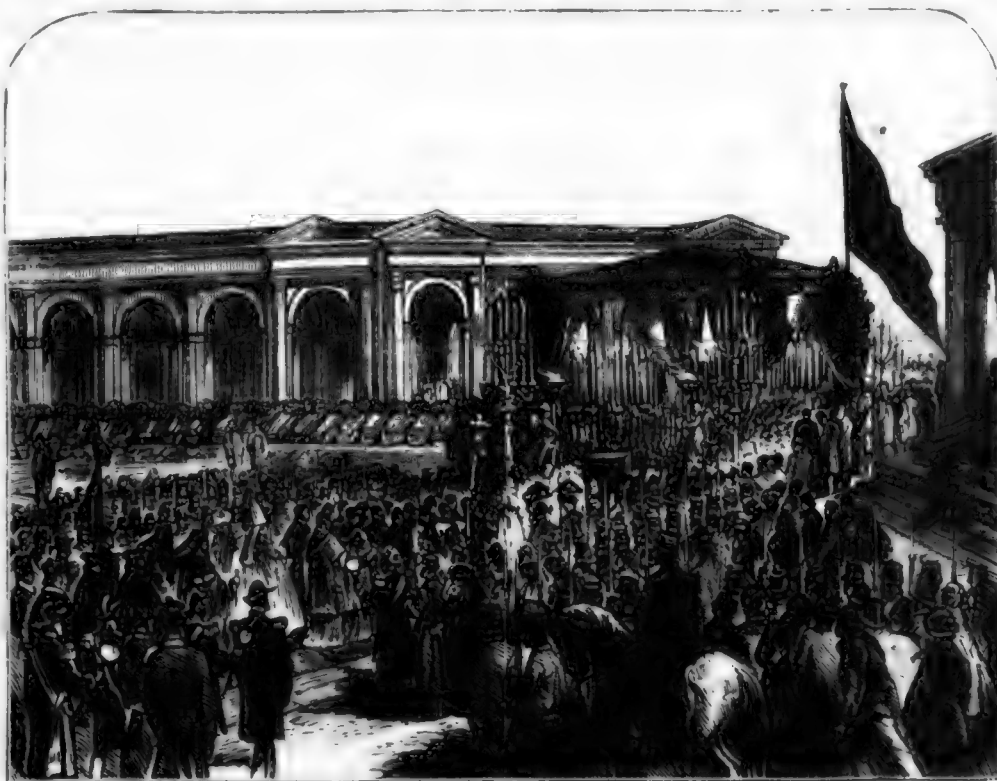
number of seats should be strictly maintained. Let us see the effect of these precautions, none of which are calculated to press heavily or unreasonably upon the owner of the theatre.

At the first alarm of fire the exit doors on each side would be thrown open, and in whatever direction the panic-stricken audience rushed, they would find a short and expeditious passage into either the street or the alleyway on either side. The fact of there being no steps would prevent the chance of their tripping, falling and so

causing a block. Those in the galleries, as soon as they reached the staircases, would be cut off by a substantial brick wall from the blaze behind, and would also have

special exits leading direct into the alleys at the sides.

The absolute utility of an iron curtain has been much questioned, and it is doubtful if in a case of emergency it would prove to be of much assistance. Still, as it might serve to keep the fire from the audience for a brief period, and as it is not excessively costly, it might be as well to



FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE RING THEATRE FIRE.

render its use obligatory, but it should be rendered automatic in its operation, and the wall dividing the auditorium from the stage should be of brick, and extend several feet above the outside roof. Another point to be carefully considered is the necessity of confining the fire to whatever section of the house it may start in. To this end the brick walls dividing the auditorium, on the one hand, from the entrance lobbies and staircases, and on the other from the stage, would be of service. The entire roof of the stage should also be constructed in such a manner that when the temperature reaches a pitch of say 160 degrees, large trap-doors should open automatically, and a strong upward draft be thus secured. This is a simple matter, but might prove of vital importance.

It has been so often demonstrated that on the outbreak of fire in a theatre, the audience, and often the actors, become invariably the victims to a panic, that all measures for the extinction of the fire must be taken with this fact in view. The theatre, in fact, must be regarded as a lunatic asylum, and as little as possible left to human agency. A fire always begins at one spot, and is for some few minutes of such small dimensions that a stream of water directed on it at once will easily quell it. To this end the patent portable extinguishers have been invented, and doubtless if they are at once brought into play a fire may readily be reduced with them. The objection, however, to this form of extinguisher is that it is rarely at hand at the exact spot where it is wanted, and some experience and coolness is necessary in order to render its services available.

A form of automatic extinguisher has, however, recently appeared to which none of these objections are applicable. It consists of a pierced metal cap connected with a service of water-pipes, and stopped by a plug of metal which is easily fusible at a temperature of 160 degrees. The pressure of water is so great that the fused metal is at once blown through the perforations, and a thick dense spray, spreading many feet in circumference, issues from the nozzle. Thus, if we have a system of these perforated caps disposed through the theatre, not only on the stage, but all round the proscenium arch and through the auditorium, we have a series of ever-vigilant firemen ready to shower down a continuous stream whenever the temperature in their neighborhood betokens the near presence of fire. The water supply should not consist of tanks, which, however great their capacity (and that of course must of necessity be limited), would soon be exhausted, probably at the precise moment when their contents would be most valuable.

An automatic pump, which is immediately set in action when the pressure on any one pipe is removed, and which can keep up any desired pressure, should be placed in the basement. Its cost is a comparative trifle, and steam can be kept up even in the Summer at a small expense. To these sprinklers should be added, of course, a complete system of fire-hose, and the stage-hands of the theatre should be regularly drilled once a week by a competent fireman in the use of the same, so that in an emergency every man would know his post, and be able to promptly set to work. As regards minor constructive details, it would be well to insist on all the decorations being coated with some of the many forms of incombustible fibrous plaster, and the skeletons on which they are set being formed, as far as possible, of galvanized iron, or light iron rods, instead of wood battens.

A suggestion recently thrown out by a writer in the *North American Review*, that seats should be so constructed as to sink into the floor, and afford free passage over them, sounds well in theory, but in practice they

would doubtless be more of a hindrance than a help, by catching portions of the attire, and causing their occupants to stumble and fall. Anything people do not thoroughly understand, and are not perfectly accustomed to, must be condemned, for in a panic reason flies far away, and blind instinct is all that is left, and habit is but a species of modified instinct.

To recapitulate, therefore, the leading principles which should govern modern theatre-building, we find that the building should be divided into three distinct parts by substantial brick walls. The entrance and lobbies, the auditorium, and the stage; that a clear passage should be left on each side of the theatre; that the stairs should be fireproof; that the fire-extinguishing apparatus should be rendered as automatic in its action as possible; and that, finally, the entire force of stage-hands should constitute a constantly drilled fire-brigade. In some of our cities the presence on the stage during the performance of a regular fireman is rendered compulsory; but this is not enough. One man would be utterly useless unless he had a force of efficient men to act under his directions.

Were these few points to be rigidly insisted upon, disasters like those of Brooklyn and Vienna might not indeed be rendered impossible, but the chances against them would be so materially reduced that they would become even rarer than a merciful Providence has hitherto permitted them to be, and people would no longer feel that the cry of "Fire!" raised in a crowded theatre, and the appearance of a few light tongues of curling flame were the signals to prepare for a death of indescribable agony and unutterable horror.

## HOUSE-HUNTING.

A MATRON, blessed with nine olive-branches, set off on the usual Summer hunt for seaside lodgings. She took her formidable family with her. Followed by the nine, she rapped at door after door, and everywhere she was met by the cry, "No admittance. Children not allowed here." The shadows of evening were gathering round, and the search appeared almost hopeless.

The party wandered on and on, till at last they came to the outskirts of the town. Here they saw a peaceful country churchyard; the gray church tower pointed to the blue sky, they were tall tombstones and spreading yew-trees, interspersed with knots of flowers. It was a place to rest and be thankful in, and the exhausted house-hunters were delighted at stumbling on such a quiet retreat after the dust and worry of the day. But for the wearied matron there was no rest—

"Man's work is from sun to sun,  
But woman's work is never done."

She had, as yet, found no lodgings, and like the Wandering Jew, she must go on and on and on, till she has accomplished the object of her mission. Seven of the nine children were so anxious to remain behind, and to play among the graves, that their mother consented, and only taking the two elder with her, she went through the iron gate, and passed on to a terrace of new houses. She tapped timidly at the door over which the magic words "To let" was hung out. To her great surprise, she was greeted with smiles. The rooms appeared suitable, the rent was not exorbitant, everything seemed to answer admirably. She wondered at the change, but said nothing. At last Mrs. Jones, the owner, pointed to the two children, and put the searching question:

"Are these all the children you've got?"

"Oh! no," answered the unsuspecting matron, a seri-



ous look coming into her face, "I have only these two with me, but I have seven in the churchyard."

Mrs. Jones turned aside, dropped a tear, and whispered, *sotto voce*, to her daughter:

"Seven in the churchyard! Only think of that, Mary Anne. Poor thing! Poor thing! Well, I do feel for her; I have a child in the churchyard myself, and I know what it is."

Then, turning to her future tenant, she at once closed the bargain, and it was arranged that the new inmates were to arrive on the following day.

The day came. In the first cab was the mother and the four elder children; in the second came the five younger ones, accompanied by their nurse, and the head of the house was to follow later on in the evening. As for the luggage, there was no end of it. Baskets, hampers and baths were thrust in between the large trunks, a Skye terrier peeped out of the window, and, in short, a more formidable cavalcade could scarcely be seen. When the first cab drove up, followed closely by the second, Mrs. Jones lifted up her eyes and hands in horror.

"Why, how's this?" she gasped, as she surveyed her lodger. "Whatever do you mean? Didn't you tell me you'd only two children?"

"I said I had only two with me," briskly answered the matron. "I said distinctly that I had seven more in the churchyard, and so I had. It was perfectly true; they were playing in the churchyard."

"Ah!"

A painful light gradually began to dawn on poor Mrs. Jones's perception. For once in her life she had been taken in. She had been the victim of a misconception, not the less trying because it had been carried out in perfect good faith, and she had no one to blame but herself. She was fairly in for it now.

The party had arrived, and the shouts of the nine were even then sounding, loud and long, on the stairs. Yes! there were, indeed, nine children fully told. Most of them were armed with wooden spades, and all were bent on having a "jolly good time of it"—a time for which poor Mrs. Jones would have to suffer. The terrible truth was becoming more apparent every moment. The fact was undeniable. A landlady of seaside lodgings had been *done*!—the biter had been bitten.

### THE SENSES OF BEES AND WASPS.

At a recent meeting of the Linnean Society, Sir John Lubbock read an account of his further observations on the habits of insects made during the past year. The two queen ants which have lived with him since 1874, and which are now, therefore, no less than eight years old, are still alive, and laid eggs last Summer, as usual. His oldest workers are seven years old.

Dr. Müller, in a recent review, had courteously criticised his experiments on the color sense of bees, but Sir John Lubbock pointed out that he had anticipated the objections suggested by Dr. Müller, and had guarded against the supposed source of error. The difference was, moreover, not one of principle, nor did Dr. Müller question the main conclusions arrived at, or doubt the preference of bees for blue, which, indeed, was strongly indicated by his own observations on flowers. Sir John also recorded some further experiments with reference to the power of hearing. Some bees were trained to come to honey which was placed on a musical box on the lawn close to a window. The musical box was kept going for several hours a day for a fortnight. It was then brought

into the house and placed out of sight, but at the open window, and only about seven yards from where it had been before. The bees, however, did not find the honey, though when it was once shown them they came readily enough. Other experiments with a microphone were without results. Every one, Sir John Lubbock said, knew that bees when swarming were popularly, and had been ever since the time of Aristotle, supposed to be influenced by the clanging of kettles, etc. Experienced apiarists were now disposed to doubt whether the noise has really any effect, but Sir John Lubbock suggested that even if it had, with reference to which he expressed no opinion, it was possible that what the bees heard were not the loud low sounds, but the higher overtones at the verge of, or beyond, our range of hearing.

As regards the industry of wasps, he timed a bee and a wasp, for each of which he provided a store of honey, and found that the wasp began earlier in the morning (at four A.M.), worked on later in the evening, and came oftener during the day. He did not, however, quote this as proving greater industry on the part of the wasp, as it might be that it was less sensitive to cold. Moreover, though the bee's proboscis was admirably adapted to extract honey from tubular flowers, when the honey was exposed, as in this case, the wasp appeared able to swallow it more rapidly. This particular wasp began work at four in the morning, and went on without any rest or intermission till a quarter to eight in the evening, during which time she paid Sir John Lubbock 116 visits.

### ECCENTRICITIES OF BEAUTY.

UNDOUBTEDLY there is much idle talk about the wonderful extravagance of ladies of the present day, their pursuits of constantly changing styles, and the luxuries demanded by those who can, or think they can, afford the expense. One would be led to suppose, in the absence of knowledge to the contrary, that these were things of modern growth. But just look at the "style" they used to put on in early ages, and their enormous extravagance.

We are told that the ladies of Lesbos slept on roses whose perfume had been artificially heightened. And in those times court maidens powdered their hair with gold. Marc Antony's daughter did not change her dress half a dozen times a day, as do the Saratoga graces, but she made the lampreys in her fish-pond wear earrings. The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, were valued at \$2,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper \$1,562,500 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizens' supper. The luxury of Poppœa, beloved by Nero, was equal to that of Lollia.

The women of the Roman Empire indulged in all sorts of luxuries and excesses, and these were revived under Napoleon I. in France. Madame Tallien bathed herself in a wash of strawberries and raspberries, and had herself rubbed down with sponges dipped in milk and perfume.

An Albanian belle of to-day presents a rather striking appearance. She is, as a rule, coiled with seed pearls and coins, and enveloped in a black serge pelisse. She uses paint on her face profusely, and her taste runs to cherry lips and cheeks, and jet-black eyebrows strongly drawn. An Albanian bride discards paint for a while, and if wealthy, wears a suit something like this: Rose-colored under-ropes, with an over-robe of dark-green velvet, the idea being taken from a rosebud half open in its leaves. Thus arrayed, the girl of handsome features is said to look really bewitching.

The Tartars despise prominent nasal appendages, and

the woman who has the smallest nose is esteemed the most charming, but to outside barbarians she is a perfect fright.

The women of Spiti, in India, wear tunics and trousers of woolen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee, and which they are fond of taking off at any time. In order to get greater warmth they often put a quantity of flour into these boots, besides their legs. Their taste in regard to ornaments runs much to all sorts of rings, including nose-rings.

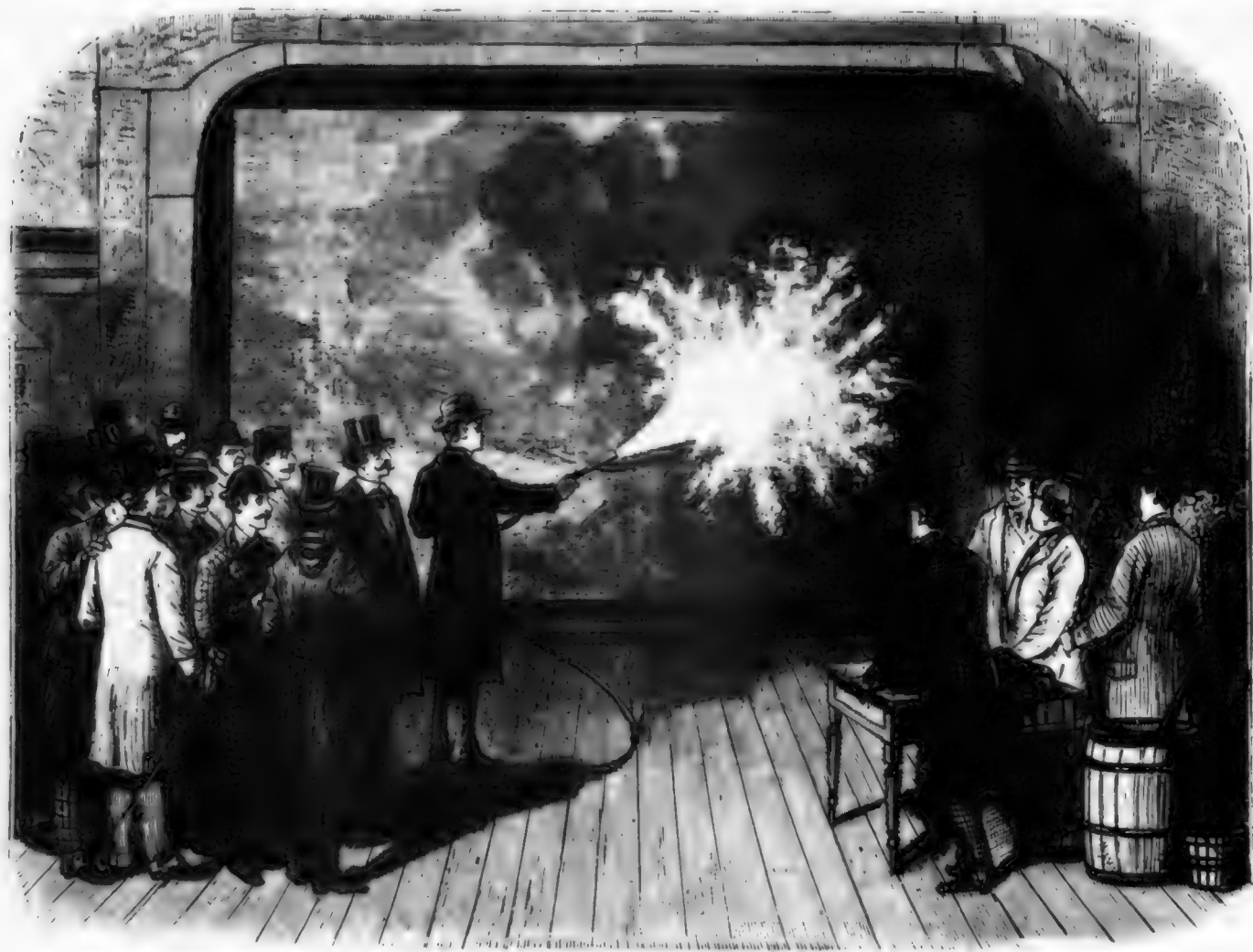
A typical woman in the interior of Africa is thus described :

"Her naked negro skin was leathery, coarse and wrinkled ; her figure was tottering and knock-kneed ; her

on the Jews were removed, and thousands of Crown serfs were manumitted and given grants of land.

The Czar began his reign as the people's darling, but one of his grand ideas led to a ludicrous scene. He proposed to give a banquet to 200,000 of his poorer subjects from Moscow and the adjacent villages in the plains round Petrowski. Preparations were made for this grand feast by covering a square mile with tables, and the tables with hunks of beef, bread and casks of *kwass*. Unluckily, the impatience of the guests did not allow them to wait until the day of the dinner. A flagstaff had been erected in the middle of the plain, and it had been arranged that the signal to "fall to" should be given by the hoisting of the flag.

On the evening before the day of the feast, while some



FIRES IN THEATRES, AND THEIR PROTECTION.—DION BOUCICAULT TESTING FIRE-PROOF SCENERY, IN 1876.—SEE PAGE 312.

thin hair hung in greasy locks ; on her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal links of iron, brass and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden balls, and heaven knows what more lumber."

### INCIDENTS AT THE CORONATION OF ALEXANDER II.

THE crowning of Alexander II., as Czar of Russia, on the 7th of September, 1856, was memorable from the many favors bestowed upon his subjects. All the political offenders, some of whom had been in prison or exile for thirty years, and at least 5,000 occupants of jails, were pardoned and released. Military conscription was suspended for four years, disabilities weighing oppressively

20,000 *mujiks* were loitering round the plain, sniffing the food, an engineer officer named Minakoff, wishing to try if the ropes of the flagstaff worked well, gave them a tug and sent the bunting flying aloft. In the twinkling of an eye the multitude of *mujiks* swooped upon the tables and made a clearance. No horde of famished wolves could have done the work better. Beef, bread, beer—everything went, and when these were gone the wooden dishes were carried off also. The Czar laughed when he was told of the matter. "Well, well, so long as they enjoyed themselves that is all I wanted. But we must give something to poor Minakoff. I am sure he must have feared that they were going to eat him also."

A GOOD word is an easy obligation ; but not to speak ill requires only silence, which costs us nothing.





THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF CLAIRVILLE.—“AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM, UPON A LOW, MAGNIFICENTLY-CARVED BEDSTEAD, HEAPED HIGH WITH EMBROIDERED LACE-TRIMMED COVERINGS AND RUFFLED PILLOWS, LAY THE MOTIONLESS FORM OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.”

## THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF CLAIRVILLE.

### CHAPTER I.

ON a sunny September morning of 18—, Jean Baptiste Robelot, Inspector of Police for the little suburban village of Rosière, was seated alone in a whitewashed office, busily engaged in preparing his quarterly report for the Prefecture.

One might have supposed Jean Baptiste Robelot a happy man, seeing his lines of life were cast in so pleasant a place as Rosière; and happy he should have been, for his heart was entirely wrapped up in his profession. But, alas! happiness belongs not to mortals.

An overpowering sorrow oppressed and weighed down the spirit of Jean Baptiste. He burned to write his name upon the historic pages of the Prefecture, side by side with Vidocq and Claude; but, unfortunate man! he saw the years slipping by without bringing him the *cause célèbre* that was to hand down to posterity, in the annals of the police, the name of Jean Baptiste Robelot. Murderers, assassins, robbers, all seemed to elude him in the most cruel manner; instead of outrageous crimes, in which he would have delighted, his life ran along in the smoothest of grooves; and now, at middle age, behold him relegated to the obscurity of a suburban village, whose

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greatest crimes seldom exceeded an occasional wife-beating, when “Jacques” had partaken too freely at the village *auberge*.

The sound of a hoarse voice crooning Béranger’s “Roi Dagobert” broke the thread of Baptiste’s reverie; with a sigh he raised his eyes from the report and glanced through the open doorway at the singer. His eye commanded the view of two entrances in the houses immediately opposite. At one, old Mère Babbillon was arranging her cabbages and milk-pails, while humming the ditty which had attracted his attention. At the other, Père Arsine, the village cobbler, was setting out his bench and stock of old shoes to be repaired.

With another deep sigh, Jean Baptiste was just relapsing into a reverie, in which he wondered if his future life was to be passed always with such associates as Mère Babbillon and Père Arsine, when his dreams were again broken in upon.

This time the disturbing cause was an unusual one for Rosière, being nothing less than the sound of rapid footsteps, as of some one running along the hard, white road of the village. Activity and excitement was so unusual in this quiet, lazy village, that the sound of the rapid

advancing footsteps made the inspector prick up his ears at once; he would willingly have hastened to the door to have gratified his curiosity, but the majesty of the law, in his person, forbade such an undignified act; so he was forced to remain quiet. Not long was his curiosity held in suspense, for in a very few minutes from the time the sound of footsteps first reached his ears a man suddenly burst into the office, and reeling forward, fairly exhausted and panting for breath, fell upon one of the benches, which, with Robelot's chair and table, formed the entire furniture of the room.

Curiosity might now be gratified without any diminution of his dignity, and springing to his feet, the inspector approached the abrupt visitor and eagerly demanded his business.

The stranger, a young, good-looking fellow, was dressed in a suit of livery, which plainly declared him to be a servant in the employment of an aristocratic family.

In obedience to the reiterated questions of the inspector, the young man made an effort to reply; but such was his exhaustion that his parched lips could emit only an inarticulate murmur. Short as had been the interval since the entry of the stranger, it had sufficed for nearly all the inhabitants of Rosière to assemble around the door of the police office, and a number of voices now hastened to inform the inspector that the young man was Claude Lavise, a footman in the service of the Count de Clairville.

The Count de Clairville's name produced an instantaneous effect upon the cause of all this excitement. Conquering his exhaustion for a moment, he cried out, in a tremulous voice:

"My master! Oh! my poor master!" And breaking into a flood of tears, he wildly wrung his hands.

The inspector was now entirely overcome with curiosity, and, intolerant of all delay, he grasped the young man by the shoulder, violently vociferating:

"Ah! pig, what of your master? Speak, then"—and again he shook the servant with all the strength of his muscular arm.

The young man made a second effort to control himself, and gasped out, feebly:

"Madame la Comtesse—murdered!"

These words were enough; the heart of Jean Baptiste bounded with joy; the *cause célèbre* had come at last. The name of Robelot would go down to posterity blazoned with glory upon the records of the Prefecture.

Without an instant's hesitation he called to two of his subordinates, who had entered the apartment at the first sound of their chief's excited voice. Bidding one of them inform Monsieur le Maire of what had taken place, and calling upon the other to follow him, he forced his way through the crowd that had gathered at the door of the police-office, and heedless of the questions showered upon him, hurried rapidly down the road in the direction of the Chateau Clairville.

Rosière, like many another such village, consisted of a long, straggling row of houses, built on either side of a broad macadamized road. Some of these dwellings possessed the quaintness of antiquity, but most of them were as hideous as modern style, and the limited means of their owners, could make them. However, architecture was not one of the things Rosière boasted, nor had it any part in the tumult of excited thoughts that buzzed through the brain of Inspector Robelot, as he hurried down the road in the direction of the southern extremity of the village.

A few moments' rapid walking brought him to the end of the long row of houses; and skirting a tall red brick wall, above which appeared the tops of some handsome

forest trees, he at length arrived in front of a large pair of iron gates, elaborately ornamented with scrollwork and gilding. Through this gateway, embosomed amongst stately and well-trimmed chestnut-trees, appeared a fairy-like dwelling, whose mansard roof, gilded iron railings and large bow-windows, afforded as marked a contrast to the clumsy plainness of the village houses as could well be conceived.

Carefully cultivated gardens, brilliant with the blaze of many-colored flowers, surrounded the chateau, and added another to its many attractions.

All this beauty must have claimed at least a glance of approval from any one coming suddenly upon it after the dullness of the village street. Such a glance of approval would even have been paid by Inspector Robelot had he seen all this brightness and color, but, in reality, he saw nothing but the fact that the gate was open; and hurrying up the avenue that led to the chateau, he reached the small portico in front of the main entrance. At the moment the inspector reached this entrance the crowd of excited servants that thronged the doorway were pushed aside, and a gentleman stepped out upon the portico.

"Ah! Monsieur le Commissaire, here you are at last. In the absence of my friend, the Count de Clairville, let me explain this affair to you."

The speaker was a tall, vigorous young man, apparently about twenty-eight years of age, with jet-black, curly hair, large, handsome, dark eyes, and pale-olive complexion. In short, an exceedingly handsome, attractive fellow. He wore a plain gray suit of clothes, with an air of aristocratic distinction which marked him in the eyes of Inspector Robelot as belonging to the nobility.

"This way, Monsieur le Commissaire," he continued, leading the way to the house. "Permit me to introduce myself to you. I am Dr. Savart." The inspector bowed, but the young man, paying no attention to his salutation, went on. "The Count de Clairville left us last evening on business, and has not as yet returned. In the meantime, as it seems, the singular conduct of Madame la Comtesse had so alarmed Mademoiselle Marguerite, the count's sister, that, without consulting any of us, she sent one of the footmen to Rosière, and it is doubtless in response to that messenger that you are here." Inspector Robelot bowed a second time, but ere he could speak, the doctor went on: "The cause of all this excitement is as follows: Madame la Comtesse, when she retired last night, bade her maid awaken her at an early hour, but when the maid attempted to enter her mistress's bedroom, she found the door locked. Thinking the countess might have changed her plans, she paid no further attention to the circumstance, although a very unusual one; but when, several hours afterward, she again attempted an entrance, she became alarmed on finding the door still locked. Rapping several times, and receiving no response, she became more and more alarmed, and finally, in a paroxysm of fright, rushed to the room of Mademoiselle Marguerite de Clairville, and declared that Madame la Comtesse was either dead or murdered, for that, in spite of all her knockings at the chamber door, she could obtain no reply. Singularly enough, Mademoiselle de Clairville, usually a woman of great firmness of character, partook of the maid's terror, and, without consulting any one, sent the footman on his errand. It was only a few moments ago that I was informed of the affair. Of course I advised instantly breaking open the door, supposing the countess might be in an insensible condition, but Mademoiselle Marguerite begged me to wait, and some of the servants calling out that the police had arrived, I consented. This is the whole affair."



During this conversation Dr. Savart had led the way through the hall and up a handsome stairway to the second floor.

At the head of the stairs a young girl stood waiting, whom Inspector Robelot recognized as Mademoiselle Marguerite de Clairville.

She was a slender, graceful girl, with soft brown hair and eyes, delicately rounded cheeks and straight Grecian nose. She was evidently intensely excited; even to such an extent as to be oblivious to costume, which consisted of a muslin robe de chambre, trimmed with lace and knots of pale-blue ribbon.

"Ah, monsieur," cried the young girl, wringing her slender white hands; "tell me you think nothing can be the matter with my sister."

"Mademoiselle," replied the inspector, bowing obsequiously, "from what Monsieur le Docteur has told me, I believe you have needlessly alarmed yourself; in the meantime, you had better retire to your chamber, and allow monsieur and myself to investigate this affair."

Robelot said "affair" in a tone that would easily have been understood by one of the brethren of the Prefecture, but which was entirely lost upon Mademoiselle de Clairville.

"There, you see, Marguerite," cried the young doctor, taking one of the girl's hands and pressing it warmly; "go to your chamber at once, and trust me to do everything that is necessary."

A slight flush colored Mademoiselle de Clairville's pallid cheeks at the pressure of the doctor's hand, and murmuring faintly, "Thank you, Paul," she bowed to the inspector, and retiring up the hall, disappeared into one of the apartments.

"Here, monsieur," said the doctor, as he led the police officer toward the front of the house, and stopped at a doorway that opened upon the hall, "this is the chamber of Madame la Comtesse."

Robelot turned the knob of the door; it was still locked; he rapped loudly upon one of the panels, and receiving no reply, he said to the doctor, "This door must be broken open," and placing his shoulder against it, he exerted all his strength, but without success. Seeing it would be impossible to force an entrance without mechanical assistance, the inspector summoned his subordinate, and ordered him to run as fast as possible to Rosière and bring Père Lejeune, the locksmith.

## CHAPTER II.

THE interval of time that elapsed before the arrival of the locksmith was one of extreme suspense to the inspector, who could only admire the calmness of Dr. Savart, without being able to emulate it. Growing desperate at last, he tested the strength of his knuckles against the panels of the door, and even got down on both knees to peep through the keyhole, but without any discovery, except that the key was in the lock.

Just as Robelot was rising from his knees, the loud tones of a man's voice, asking several questions, were heard in the hall below, and almost immediately a broad-shouldered, vigorous young man bounded up the stairs.

"Hello, Paul," said the newcomer, approaching the doctor; "what is all this fuss about? When I left the chateau for my early walk, everything was as quiet as a gentleman's house should be, and now, not three hours after, *ma foi!* I find all the servants crazy, mademoiselle shut up in her room, and the police in the chateau. Have we, perchance, all been robbed in our sleep?"

"My dear George," replied the doctor, addressing the

young stranger, whose broad, florid features, light-blue eyes, crisp, curly, yellow hair and elaborately trimmed side-whiskers bespoke him an Englishman of the purest Saxon type, "this is the Police Inspector of Rosière, whom Mademoiselle Marguerite sent for on account of some terror that has taken possession of her regarding Madame de Clairville," and, going on, the doctor related the whole occurrence to the young man, who instantly exclaimed:

"Then this door must be opened at once. Madame may be ill and insensible."

Suiting the action to the word, he placed his shoulder to the door, and pushed it with all his force. His efforts, however, were as unsuccessful as those of Inspector Robelot had been, and muttering a malediction on the lock, he was about to seek an implement, when footsteps were again heard ascending the stairs, and a police agent appeared, followed by a small, middle-aged man, wearing a workman's blue blouse, and carrying a basket of tools under his arm.

"Here, Lejeune," called the inspector, almost before the locksmith reached his side, "open this door. Quick, man!"

Lejeune deposited his basket of tools upon the floor, turned the knob several times, and kneeling down, squinted through the keyhole.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, as he rose to his feet. "The job is of the simplest. The key is in the lock. 'Tis but to introduce the pair of nippers, and crick! the thing is done."

So saying, he searched in his basket of tools, and drawing out a pair of long, slender nippers, inserted them into the keyhole, gave a quick twist of the wrist, and the sound of the key turning in the ward of the lock was audible.

Lejeune reached out his hand toward the knob of the door, but, motioning him back with an imperative gesture, the inspector threw it open, and pushing aside a portière of blue silk, he entered the room, closely followed by the doctor and the Englishman, George Douglass.

The apartment into which they had penetrated was a bedchamber, whose lavish splendor bespoke great wealth, as well as a highly cultivated taste, the prevailing hue being a delicate pale-blue. The tinted walls were divided into panels, each of which bore a dainty fresco representing a bouquet of wild flowers. The ceiling was also painted in similar style. The furniture was satin-wood, upholstered in pale-blue silk, embroidered in wild flowers, and betokened, by its chaste elegance of style, the work of some master-hand. Tall mirrors in blue porcelain frames—mirrors of a size to reflect the entire length of the form—were placed in different portions of the room, whose floor was covered with blue-and-white India matting.

All this the eyes of the three men took in at a glance, as it were, for immediately on their entrance a sight had met their eyes which paralyzed for the time any emotion of admiration for the elegant surroundings.

At the far end of the room, upon a low, magnificently carved bedstead, heaped high with embroidered lace-trimmed coverings and ruffled pillows, lay the motionless form of a beautiful woman. Her attitude was that of perfect repose, as if the lady slept the most quiet and peaceful of slumbers.

The left arm was thrown above the head, and the slender, delicate fingers were twisted in the meshes of golden hair which streamed over the pillow. The other arm lay lightly across the breast. The form was hidden to the waist by the snowy bed-coverings; above this was visible a muslin night-robe, trimmed with a profusion of the rarest laces.

The face was one of exquisite beauty, round and dimpled as a child's; chin, nose and mouth delicately chiseled as the sculptured masterpieces of antiquity; the heavy white eyelids were closed, and showed their long lashes against the marble pallor of the cheeks. Above these were arched brows several shades darker than the golden tresses.

The whole face expressed calm repose, and there was even a half smile on the slightly parted lips. A disarrangement of the night-dress exposed the throat and a portion of the bosom, as white as marble.

A thrill of horror ran through those assembled in the room on beholding the bronze hilt of a dagger, buried to the guard in the body of the lady, immediately below the left breast.

"Great God!" cried the young Englishman, pointing to the dagger, his usually ruddy cheeks now pale as death. "Madame la Comtesse has been murdered."

The last word produced the same effect upon Inspector Robelet that the spur does upon the trained war-steed. He was now in his element, and conquering his momentary hesitation, he advanced toward the bed, but ere he had reached it a loud exclamation made him turn suddenly, and he beheld in the doorway the form of Mademoiselle de Clairville, her beautiful features frozen into an expression of frenzied terror. Tottering forward a few paces into the room, she moaned out feebly:

"Oh! my poor unfortunate brother." And throwing up her arms, would have fallen senseless to the ground had not Dr. Savart sprung forward and caught her.

Bidding the inspector and George Douglass await his return, the young doctor raised the slender form in his arms and bore the insensible girl from the room.

No sooner had Dr. Savart disappeared with Mademoiselle de Clairville than Inspector Robelet began at once a careful scrutiny of all the surroundings.

His first act was to approach the bed and examine the person of the murdered woman. This close investigation of the position of the body and the expression of the features convinced Robelet at once that the Countess's death must have been instantaneous; a fact which was further proved by the position of the dagger, which had been driven into the body in such a manner that it must have pierced the very centre of the heart. Not a drop of blood was visible on the snowy night-dress, which would have seemed strange had not Robelet been aware that the bleeding of such a wound must have been internal, and this naturally drew his attention to the weapon with which the wound had been inflicted. The dagger was buried to the hilt in the murdered woman's bosom. The handle exhibited a rare piece of workmanship in metal, being composed of two bronze serpents with ruby eyes. The bodies of these serpents were tightly twisted together, and their extended tails formed the guard of the weapon.

Having satisfied himself as to the suddenness of the death, Robelet was also soon convinced, by the rigidity of the limbs and their icy coldness, that death had taken place some time before—a fact which he remarked to George Douglass, who, pale and unable to speak, stood gazing at the beautiful face of the dead woman.

Satisfied on those points, the inspector was turning away to examine more closely the apartment, when something caught his eye which drew a loud exclamation from him. Pointing to the white neck of the countess, he made the young Englishman observe a slender chain of gold, as fine and delicate as a small cord; this chain had been broken by a violent wrench, as was plainly proved by the slight abrasure of the soft, satiny skin.

"You perceive, monsieur, not only murder, but robbery," he exclaimed, with an expression of matchless sagacity.

George made no reply—in fact, was incapable of speech, and could only stare at the face of the murdered woman. The suddenness of all this had taken away from him the power of reasoning, and he could scarcely realize that the motionless figure before him was the inanimate body of the lovely Comtesse de Clairville, whose beauty was ever less wonderful than her powers of fascination.

Observing the young man's mental condition, the inspector, with a shrug of his shoulder, returned to his investigation.

The first thing he noticed was a small table near the head of the bed, on which were placed a carafe of water, a cut glass goblet, and a shaded night-lamp, which, still unextinguished, burned dimly in the glare of daylight; on this table was also a small book, from between whose leaves, where it had doubtless been left as a mark, hung a lace-edged handkerchief. Finding no traces here of the assassin, the inspector next began to examine the furniture, piece by piece. A large armoire first attracted his attention. Its door, which was framed to contain a large plate-glass mirror, stood half open, and the practiced glance of Robelet instantly recognized the fact that a hasty and not over-careful hand had thoroughly ransacked this piece of furniture; various articles of wearing apparel were tossed about and in a rumpled condition; drawers had been pulled open and left unclosed—in short, the search, though a hasty one, had been complete, every portion of the armoire bearing evidence of this fact. A few moments satisfied the inspector that no article of value remained.

The drawers of the bureau had been similarly treated, and a tall *escritoire* had been searched from top to bottom. Several of these drawers were completely pulled out, and letters, *billet-doux*, etc., were heaped about in the utmost confusion. But what more completely satisfied Robelet that the crime had not only been murder, but also robbery, was a large steel casket which stood upon the table in the centre of the room. This casket had evidently been made as a receptacle for jewels. The lid was now wide open, and the box was emptied of whatever it might once have contained.

A tap on the door suddenly disturbed Robelet in his search. However, this proved to be only a domestic, charged with a message from Dr. Savart, to say that Mademoiselle de Clairville was still insensible, and that the doctor could not leave her for a moment. Closing the door upon the servant, the inspector resumed his labors.

He had satisfied himself as to the robbery, and now he sought anxiously for some traces of the robber.

Besides the door that opened upon the hall, there were two others on either side of the room, almost opposite each other. The one on the right Robelet now tried, and found to be locked or bolted evidently on the inner side, as the key was not visible. With the other door he was more successful. The apartment to which it admitted him was a boudoir even more elaborately furnished than the bedchamber. A few glances, however, convinced the inspector that the furniture of this apartment had not been disturbed, and he concluded the robber had not entered this chamber. Turning from the boudoir, his glance was directed toward the three windows which lighted the bedchamber. The centre one, which reached to the floor, opened upon a small balcony. The glass sashes of this window were now wide open, and the blue silk curtains pushed aside, as if some one had passed through them precipitately.



Robelot made but two steps across the room, and passing out upon the balcony, he glanced over the iron railing, and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction when he saw that the balcony where he stood was supported

His facetiousness was disturbed by the noise of voices speaking in the chamber, and turning, he beheld four persons who had just entered the room.

The first he recognized at a glance as Placide Lamotte,



A FAIR SPINSTER.

on pillars of ornamental ironwork, which rose from a similar but much larger gallery immediately below it.

Tapping himself on the nose, the inspector said, facetiously:

"Ah, Jean Baptiste, my boy, that is the road by which he came!"

the Mayor of Rosière. The person nearest him was a tall, gray-headed man with grave dark eyes, stern but handsome features, and an expression of great intellectuality. Behind this gentleman stood a tall cadaverous figure in a long dingy black coat, holding under his arm a leather portfolio. Although it might have been possible to make

some mistake as to the profession of the two persons first described, a single glance sufficed to tell Robelot that in the fourth man he saw a confrère of the Prefecture.

This fourth stranger was young and slender, with bright black eyes, which never for a moment remained quiet, but seemed to devour everything within range with their quick, inquisitive glances.

With a muttered execration, Robelot re-entered the chamber, and advanced to meet the newcomers with something very much like the strut of an angry cock who beholds a rival on his dunghill.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Mayor Lamotte, in a quavering tone of voice, his fat, rosy cheeks blanched to a dull opaque hue, and his round, portly little body shaking with a mixture of suppressed fright and excitement. "*Mon Dieu!* Claude Lavise was not mistaken. Poor Madame la Comtesse—who would have supposed it! She was a perfect angel, Monsieur le Juge, as every one in Rosière knew—and so beautiful, too. But see then, there is Inspector Robelot, and I do not doubt, Monsieur le Juge, with his assistance we shall catch the robber, the assassin, the murderer."

The grave stranger broke in upon this flood of words, and addressing himself to Robelot, said:

"Monsieur l'Inspecteur, I am a Juge d'Instruction. My name is Henri Duchatel. I am summoned here by telegraph. A crime has been committed; you have been making examinations, and you will now furnish me with the result of your labors. *Tomas,*" he continued, turning to the tall individual whom Robelot now knew to be the judge's clerk; "seat yourself at that table, and write down what the inspector tells us."

The clerk seated himself with the utmost sang froid upon one of the magnificent chairs, and opening his greasy portfolio upon a table inlaid with pearl and ivory, prepared to write.

### CHAPTER III.

BEFORE beginning his questions, the judge glanced inquiringly at the young Englishman, who still remained at the foot of the bed, as if unable to tear himself away from the contemplation of the murdered countess.

Robelot, hastening to reply to this inquiring glance, informed the magistrate that the gentleman was a young Englishman, who had been residing some time at the chateau, and was a guest of the count's; this allusion to himself seemed to arouse George Douglass from his stupor, and coming forward, he gave his name to the judge, inquiring at the same time if his presence would interfere with the official examination. The judge bowed politely, assuring him his presence would in no way interfere with the course of justice, and begged him to be seated.

During this interval Inspector Robelot had been arranging the result of his investigations in his mind, and the judge bidding him proceed, he eagerly went on to tell everything that had transpired since the footman, Lavise, made his appearance in the police-office of Rosière.

He called the judge's attention to the condition of the furniture, and the empty jewel-casket, which he felt sure would satisfy Monsieur le Juge that the crime had been one of robbery as well as murder.

According to the best of his opinion, judging from the rigidity of the body, the crime must have been accomplished several hours before its discovery.

"If Monsieur le Juge will permit me," continued Inspector Robelot, in an oracular tone of voice, "I will say that in my judgment," and here the inspector looked with a severe stare at the young man with piercing eyes, whom

we have said before he had recognized as a confrère from the Prefecture; "in my judgment," he went on, "the affair was like this: The robber reached the small balcony upon which this opens by climbing the iron pillars; a glance will convince Monsieur le Juge of the practicability of such a mode of ascent; and I doubt not, on the examination of the ground, we shall find some traces of the villain. Having safely effected his entrance into the chamber, the robber, finding Madame la Comtesse asleep, and fearing his movements might awaken her, and expecting to obtain valuable booty, the wretch concluded to murder the sleeping woman. The deed was accomplished without hesitation, and the poor lady's death must have been instantaneous; for the dagger, as Monsieur le Juge will see, pierced the very centre of the heart. Secured by this horrible deed from all fear of interruption, the assassin, having first locked the door of the entry upon the hall, proceeded to search the different pieces of furniture, where he might suppose valuables to be concealed, and having collected everything he could lay his hands upon, even wrenching from the countess's neck the locket or medallion, the wretch made his exit by the same road by which he entered. In support of my theory, monsieur will see the condition of the chamber. The position and the expression of the features of the murdered lady proving the victim was in a deep sleep at the moment the deed was accomplished, and the slight wound on the neck made by the wrench of the gold chain, when the robber tore away the locket. We must now, in my opinion, Monsieur le Juge, search the grounds around the chateau, and I am satisfied we shall there come upon the track of the assassin."

Robelot gazed with benign superiority upon the agent of the Prefecture, who seemed to be nothing but eyes, as these were the only portions of the body that displayed the slightest emotion, their inquisitive, penetrating glances darting in every direction and never remaining a moment upon any particular object, seeming to embrace within the scope of their vision every portion of the apartment.

The judge, who had listened gravely and attentively to Robelot's statement, now turned to the agent of police from Paris, and said, inquiringly:

"You have heard the inspector's theory, Le Renard. What do you advise?"

At this name, Jean Baptiste Robelot gazed on the agent with an expression of admiring but envious respect. The soubriquet of "Renard" was a *nom de guerre* of Jules Trochard—one of the most skillful of the employés of the Prefecture.

The great man, however, seemed in no wise to presume upon his reputation, and instead of pushing himself to the front, he appeared to be willing to leave the management of the affair in the hands of the inspector.

At the direct question of the judge, he dropped his eyes, and said, in a respectful voice, that Monsieur Robelot was right, and it would be well to search the grounds without further delay.

Just as the party were leaving the room, at the door of which a gendarme had been placed, they were joined by Dr. Savart, whom the inspector hastened to present to the judge.

The doctor, in response to a question from George Douglass, replied that mademoiselle was now quiet, and sleeping peacefully.

While this conversation was going on, the party had descended to the lower floor, and made their way out into the garden, and in a few minutes were beneath the windows of the countess's chamber, whose position was easily identified by its small balcony.



A wide gravel path skirted this side of the house, but between it and the lower veranda supporting the iron pillars, which, according to Robelot, the assassin had climbed, was a small flower-bed about four feet wide, stretching the entire length of the mansion.

Eager as a hound in pursuit of game, Inspector Robelot began his search for some traces of the robber, and his exertions were soon rewarded by the discovery of four indentations in the soft soil, which he recognized as having been made by a human foot.

"See, messieurs!" he cried. "Here are his footprints."

They all pressed eagerly forward, and Le Renard, who up to this time had manifested the utmost apathy, now displayed the first signs of interest. His keen black eyes were riveted for some moments upon the footmarks, and then, without a word, he relapsed into his former indifference.

Robelot was, however, fully impressed with the importance of his discovery, and was anxious to prosecute it to a conclusion; but in spite of his most patient efforts, no further footmarks could be found. The hard gravel of the walk showed no traces, and after examining it foot by foot down to the banks of a little stream which crossed it about the middle of the ground, and over which was thrown a rustic bridge, the party returned to the spot where the footmarks were imprinted.

That these were the marks of a human foot was indisputable; and yet, after the keenest scrutiny, Robelot was obliged to admit he was unable to distinguish the toe from the heel.

"Perhaps," said Renard, with a smile, "the marks are undistinguishable because the foot has been twice placed in the same footprints in going and returning; and I think if Monsieur Robelot looks close, he will be satisfied that the marks were made by a stocking-foot."

In spite of his unwillingness to admit the superior astuteness of the agent from Paris, the inspector was forced to acquiesce in this opinion.

Having now ascertained all that it seemed possible to discover in the garden, they were returning to the house, when Dr. Savart uttered a loud exclamation, and pointing in the direction of the main avenue, along which a man was seen advancing rapidly, cried:

"The Count de Clairville!"

The party overtook the newcomer at the entrance stairs.

The Count de Clairville was a graceful, well-proportioned man, whose age could not have exceeded thirty. His hair and eyes were dark, nose aquiline and well shaped. A carefully trimmed mustache concealed the expression of his mouth. His features now expressed the most intense emotion. His cheeks were as pale as death, and large drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead; his eyes glanced uneasily from side to side, and his hands trembled nervously as Savart grasped his arm. The doctor's calmness only made the agitation of the count more apparent.

"My dear Charles," cried the doctor, "this is terrible! But endeavor, my dear friend, to control yourself. We have been making an examination, and Monsieur l'Inspecteur believes he has obtained some clew to the assassin."

These words seemed to increase the agitation of the count, and for some moments he was unable to reply. At length, having controlled himself by a great effort, he said, in a somewhat broken voice, that he had heard in the village, where he had just arrived from Paris, the terrible occurrence of the night, and covering his face with his hands, he wept convulsively.

Savart begged him to subdue his feelings, that he might

be able to assist the judge to investigate the crime; and Monsieur Duchatel, whose name the doctor now mentioned, joined in the request, assuring the count of his sincere sympathy and desire to do all he could to be of service in clearing up this terrible affair.

George Douglass and Robelot added their sympathetic appeals.

Le Renard alone remained, as usual, apathetically indifferent to the whole scene, if we except the keen glances with which he scrutinized the faces of each one of the party.

The judge now led the way up the stairs, and entering the door of the chateau, at which a gendarme had been placed to prevent the entrance or exit of any unauthorized persons, ascended to the floor above, and the whole party were soon once more at the scene of the crime.

#### CHAPTER IV.

EVERYTHING remained unchanged in the countess's chamber. To the others the sight of the dead woman had grown somewhat familiar, but with the count the whole scene was alike new and horrible. At the sight of that cold, lifeless form, his whole frame quivered with nervous convulsions, his breast heaved tumultuously, and tottering across the room, he fell on his knees by the bedside, and burying his face in the covering, burst into a paroxysm of tears. A feeling of sympathetic respect for his sorrow kept the others silent for some minutes, but at length, on a whisper from the judge, Savart interfered, and pressing his hand on De Clairville's shoulder, begged him to remember that all that could be done now was to seek to discover the author of this crime, and punish him; that the judge wished to commence with his official examination, and besought him not to allow his grief to interfere with the proceedings.

Monsieur de Clairville seemed to recognize the force of his friend's words, and allowed himself to be led to a chair near the table, where the judge's clerk had again established himself, and covered his face with his handkerchief, his tears subsiding into stifled sobs.

The rest of the party being seated, the judge desired the inspector to summon Claude Lavise, the footman who had brought the first information of the affair to Rosière, but before the young man was introduced into the room, the body of the murdered woman was covered with one of the embroidered bed-spreads.

The footman, upon being questioned, said that he had been called from the breakfast-room, where he was dusting the furniture, by Mademoiselle Justine, the countess's maid; that Justine appeared very much excited, declaring something awful had happened to her mistress, as the countess's door was locked—a very unusual occurrence—and in spite of all her rapping she could obtain no response; that Mademoiselle Marguerite shared in her alarm, and desired him to run to the police station at Rosière, to bring the police officer at once; that, fully impressed by the nervous excitement of Justine, that something terrible had happened, he made all haste to Rosière and informed Monsieur Robelot of what had occurred. This was all he knew.

Dismissing Lavise, the judge ordered Justine, the countess's maid, to be summoned.

The young woman, who soon afterward, in obedience to this summons, entered the chamber, was a petite brunette with graceful and rounded figure, small, piercing black eyes, and arched brows; profusion of jet-black hair arranged low on the forehead, and small turned-up nose. Mademoiselle Justine could not have been over twenty-five,

and her costume plainly showed she understood and estimated at their full value all the attractions of her person. She appeared very much agitated; glanced first at the white shrouded figure on the bed, and then at the group of gentlemen, and wringing her hands nervously, she gave such evident indications of being about to faint, that the doctor ran to her assistance. With his aid the girl was carried into the boudoir and placed upon the sofa. Restoratives were then sent for, and the doctor was left alone with his patient.

The delayed investigations were, however, soon resumed. After a few moments Justine re-entered, leaning on Savart's arm. She was still very pale, but appeared much more composed, and a chair having been placed for her, she seated herself, and signified her readiness to reply to the judge's questions.

When had she last seen Madame la Comtesse?

Justine replied that madame had sought her chamber about half-past nine; that as usual she had assisted her to disrobe; had seen madame retire to her couch, and arranged on the table a reading lamp, and a carafe of water. On bidding madame good-night, and inquiring for orders, the countess had desired that she might be called at an early hour, as she intended driving to Rosière before breakfast.

The maid went on to say that at the last, when she left the room, Madame de Clairville was cutting the leaves of a small book with which she had retired to bed, it being her usual custom to read for some time before she slept. She then closed the door and went to her own apartment. The door of the countess's chamber was certainly not locked when she left.

When at an early hour, in obedience to her mistress's command, she sought an entrance to madame's chamber, she found it fastened. At first this had not alarmed her, but when, some time after, she again attempted to enter, and still found the door locked, and rapping with all her strength could obtain no reply, was finally overcome with terror, and ran to Mademoiselle de Clairville's room to inform her of what had transpired. Her first words, for some reason, appeared to produce an intense alarm in Mademoiselle de Clairville, who, wrung her hands wildly, and murmured some words she (Justine) did not catch; that she thought Mademoiselle de Clairville was about to faint, but, overcoming this by a violent effort, the young lady bade her (Justine) dispatch a messenger to Rosière for the police, saying, with a groan, she believed something awful had happened to the countess; that thereupon she had sent Claude Lavise, the footman, on his errand.

"Is that all, mademoiselle, you know of the affair?"

For some cause this simple question, asked in the grave voice of the judge, seemed to confuse the young woman; her lips trembled slightly and her hands clasped tightly together. After a moment, however, she replied in the affirmative, in rather a feeble voice.

At this moment the agent from Paris, Le Renard, leaned over and touched the judge's shoulder; having thus attracted his attention, he whispered a few words in the magistrate's ear.

"When you left the countess's chamber last night you say that the door of entry from the hall was unlocked. Can you tell me whether the other two doors opening on madame's chamber were fastened or unfastened?"

Justine looked up in some surprise at this question.

"The door of the boudoir and that of Monsieur le Comte's private chamber were both unlocked."

At this statement of the maid, Inspector Robelot raised his head with a gesture of surprise, at which Trochard

smiled faintly, and again whispered into the magistrate's ear.

"You are sure, mademoiselle," said the judge, "that both the door of the boudoir and the count's chamber were unlocked?"

"Perfectly certain, monsieur," replied Justine. "I even closed the count's door myself."

"The count had left the chateau early in the evening?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Juge, about six o'clock."

This time the maid again appeared slightly embarrassed.

For the third time Le Renard addressed himself to the judge, who thereupon informed the witness she might withdraw for the present.

No sooner had the girl left the chamber than the judge turned to the count and his two friends, and asked to be left alone with the police agents.

The count, whose agitation appeared undiminished, and who still kept his handkerchief to his face, rose without any reply, and allowed Dr. Savart to lead him from the apartment, followed by George Douglass and the Mayor of Rosière. The three officers of the law were left alone in the chamber of the murdered woman.

"Now, Monsieur le Juge," said the agent from Paris, suddenly throwing off his indifference, "you have heard Inspector Robelot's theory; permit me to say that this affair begins to show signs of complication. First, the countess's maid, Justine, knows something she is keeping back from us. You must have noticed, monsieur, the embarrassment the girl twice displayed during the examination. Then there is Mademoiselle de Clairville's strange alarm at so apparently an unimportant thing as the fact that Madame la Comtesse's door should be locked at an early hour in the morning; and lastly, for the present, we have the statement of the maid that the door leading into the private chamber of Count de Clairville was unlocked when she left the countess's chamber last night."

"It is, however, fastened now," interrupted Robelot.

"Yes, monsieur," replied Renard; "but will you say whether or not it was fastened by the murderer?"

This appeared to puzzle Robelot, and before he could reply the other went on:

"You will notice, Monsieur le Juge, that every article of furniture in this room has been searched, from one end to the other, and yet Madame la Comtesse's jewel-case was plainly visible to the thief's first glance; but, not content with examining places that he must have known no valuables could be kept in, he has even gone over the entire contents of the *escritoire*. You ask me what conclusions I draw from this. Well, I will tell you, monsieur: I think the thief was looking for something besides valuables—something he wanted so badly that he has examined every paper in the cabinet. You see, many of them are scattered about," and bending down, Trochard picked up several of the papers which were lying upon the floor; one of these lay near the door of the count's private chamber, and Le Renard stooped to pick it up, but no sooner had his fingers touched the paper than he uttered a loud exclamation. "See, Monsieur le Juge," he exclaimed, excitedly, "this paper is caught under the door; this could only have happened in closing it. This door, which we now find fastened, has been opened and shut since Mademoiselle Justine left the countess's room. I think, monsieur, that Inspector Robelot will admit that it could have been none but the assassin who fastened this door; the key is on the other side, and if the door is merely locked, the count's apartment must have been entered, and it is there we must now seek for some clew to the mystery."



Whilst speaking, he pulled the paper from beneath the doorway, and rising, was about to lay it upon the esecritoire, when he suddenly became as motionless as a statue, his face paling to the hue of death, and his whole person exhibiting signs of the strangest excitement.

The judge, Robelot and the clerk gazed with wondering eyes upon the agitated countenance of Le Renard, who, suddenly rendered speechless, could only reply to their inquiring glances by pointing to what he held in his hand.



THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

## CHAPTER V.

The object placed in the judge's hand was an envelope of coarse, white paper. On it the judge read: "Monsieur le Comte de Clairville," written evidently by the hand of a lady.

This clue seemed for the time to paralyze the three searchers. We say three, because time and wide experience of crime had made Tomas, the judge's clerk, utterly impassive to all excitement. He was, in fact, a mere writing machine, and now sat munching an apple he had drawn from the pocket of his rusty coat, his callidulous features entirely void of expression.

At length Inspector Robelet broke the silence with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"After all, Monsieur le Juge, with due respect for Monsieur Trochard's skill, I cannot see anything so very wonderful in the discovery of an envelope addressed to the Count de Clairville in Madame la Comtesse's room."

"True," replied Le Renard, with a smile; "but if you look closer, you will see that this envelope was received at Rosière at five o'clock yesterday evening—here is the stamp of the post-office to prove this. Now, Dr. Savart informed Monsieur Robelet, as he told us, that the count left the chateau at six o'clock yesterday evening, only one hour after the time at which this envelope was received at the post-office at Rosière."

"What then?" exclaimed Robelet. "Is it impossible that Monsieur le Comte should have had an interview with madame before leaving the chateau, and dropped the envelope at that time?"

"Very possible," replied his confrère; "but in the meantime do not let us delay examining the count's chamber, as we have decided that this door of communication was fastened after Justino left the apartment of the comtesse, and there seems no reason to doubt that it could only have been the assassin who fastened it. There is an entrance from the hall. Will you pass around that way, Monsieur l'Inspecteur, and open this door of communication?" Robelet was gone in a moment, but returned almost as quickly, and announced that the hall door was also fastened. "Then we must again make use of the locksmith," cried the agent from Paris, who now seemed to enter with all his heart into his work. "Call him in, or rather borrow his nippers. The key is in the lock of the door, and I can do the job myself."

The inspector complied with the command, for he, too, was beginning to be considerably excited. Quickly returning, he handed the instrument to Renard, who, inserting it in the keyhole with all the ease of an artist, quickly opened the door.

The room which they now entered presented nothing unusual in appearance. It was a small bedchamber, handsomely furnished, but easily identified as an apartment belonging to one of the male sex. All the little nick-nacks peculiar to a lady's bedchamber were wanting in this. The condition of the bed indicated that it had not been occupied the past night, nor was there the slightest evidence that any of the pieces of furniture in this room had been searched. On examination, the door opening on the hall was found locked—the key, however, had been removed.

"There is, after all," said the inspector, "literally nothing."

"I don't know," replied Renard, whose eyes had been devouring every portion of the room. "See here," he cried, dropping on his knees before the fireplace and pointing to the hearth. "What are these?"

"Ashes," answered his confrère.

"Yes, ashes—paper ashes. Some one has been burning paper in this room."

"That is true," said Monsieur Duchatel, who up to this time had been a silent but very attentive listener. "I will now summon the servant who has charge of the count's room, and we will then be able to ascertain whether there were ashes here when he locked the door last night. Let us return to the other room, as there seems to be nothing more of importance here."

Trochard followed the other two men as if reluctant to leave the apartment. Passing through the doorway, his sharp eyes fell upon the white porcelain door-knob.

"By heavens, Monsieur le Juge," he cried, seizing that gentleman, who was slightly in advance, by the arm. "There is blood on the knob of this door, and see! it is the inner knob."

Both Robelet and the judge hastened to examine the spot, and were soon satisfied of the correctness of Trochard's assertion.

"You are right," said Monsieur Duchatel, "but where did this blood come from? there was none on the person of the countess."

The only answer the other made was to hurry to the bed and remove the covering from the murdered woman.

"You are wrong, monsieur. See, here is a trace of blood on the hilt of the dagger; it is very faint, but here it is, plain enough, and I should say from its position, that the blood-stain was upon the thumb of the assassin."

Monsieur Duchatel satisfied himself as to the correctness of the agent's statement. His face became more grave and serious than ever. Then, after a moment's thought, he said to Inspector Robelet:

"Have the Comte de Clairville's valet brought here at once," and so saying, he returned to the table, where Tomas was still munching his apple.

The inspector himself left the chamber to execute the order he had received, and Trochard had barely time to re-cover the body and return to his place behind the judge when Robelet re-entered, accompanied by a young man attired in plain black clothes, who bore unmistakably the stamp of a confidential servant.

"This is the count's valet, Monsieur le Juge."

Duchatel looked at the young man for a moment silently, then asked, in a low tone:

"When you locked the count's bedchamber-door last night, did you notice whether Monsieur de Clairville had been burning papers in his fireplace?"

"Pardon me, monsieur," replied the young man, respectfully; "I did not lock the door of the count's room."

"Then, if you were not the last person in the count's room last night, perhaps some other person may have fastened the door?"

"Impossible, monsieur. I remained in the count's chamber until madame retired to her apartment, when I left it, closing the door behind me. The key was on the inner side of the door."

"And the papers which the count burned?"

"There were no papers burnt when I left the apartment. Monsieur le Comte left Clairville at six last evening. After his departure, I saw to the arrangement of the chamber. At that time there were no ashes in the grate."

"But before the count left he had an interview with madame?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"When did that interview take place?"

"Immediately before leaving the chateau my master came from Madame la Comtesse's chamber through the



door of communication, and informed me that business would take him to Paris, and might possibly keep him there until next day. He left the room, and, immediately after, the chateau."

"Did you notice anything peculiar about the appearance of the count?"

The valet hesitated, and seemed confused; but the judge, fixing his penetrating glance upon him, he at length replied, in a rather broken tone, that the count appeared considerably agitated.

The judge paused a moment, then inquired of the young man whether he had heard anything that had passed in the interview between madame and the count.

The valet replied, eagerly:

"No, monsieur. The door of communication was closed. I could hear nothing."

"Do you think any one else could have heard what passed between the countess and her husband?"

"I do not know, monsieur. Perhaps Mademoiselle Justine, the countess's maid——"

Here the valet stopped, as the judge's attention was distracted by Renard bending over and whispering in his ear.

"Then," exclaimed Monsieur Duchatel, again addressing himself to the witness, "you are positively certain that when you left the count's bedroom the key to the door of entry to the hall was on the inner side of the lock, and the door itself unlocked?"

Just as the man was about to answer, the sound of a key turning in the lock of the next room was heard. The judge started violently to his feet, and Inspector Robelot, almost unable to control his excitement, glanced at Trochard, who, without any other evidence of emotion than a slight smile, rose quietly, and walking to the door of communication between the two bedchambers, said:

"It is only the Count de Clairville. Perhaps we had better shut this door; and, suiting the action to the word, he closed it. "I think, Monsieur le Juge," continued the agent, as he returned to the table, "we may now dismiss this young man; and if he will be kind enough to send Mademoiselle Justine, we can continue with her evidence."

Upon the departure of the valet, Monsieur Trochard, assuming an air of the utmost gravity, said, significantly:

"Now, monsieur, what do you think of it? You have my idea of the case."

"I greatly fear," replied the magistrate, "that your suspicions are correct."

"And here comes Mademoiselle Justine to make you certain."

The door opened while he was speaking, and the waiting-maid entered, this time without much trepidation.

"Mademoiselle," said the judge, quietly, and at the same time pointing to a chair, "be kind enough to tell us how much you heard of the interview that took place between madame and the count immediately before his leaving Clairville last evening."

This sudden question produced a marked effect upon the girl; her face grew as pale as death, and trembling violently, she sank upon the chair. For some moments she could not master her emotions enough to speak, but at length replied, faintly:

"Very little, monsieur."

"Where were you at the time the interview took place?"

"I was in the bedchamber of madame, when the count entered it. He made me a sign to withdraw, and I left the room, and going into the boudoir, placed myself near the front window."

"And you heard?"

The girl again trembled convulsively, and made no reply.

"Speak, mademoiselle," said the magistrate, seriously. "What did you hear?"

"I—I—heard nothing until the very last, when the count raised his voice very high, and then I only caught a few words——"

"What were they?"

"Monsieur de Clairville said, 'If that were so, I should kill you.'"

Here the girl's courage gave way, and covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. The judge waited until she had recovered her composure, and then asked her if she had communicated what she had heard to any other person in the chateau.

Justine answered yes, she had told Mademoiselle Marguerite de Clairville.

"And that was the reason, I suppose," said Monsieur Duchatel, "why both you and Mademoiselle de Clairville were so much alarmed this morning, when you found the countess's chamber locked, and could not obtain admission?"

The girl made an affirmative movement of the head.

"That will do, mademoiselle," said the magistrate.

"You can now retire. I must caution you, however, not to speak of what has taken place here to any one."

Monsieur Trochard assisted Justine, who seemed entirely overcome with her emotions, to leave the apartment, and then returning, said, in a firm voice:

"Now, Monsieur le Juge, I ask for a warrant to arrest the Count de Clairville for the murder of his wife."

## CHAPTER VI.

THE astounding demand of the detective fell like a thunderbolt upon his hearers; both the judge and the inspector had for some time seen the direction that his ideas were taking, but at this bold declaration of the count's guilt they were so overpowered at the magnitude of the charge as to be for a time literally speechless.

Monsieur Duchatel rose to his feet and paced the chamber for some time, absorbed in the deepest meditation. He broke the silence at last, addressing himself to Renard.

"I cannot go so far as that, Trochard. After all, what we have discovered is not enough, in my mind, to authorize so grave a proceeding as to arrest a man of the Count de Clairville's position. Our evidence is entirely circumstantial, and might be explained away." He took another tour up and down the apartment, and continued: "No, I must have more certainty before I make out this warrant."

"On what points does Monsieur le Juge require further proof?" inquired the agent, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

The judge considered for a moment, and then answered:

"It seems to me your case is about this: First, the Count de Clairville has an angry interview with his wife, in the course of which he is heard by the maid-servant, Justine, to threaten the countess's life. The count leaves the chateau at six in the evening, and is not known to have returned to it until late next morning, he being supposed to be in Paris during this absence. Secondly, the doors of the count's bedchamber are found locked, although the valet testifies to having left them unfastened on retiring for the night, several hours after the departure of the count; moreover, an envelope is found tightly wedged underneath the door of communication to

madame's chamber, and the envelope is addressed to the Count de Clairville. A blood-stain is found on the inner knob of the same door, and traces are left in the hearth of the count's room, showing that some one had been burning papers there, although the valet testified to there being no ashes in the grate when he left the room. And finally, Monsieur de Clairville has just unlocked the door of entry to his room; that door which, according to his valet, was unfastened, and the key of which was left in the lock on the inner side, several hours after the count's departure for Paris. It seems to me this is all we have discovered, so far."

"True, Monsieur le Juge," replied Trochard; "and it appears to me a pretty clear case. What more can you desire?"

"What, then, do you make of the stolen jewels, Le Renard? and the footprints below the window of madame's room? Do you think Monsieur le Comte climbed into his wife's chamber by one of the iron pillars, as Inspector Robelot supposed the robber did? and if not, how do you think the crime was accomplished?"

Trochard considered for a moment, and then looking at Inspector Robelot, replied:

"This is my theory of the affair: The Count de Clairville received yesterday evening a letter which arrived at Rosière by the five o'clock mail; this letter, it appears, must have caused the count considerable anxiety, or greatly irritated him. Immediately on its receipt he had an interview with his wife, which the maid declares to have been an excited one, and to have closed with the declaration on the part of the count that, if something were true, he would not hesitate to kill her. He then left the chateau, and was not seen until the next morning. So much is proved by positive testimony. The balance of my theory is only supported by circumstantial evidence, yet, in my mind, these circumstances leave not a shadow of a doubt. I think the count went to Paris in response to the letter he received yesterday evening; that he there obtained the proof of that something of which he had spoken to the countess when he threatened her life; that he returned by the night train, and arrived here somewhere near midnight; that he admitted himself to the house by some means, probably a latch-key, and entered the countess's chamber, and, as he had threatened, killed her. Having accomplished this awful deed, he searched madame's furniture for something which I conclude to have been letters or papers of importance; this is proved by the care with which the countess's *escritoire* was examined, every paper having been carefully scanned. Having obtained what he sought for, as I think, he re-entered his own apartment, and there burnt the documents; no sooner were these papers consumed than the fury that urged him to the commission of the crime gave place to the natural horror and fear which follows close on such an act. No doubt he intended to leave the chateau in the same manner by which he entered, but now terror took possession of him, the fear of discovery overpowered all other ideas, and with the instinct of a hunted beast he thought of nothing but concealment. When a man commits such a crime as this, Monsieur le Juge, and the desire to avoid discovery arises in his mind, what is the first thought that presents itself to him? I answer you, Monsieur le Juge: In nine cases out of ten the assassin endeavors to conceal himself under the cloak of the robber. The count followed the usual course. Afraid to venture into the hall of the chateau, he locked the door of his room, and in his excitement—scarcely knowing, perhaps, what he did—placed the key in his pocket; returning quickly to the chamber of his murdered victim, he

removed the countess's jewels, which, I conclude, were all in the jewel-case on the table; passing out by the window which opens on the small balcony, he took off his shoes, and sliding down by the post which Inspector Robelot pointed out, he reached the graveled walk, leaving but two impressions of feet in the flower-bed, and these I conclude he made unrecognizable by stepping both ways; once upon the gravel walk his tracks were lost. This, monsieur, is my idea of the case, and it is for you to say what part remains unproved to your satisfaction."

"You make a strong case, Monsieur Trochard," said the judge. "But it seems to me that we need proof that the letter was the cause of the count's angry interview with his wife. We also need more evidence that the robbery was a mere feint to cover the assassination. I conclude that it is impossible to obtain positive proof of the count's having entered the chateau at midnight, as you have supposed."

"I don't know, Monsieur le Juge; it would strengthen the case if we found out that the count had a latch-key. Then, as to the effect of the letter: that, I suppose, may be discovered from the servant who delivered it. As to the stolen jewels, my experience in such cases leads me to believe that if we search the grounds around the chateau closely, all doubts on this point may be settled. Go, then, you and Inspector Robelot, and search the grounds. I will examine the servant who delivered the letter to the count, and interrogate him in your absence."

Trochard and the inspector left the room to execute the mission confided to them.

The agent from Paris stopped at the doorway to throw out the suggestion that it might be well to ascertain to whom belonged the weapon with which the murder had been committed.

In passing through the crowd of servants who still remained congregated in the front hall, eagerly discussing the occurrence, Trochard easily discovered the footman who had delivered the fatal letter to the count.

Passing out by the entrance-door at which the gendarme still stood on guard, the two detectives quickly made their way to the gravel walk. The footmarks were again examined with the utmost attention, and the walks scrutinized inch by inch, Robelot working in the direction of the entrance-gate to the chateau, and Trochard toward the little rustic bridge which crossed the stream that flowed through the middle of the grounds. The search for a long time was fruitless, but at length the agent from Paris discovered something which induced him to call his confrère to join him.

The gravel walk exhibited no traces, but just on the edge of the little stream near the side of the bridge where the ground was somewhat softer, appeared several indentations, which, when closely viewed, proved to be portions of a footprint made by a stocking foot.

"Do you know what I think, Monsieur Robelot?" cried Le Renard, excitedly. "I believe our search is at an end. Madame la Comtesse's jewels are there"—and he pointed to the centre of the little stream. "I will return to Monsieur Duchatel, whilst you have these waters dragged—take special care to hunt beneath the bridge. I will send one of the gendarmes to assist you." And hurrying away, he returned to the chateau, ordered the gendarme at the door to report to the inspector, and made his way back to the judge.

"You are right, Monsieur Trochard," said the magistrate, as Le Renard entered the room. "I have just examined the servant who delivered the letter to the Count de Clairville, and from him I have learned that the count broke it open in his presence. On reading it he appeared



so much excited that the servant was absolutely frightened. The count's face, so the man declares, grew deathly pale, and his voice scarcely recognizable; when immediately on having perused the letter, he ordered him to ascertain if Madame la Comtesse was in her boudoir."

"Call the doctor."

The agent complied, and without waiting a moment. the judge, immediately on the entrance of the young man, demanded:

"Doctor, you have seen the dagger with which Madame



MY PETS.

"We need, then, only the discovery of the missing jewels?" asked the police agent.

"And the dagger," replied Duchatel.

"Doctor Savart has seen the body—he is the Count de Clairville's intimate friend. We can perhaps ascertain from him to whom this weapon belongs. If, as I suppose, it is the property of the Count——"

do Clairville was murdered. Did you ever see it before, and do you know to whom it belongs?"

The pale face of the doctor exhibited no signs of emotion, except a slight twitching of his black brows.

"It belonged to the Count de Clairville," he said, in a low voice. "It is an antique, and Madame la Comtesse was in the habit of using it to cut the leaves of her books."

"Thanks, monsieur," said the magistrate. "You may withdraw; we will need your professional services later on, to certify as to the cause of death."

At this moment the door was pushed violently open, and Inspector Robelot entered the chamber, carrying in his hand a bundle tied up in a dripping handkerchief, from which the water trickled upon the blue-and-white matting.

"You are right from beginning to end, Monsieur Trochard," he said, emphatically, placing the bundle on the table at which the judge's clerk was writing. "Here are the missing jewels. They were found in the little stream, as you supposed, immediately beneath the bridge."

Whilst speaking he unfastened the handkerchief, and exhibited them.

"And see, too, monsieur," he continued, "this handkerchief bears a cipher—two C's interlaced—Charles de Clairville."

Scarcely was this name pronounced when the door communicating between the rooms was thrown open, and the Count de Clairville appeared on the threshold, his face pallid, his form trembling.

Trochard looked at the judge, inquiringly; Monsieur Duchatel made an affirmative motion of his head, and the police agent, stepping forward, laid his hand on the shoulder of the count, and said, in a firm voice:

"Monsieur de Clairville, I arrest you."

#### CHAPTER VII.

The first shock of arrest over, the Count de Clairville seemed not wholly unprepared for what had happened. His agitation was still great, but only exhibited itself in the pallor of his countenance, and a slight convulsive movement of his lips. For some moments he vainly struggled to speak, but at length succeeded in mastering his emotion.

"Monsieur le Juge," he cried, raising his hand to heaven, "as God is my judge, I am innocent of this crime. By all my hopes of salvation, I swear it! It is true, I returned to the chateau last night, and made my way to this chamber without any one seeing me; but I solemnly affirm that my wife, the Countess de Clairville, had been murdered long before the time of my arrival at the chateau, and——"

"Monsieur de Clairville," interrupted the judge, "I advise you to be careful. Remember, you are speaking to a judge. What you are now saying is being taken down by my clerk. It will be for you to prove your innocence, and I trust you may succeed; but at present the case is so strong against you that I cannot hesitate to authorize this arrest. You will be conveyed to Paris immediately."

"Monsieur," replied the count, "you but do your duty. Still, I shall esteem it a great favor if you will allow me a last interview with my sister. You cannot understand how priceless to a man in my situation is the sympathy of one who, under all circumstances, would believe him guiltless; and I feel sure, if none others should have faith in my innocence, Marguerite will never doubt me."

"And I, too, Charles," said Savart, advancing and offering his hand—"I, too, believe you to be innocent of this crime; and I say to Monsieur le Juge that it is simply preposterous to suppose you could ever have done such a deed."

"Gentlemen, this recrimination is useless," answered Duchatel. "I am, however, willing to do all I can for the count, and if he desires to see mademoiselle, I will allow him an interview; but it must be in my presence."

"I accept, with thanks, monsieur—only begging you will permit my friend, Dr. Savart, to be present."

"I can see no objection; and if Monsieur le Docteur will inform mademoiselle of your wish, the interview can be held in the salon. In the meanwhile, you must make your preparations to leave immediately on its conclusion."

"Sir," said the count, "I am ready now. I need no preparations. Go, Paul—go, my dear fellow, and fetch Marguerite. Now, monsieur," he continued, when the doctor had left the apartment, "I am at your service."

Turning to the police agent, the judge handed him a paper which the clerk had just filled out, and said:

"Monsieur Trochard, immediately on the conclusion of the interview which I have granted Monsieur de Clairville, you will convey him to the Central House in Paris, to await further examination."

The detective took the paper without other reply than a low bow.

"Come, sir," said the magistrate to the count; and together they left the apartment, followed by Le Renard.

The salon of the chateau was on the lower floor, and entering it, Monsieur Duchatel and the count seated themselves to await the coming of Mademoiselle de Clairville, the vigilant Trochard establishing himself outside of the door.

The interval of suspense was not of long duration. Marguerite soon entered, closely followed by Paul Savart. The young girl exhibited signs of deep grief. Her beautiful eyes were red with traces of prolonged weeping; her brown hair hung loose and disheveled. All thought of conventionality was forgotten. Her slender form was still clothed in the low muslin *robe de chambre* in which she had appeared to Inspector Robelot when he first entered the chateau. Her bosom heaved tumultuously as she threw herself into her brother's arms, crying:

"Oh, Charles, Charles! my poor brother! how could they accuse you of such a crime? It is not true—no, it is not so!"

"Marguerite," replied the count, laying his hand upon the girl's head, and gazing down into her tear-stained eyes, raised to his, and beaming with the light of a pure confidence, "you, at least, will never doubt me."

"No, no, my brother," sobbed the poor girl, pressing him still closer to her bosom.

"That is well, my dear Marguerite. You do me but justice; and, thank God, here is Paul, too, who still has faith in me—faith, in spite of all; and, alas! my dear Marguerite, the evidence against me is terrible."

"But Paul would never believe them," interrupted Mademoiselle de Clairville, raising her beautiful face, upon which a faint blush was now visible, "Paul could never be false to you."

"Then you trust in Paul Savart, my dear sister?" said the young man, smiling faintly at the vehement manner in which the girl's protestations were uttered. Marguerite's face was again hidden on his shoulder, and taking this as an answer, he went on, in a low voice, "My dear, Paul asked me yesterday for your hand in marriage. Would you wish me to say Yes?"

"Oh, Charles, Charles, is this a time to speak on such a subject?"

"Yes, my sister," answered the count. "We are alone in the world, and I for some time—God knows how long—must be an inmate of a prison, with a terrible fate overhanging my future. Who will protect you in my absence? Let me place your hand in that of my friend Paul, and give myself the consolation of knowing that my dear Marguerite is not left alone and unprotected."

Mademoiselle de Clairville made no reply, but suffered



the count to place her hand in that of Dr. Savart, who stepped forward to receive it.

"Paul, my brother," he cried, in a solemn voice, fixing his eyes on the pale face of the young doctor, "I intrust my priceless treasure to your care. Promise me by all you hold sacred to guard her from every harm."

"I will, so help me heaven!" said Paul, pressing the small white hand he held in his.

"Take her, then," continued the count, and placing the young girl in the arms of her lover, he bent down and pressed a kiss upon her pallid cheek. "Now, Monsieur le Juge, I am yours," and following Duchatel, he left the apartment.

For some moments after the departure of the count, Dr. Savart strove in vain to assuage the paroxysms of grief which convulsed the form of his lovely betrothed. Vainly did he call upon her in the most endearing terms to endeavor to control her emotions. The tears gushed in torrents from her beautiful eyes, and the slender form he held so tightly pressed to his own quivered with an agony she could not repress.

But suddenly, in the midst of her sobs, a new idea seized upon her, and raising her head, she fixed her eyes upon her lover's face, her whole countenance now glowing with the strength of a high resolve.

"Paul," she cried, "my brother is innocent. I know it—I feel it. It must be for us to prove his innocence. I am only a weak, helpless woman, but you are strong and wise. It will be your duty to clear my brother's name from this odious cloud. You will not fail me?" she continued, observing a slight expression of hesitation upon the face of the young man. "No one can save him but you. I know not why, but I feel in my heart that you know he is guiltless. I care not what may be the evidence against him, it cannot be true. Say, now, my love, you will help me in this awful moment. What! You still hesitate? Hear me, then"—and wildly tearing herself from his arms, she fell upon her knees, and raising her clasped hands above her head, cried, "Paul Savart, I swear that I will never marry any man on earth until my brother, fully vindicated of all taint of this vile crime, shall himself lead me to the altar!"

"Marguerite—oh, Marguerite," exclaimed the doctor, his whole countenance torn by a storm of contending emotions, "you know not what you ask of me! Retract that oath, which may part us for ever. I believe Charles is innocent; but, oh! my beloved, how can I prove him guiltless in the face of the overwhelming evidence that rises up against him?"

"I know not, I care not," cried Mademoiselle de Clairville, wringing her hands nervously; "but, oh! save him—save him, and the devotion of a lifetime would seem but small payment!"

"Marguerite, Marguerite, I promise."

"Swear it, then!" cried the girl, drawing him down upon his knees beside her.

"I swear it by our love, and as you hope for happiness hereafter. I swear it by all that is true!" he answered.

"Go, then, Paul. Every moment may be of importance. Leave me here to pray for the success of your efforts in Charles's behalf."

As the young man rose from his knees, a loud knock sounded upon the door, and without waiting for a reply, it was opened, and one of the gendarmes appeared in the entrance.

"Dr. Savart, Monsieur le Juge, desires your presence."

"Farewell, Paul," exclaimed Mademoiselle de Clairville, pressing the young man's hand with both her own.

"Go, and remember your promise, and may God assist you to its fulfillment!"

Savart bent over the kneeling form, kissed the beautiful face raised to his so imploringly, and murmuring "Adieu!" followed the man out of the salon.

(To be Continued.)

## THE ORIGIN OF TOBACCO.

THERE has been not a little research—certainly as much as the matter deserves—in regard to the first discovery and use of tobacco, but the subject is still enveloped in the clouds and smoke of uncertainty.

It has been claimed that the use of tobacco was known in China from very remote antiquity, as it has been very extensively cultivated there and in Japan, and in some of the oldest pieces of carving and porcelain paintings much the same pipe as that now used by the Chinese in smoking tobacco is represented. Some conjecture that the North American Indians emigrated from Asia by way of Behring Straits to the American Continent, bringing tobacco and certain Asiatic customs with them.

The name tobacco, or tobago, is variously derived; by some from Tabacco, a province of Yucatan; by others from Tobago, one of the Carib Islands; by a few from Tobasco, in the Gulf of Florida; by Humboldt, from the Carib name of the tube or pipe in which the Caribs smoke the herb, and which name he thinks the early discoverers of the West Indies transferred to the plant itself, and disseminated through all Europe. When Columbus came he found the red men smoking the pipe, and he is smoking it yet, though it is not always the calumet or pipe of peace. He found some tribes who made the weed into cylindrical rolls and smoked these, wrapped in strips of maize leaf.

Had the use of tobacco been common in China, even from remote antiquity, as some claim, it seems very probable that its use would have spread from there to other nations, especially when we remember with what rapidity it extended after its discovery in this country, four centuries ago. And this rapid spread was despite the efforts of Kings, Popes and Sultans to prevent it. King James I., of England, issued a "Counterblaste of Tobacco," declaiming against it as "loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, hurtful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fumes thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." Popes Urban VIII. and Innocent XI. fulminated against it the thunders of the Church, and priests and Sultans of Turkey declared smoking a crime; Amurath IV. punished its use by the most cruel deaths, the pipes of the smokers being thrust through their noses; and in Russia, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, the noses of the smokers were cut off. But in spite of all this, the use of tobacco rapidly increased wherever introduced.

## THE DEEPEST COAL MINE.

THE deepest coal mine in America is the Pottsville, in Pennsylvania. The shaft is 1,576 feet deep. From its bottom, almost a third of a mile down, 200 cars, holding four tons each, are lifted every day. They are run upon a platform, and the whole weight of six tons is hoisted at a speed that makes the head swim, the time occupied in lifting a full car being only a little more than a minute. The hoisting and lowering of men into coal mines is regulated by law in Pennsylvania, and only ten can stand on a platform at once, under penalty of a heavy fine. However,

carelessness cannot be prevented, and unaccustomed visitors are appalled by it.

"A person of weak nerves," says a correspondent, "should not brave the ordeal by descending Pottsville shaft. The machinery works as smoothly as a hotel ele-

of the upper day the transition to darkness is fantastic. The light does not pass into gloom in the same fashion as our day merges into night, but there is a kind of phosphorescent glow, gradually becoming dimmer and dimmer. Half way down you pass, with a roar and sudden crash,

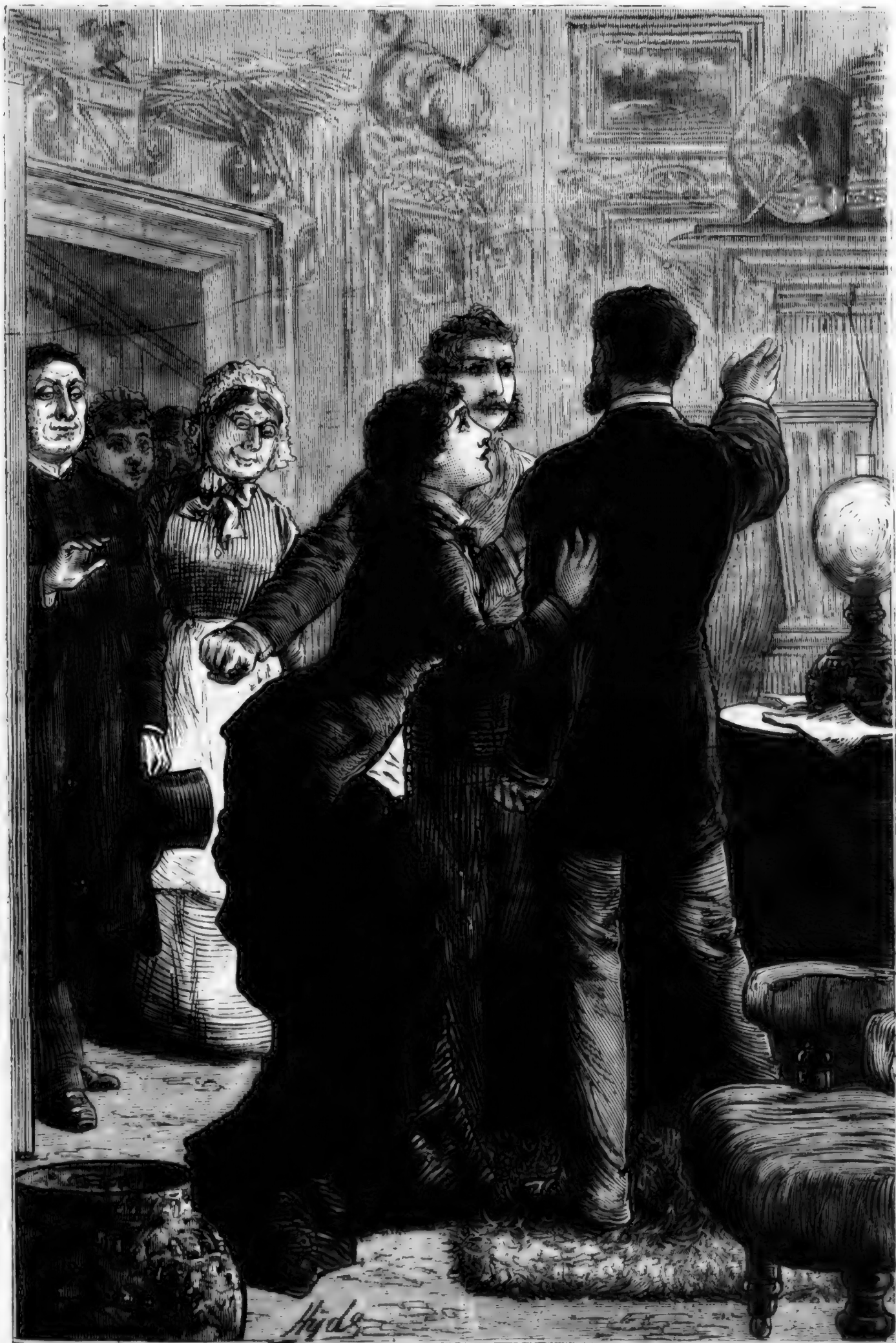


A SHELTER FROM THE STORM.

vator, but the speed is so terrific that one seems falling through the air. The knees after a few seconds become weak and tremulous, the ears ring as the drums of these organs are forced inward by the air pressure, and the eyes shut involuntarily as the beams of the shaft seem to dash upward only a foot or two away. As one leaves the light

the ascending car; and at last, after what seems several minutes, but is only a fraction of that time, the platform begins to slow up, halts at a gate, and through it you step into a crowd of creatures with the shapes of men, but with the blackened faces, the glaring eyes and wild physiognomies of fiends."





ROMEO ON ICE. — "ARE YOU HER HUSBAND, OR DO YOU INTEND TO MARRY HER?" PERSISTED THIS MEDDLESOME MARPLOT. 'I'LL MARRY HER TWENTY TIMES OVER, IF I CHOOSE!' CRIED I."—SEE NEXT PAGE.  
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## A FIRELIGHT FANCY.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

A SUMMER fancy waves its wand  
Through Winter's twilight dreaming,  
And with enchanted eyes I see  
The June sun's glory streaming.  
Through space of shimmering azure air,  
Cloud-gemmed in pearly hazes,  
The sunbeams dazzle, white and gold,  
Across a field of daisies.

Outside the keen wind reckless shouts,  
And hurls the snow, on-driven,  
Down ice-clad streets, past shuddering trees,  
Beneath the starless heaven.  
Yet fancy paints sweet Summer scenes,  
Of forest's leafy mazes,  
And gentle zephyrs swaying soft  
Across a field of daisies.

Within, the firelight vivid glows,  
From coals whose lustre golden  
Was garnered from the sun that shone  
In ages strange and olden,  
Perchance in those forgotten days  
This light that burns and blazes,  
In splendid sunshine flashed and flamed  
Across a field of daisies.

All Summer goes, but Summer comes,  
Pale Winter tires of snowing,  
The fires her heart gives redly back  
A vanished Summer's glowing.  
And soon shall Summer light again  
The season's changing phases,  
And sunbeams dazzle, white and gold,  
Across a field of daisies.

## ROMEO ON ICE.

BY SPENCER W. CONE.

I ASK leave to make a preliminary remark. I was a bachelor—was, alas! Frank Burt is one of my particular friends. He is rather younger than I am, and foolishly disposed to exaggerate the disparity in our ages. I pardon him the weakness, however, because, though a thought flighty, he is really an agreeable fellow, and because, in my character of a confirmed woman-hater, it is of no consequence whatever.

Last Winter, Frank bolted into my room with a rush, as usual. He stared blankly at me for a moment, then threw himself upon the lounge and gnawed at the corner of his mustache. The rascal is handsome enough, and knows it. His vanity, however, is of the mild type. From his gloomy look, I supposed it had been injured.

"What's the matter with you now Frank?" said I.

"Trout," said he—my name is Troutman. It very seldom gets the last syllable accorded to it, however. The young fellows who smoke my cigars and borrow my money have so fixed the undignified abbreviation on me that strangers would naturally suppose I was a fish, and lived in an aquarium, instead of being a bachelor of thirty-five, with a snug fortune, and too wide-awake to bite at a hook baited with one of the perfidious sex.

"Trout," said he; "I am in love."

"For the fortieth time," said I, with an amiable sneer.

"No," said Frank. "For the first time in my life—really, truly, sincerely in love."

"Name?" said I.

"Mary," he sighed.

"Ah!" said I, "Mary who had a little——"

"Trout," he interrupted, "if you mention that little lamb I'll butcher you on the spot."

"In the fourth ode of his Second Book," said I, "Horace beseeches his friend Xanthias Phocæus not to let his passion for his chambermaid make him blush."

"Who the mischief was talking about chambermaids?" cried Frank, growing very red in the face.

"Every chambermaid who is not named Jane is named Mary," said I, imperturbably. "Be still, Frank; keep down thine ire. For does not Horace go on to say to his friend Xanthias Phocæus, 'Briseis moved the haughty Achilles by her snowy skin. The figure of the captive Tecmessa struck Ajax all of a heap; and Agamemnon, in the midst of victory, burned with love for a virgin taken among the prisoners.' Who's your young woman?"

"Pshaw!" said Frank, "I tell you I am serious, and

when I came in I meant to tell you her name. Now I won't. But this much I'll tell you—I mean to marry her if I can, and I think I can. You can help me. You must help me, for the happiness of my life depends on it."

"Me help you get married? I'd rather help you to a rope to hang yourself."

"Nonsense!" said Frank. "You pretend to be a woman-hater, but I don't believe a word of it. It isn't natural. It's as natural to love the adorable creatures as for a spark to fly upward."

"I'm not a spark," said I.

"Well," said Frank, "never mind arguing about it now. All I want to know is, whether you'll help me at a pinch in this thing if I call upon you?"

"Why," said I, "if you really are hopelessly insane, I suppose I shall have to help you into the asylum of matrimony."

"That's all I want to know," said he. "I rely on you. The very first day we have a hard freeze, I shall want you—recollect." And he bolted out of the room as violently as he had entered it.

"Well," said I to myself, when I was alone, "that's certainly refreshing! What does he mean by the first freeze? And to tell me I am not a woman-hater! I should like to know if I am not. He's a lunatic! That Mary has turned his brain. That's natural; she's a woman. Women! Horrible creatures! Cats are they all; cats in simulated softness and frisky ferocity."

Lighting my meerschaum, I leaned back and surveyed my bachelor den with pardonable satisfaction. It was arranged to strike terror into any female soul. No woman could even peep through the keyhole without a shudder. No creature of that dangerous sex, I flattered myself, would dare step across its formidable threshold. In every nook and corner I had suspended deadly weapons; here a musket and rifle crossed; there a small-sword and sabre. Malay cresses, Turkish yataghans and Indian hatchets disputed every inch of the walls with my pipes and pictures.

"Ah!" said I, to myself, "I am as secure here as Crusoe after he had finished his cave, made his stockade, and drawn the ladder inside. Here I can breathe freely and possess my soul in peace. It is not necessary to go into wildernesses to have a lodge. One can have it in the midst of walled cities. Here no rumor of woman's oppression and deceit can ever reach me more."



In this serene frame of mind I passed that day and several other days, when suddenly, toward the evening of an unlucky Friday, Frank Burt bounced in upon me a second time.

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed, "the ball's up."

"What ball?" said I.

"Why, the ball at the Central Park, to be sure."

"Oh," said I, "you mean that thing they haul up on a pole when the lake is supposed to be frozen, and haul down just as one gets there to skate."

"Yes," said he. "But this time there's no mistake. The thermometer has been below twenty degrees for three days, and the ice is eight inches thick."

And he dashed off into a farrago of nonsense about club-skates, patent skates, rockers, dumps, high Dutch, and heaven knows how many more! And that ball bounced through his sentences like a football. It was perpetually going up, and making me wink and dodge for fear it would come down and knock me into the middle of a great pond, which, by a kind of pantomimic necromancy, he kept spreading all over my room.

"I'm going out for a skate," said he, "and you have got to come along."

I pool-poohed and resisted for a while, but at last permitted him to inoculate me with his frenzy.

I rushed to my closet and dug out a pair of dumps I used to wear fifteen years ago, and flourished them before him, crying:

"You see I have the tools yet, and I'll bet you a feed at Del's, I can use them, too, if I haven't been on irons these ten years."

"That's your sort, old boy!" he cried. "You're a trump."

"Old boy be hanged!" said I. "I'm not forty by a good bit yet, Master Frank, and if you are ten years younger, I can out-dance or out-skate you for a dinner."

"Done!" he cried. "Come along. We'll have a glorious time to-night. 'Tisn't the thing to skate by daylight, now—nothing nobby in it. Night's the time at the Central Park! Fairy-scenes, enchantment, twinkling feet and dazzling lights, and all that. Got a lantern?"

"No."

"Come along! we'll light you up, by the way."

Then I permitted myself to be dragged to a shop, and bought a miniature burglar's bull's-eye, with a waist strap.

That done, we separated, agreeing to meet at the south-east corner of the bridge over the strait connecting the two branches of the lake at half-past eight p.m.

I was there punctual to the minute, but no Frank came to meet me. It was cold as Nova Zembla. Making a wood-sawer of yourself and thrashing your arms didn't help you a bit. There was one resource—a fellow could keep warm skating.

I strapped on my skates—none of your fancy sole plates for me. It was a nice secluded spot. There were thousands in the distance, but there I was alone.

I got on the ice; it was very slippery. One foot would go forward, and the other insisted on going sideways. This resulted in placing me in a very curious position. My impression is that I was on my back.

Of course, all the people on the pond had only waited for that particular moment to come to my quiet nook. They came like the hosts of Sennacherib, not "in purple and gold," but in pea-jackets and fur coats, with lantern and skate.

Innumerable voices buzzed about me. They laughed—the fiends! What was to be done? Lie sprawling on the ice and be laughed at? Never!

Rage inspired me with strength, and scorn instructed

my skate irons. I bounced to my feet, and shot away swifter than the Indian arrow.

I did the double back-roll, cut figure eights, wrote my name, and danced the "can-can." Ha! If they wanted me to skate I would skate, and let them look at me, or look to themselves, whichever they liked best.

My path was like that of a destroying angel. Groups scattered before me like chaff. The heels of lonely individuals, skating in false security, flew in the air.

Gray-coated policemen clutched wildly at me. Women screamed—men swore.

Vain and frivolous all attempts to arrest my daring career. As sure as my name is Troutman, I would have made that pond a desert dreary as my fell purpose, but that, at my fury's wildest height, somebody clutched and at last held me.

It was Frank Burt, and the perfidious villain was not alone. He had made the crooked skate a snare to my feet.

A black-eyed, rosy-checked thing was with him, who shook a cloud of raven curls saucily about her face, and laughed like a child. With him, also, was another young person of the hated sex—a mild, plump blonde, with sleepy eyes, and the kind of air which invites unsophisticated youngsters who touch the hand belonging to such a one to give it a tender squeeze. *Vade retro Sathanas!*

He said the black-eyed beauty was his sister Juliet, and, with hideous pleasantry, suggested that I would make a splendid specimen of Romeo on ice for that night only.

The languishing blonde he introduced as Miss Mary Merton. Mary! I began to see through the thing, and why I had been brought there. It must be the Mary—Frank's Mary; and, as I had promised to help him, there was nothing for it but to execute myself gracefully.

A tall fellow, Miss Merton's brother, with the air of a Hector, as well as the name, completed the party.

No sooner had we been put through the conventional forms of introduction than Frank challenged Miss Mary to a race.

"Remember, old fellow," said Frank, "I leave Juliet in your charge," and off he and Miss Mary went.

In a moment they were lost in the crowd. Then we three skated around for a quarter of an hour, coming back constantly to the same place, in expectation of the racers' return. But they didn't return. We tried another quarter and the same tactics; they staid lost.

To hunt for them among that whizzing and jostling jam of humanity would be absurd. Yet the stately Hector endeavored to persuade Miss Burt to do it, and when she very sensibly declined going on such a wild-goose chase, said, "If she wouldn't, he must go alone."

And as he went off he gave me a look, a very fierce look, which said, as plain as a look could:

"Take care of Miss Burt whilst I am away, or I shall have to take care of you when I come back."

"The mischief you will," said I to myself, as he skated savagely away.

I began to feel stubborn, and took a good look at Miss Juliet. Upon my honor she was pretty, as pretty as a picture. Besides, as Mr. Hector disappeared, there was a roguish twinkle in her eye, and a satisfied pucker about her lips which led me to think his absence not at all disagreeable to her.

"Miss Burt," said I "isn't Miss Merton the lady Frank pretends to be so awfully in love with?"

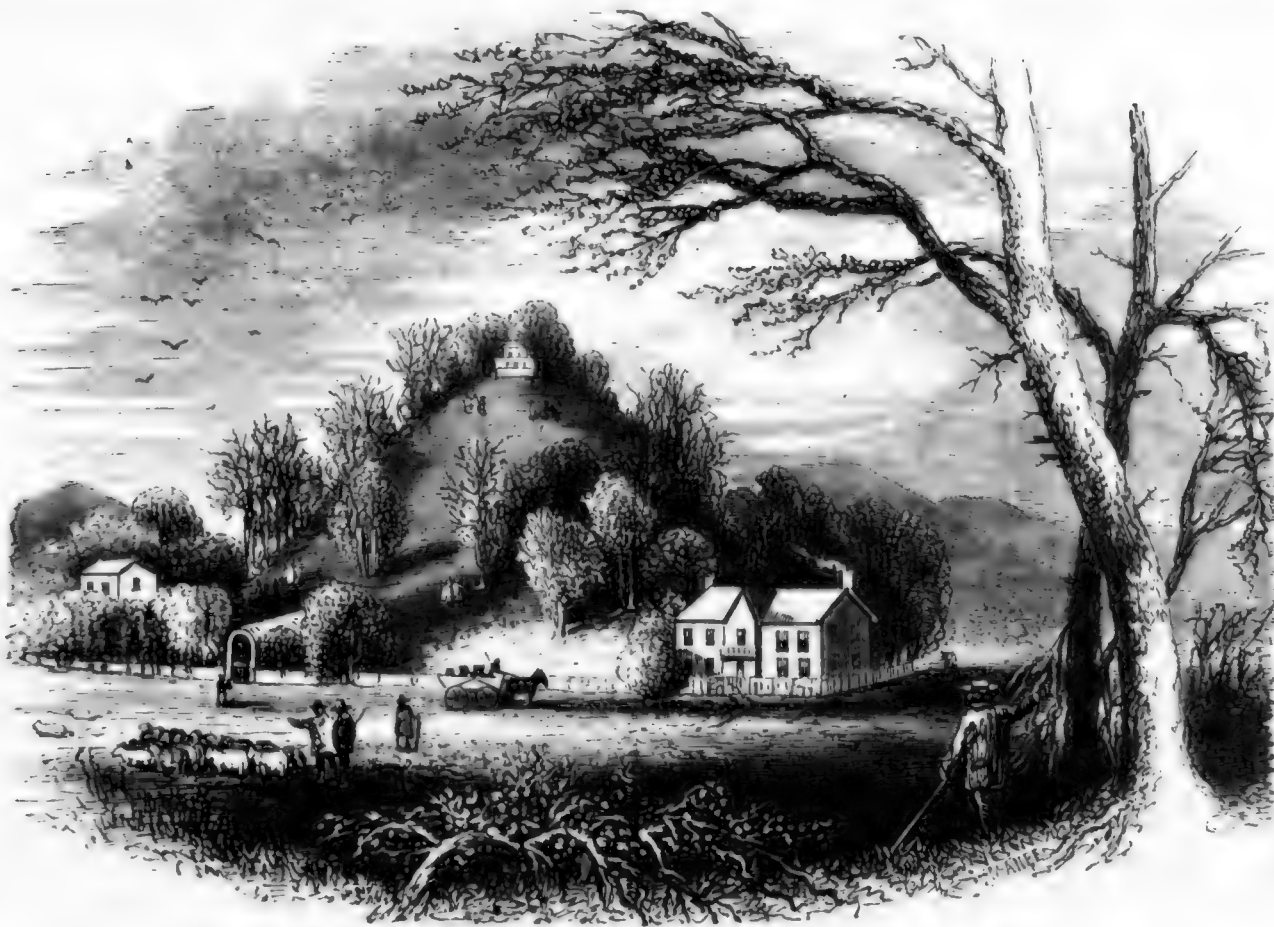
"Yes," said she. "But it isn't pretense at all. It's reality, and they've treated him shamefully."

"Who?" said I.



A CLASSIC IDYL.





TONGUES FROM TOMBS.—MOUND AT GRAVE CREEK, VA.—SEE PAGE 343.

"Her parents," said Miss Julie, with a defiant toss of the dark curls; "and he's just as good as she is, though I love her, and she's ever so good, and she actually dotes on dear Frank; and they forbade him the house, and I believe it's all that great bear of a Hector's doings, though he pretends it isn't, and makes believe he likes me, and I hate him—there now."

This exhaustive *résumé* of the situation was given in a breath, and without punctuation from the beginning to the full stop.

"But do you think your brother and Miss Merton will come back to our starting-place, or that Mr. Hector Merton will find them?" said I.

"No, indeed, I do not," said Miss Juliet. "They're off long ago. And now let's have a race, too, down to the other end of the pond, before Hector comes back." We raced. We arrived.

When we got there the little traitress plumped herself down on the bank, and stuck her foot out for me to take her skate off.

Ahem! If I have a weakness with regard to the hated sex, it is for a pretty foot and well-turned ankle. Truth compels me to state that the one in hand—viz., in my hand—was exactly the size of Cinderella's; that it was cased in

a perfect-fitting skating bootee, laced up in front, and the string came untied, and my fingers were cold, and it took a good five minutes to get that skate off and tie that string.

Truth also compels me to state that Miss Juliet displayed the most charming patience, and apologized for being such a trouble to me, and pitied my poor fingers, and begged me to warm them in her muff.

When the skates were disposed of, urged by Miss Juliet, we got out of the Park as soon as our feet would take us. At Fifty-ninth Street this puzzling young person put the point-blank question:

"Where do you live, Mr. Septimus?"

Now, how on earth did she know my name was Septimus Troutman?

I told her.

"Because," said she, "Frank said if we missed each other, you were his bosom-friend, and you would take care of me, and he would meet me at your house."

I winced a little at the "bosom-friend" part of the business, and a good deal more at the idea of taking a young woman to my



EARTHEN VASE FROM A MOUND NEAR CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.—ONE-FOURTH SIZE.



VASE FROM A MOUND NEAR CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.—ONE-FOURTH SIZE.

bachelor quarters. What would my excellent landlady think of me? If Frank were not there before me, my character would be gone for ever.

What was my astonishment, however, when we reached the house to have the door opened by my landlady herself—to be received with a smile, and saluted with:

"Oh, Mr. Troutman, I am glad you have come! The young lady is waiting for you in your room."

A young lady waiting for me in my room—in that room which I had turned into an arsenal on purpose to protect myself from the hated sex!

One young woman surreptitiously fastened to me—buckled to me, as it were, with a skate-strap—from the Central Park to my own door, and another lying in wait to devour me in my own room!

Excess of horror and indignation lent me strength, and, followed by Miss Juliet. I marched to meet the enemy, and dislodge her, or perish in the attempt.

I opened the door; I was about to open my mouth. Time was not allowed for that proceeding. The two young women rushed into each other's arms.

"Mary—dear Mary!"

"Juliet—dear Juliet!"

Of course it was Miss Mary Merton—that rascal Frank's Mary! Nobody but Frank would have dared to bring a young lady to my fortification.

"Oh, Mr. Troutman," said Miss Mary, "it was so kind of you!"

"Was it?" said I. "Oh, not at all! Don't mention it. I wonder" (to myself) "what the—ahem!—I've been doing now?"

"Yes; dear Frank told me all as we came here!"

"Oh! he did, did he?" said I. "I'm very much obliged to him."

"It was so very, very kind and thoughtful of you," said Miss Mary, "under the distressing circumstances which have forced us to this step, for you to insist upon his making use of your apartments."

"I never thought—I never dreamed——"

Of course you didn't," said Miss Juliet, rushing at me and taking my hand. "You never stopped to think. You acted upon one of your noble impulses. But we must thank you."

"Oh, yes, we must!" cried Miss Mary.

"And you shan't deny us," said Miss Juliet. "Frank told us you would pretend you had done nothing, and hated women, and all such stuff, just to mystify us. But he has betrayed you——"

"I should think he had, and we know how good and affectionate and noble you are."

"Well," said I, gasping, and mentally giving it up, "and what's the next thing?"

"The preacher," said Miss Mary, with a giggle and a blush.

"The preacher?" said I. "Are we going to have a missionary meeting or a revival here?"

"Oh, do be still!" laughed Miss Juliet, "You're so awfully funny and sarcastic; and you know all about it. Frank has gone for the preacher, and he and dear Mary will be married here in your room before her hard-hearted papa knows anything about it, and you and I are to be bridesmaid and groomsman. Do be serious and stop joking. You know you know all about it——"

"You can't see Mr. Troutman this evening."

"I tell you I will see him if he is in this house."

The first voice was my landlady's, and the second was a man's, gruff and angry.

"Merciful heavens! it's Hector!" whispered Miss Mary. "We are lost."

"On the contrary," said I, with the calmness of despair, "it appears to me we are found——"

"Oh, what shall I do?" said Miss Mary. "He is so violent—he will kill me if he finds me here."

Miss Juliet rushed to the door and bolted it, as a heavy step was heard upon the stair. Then rushing at me she exclaimed:

"You must hide us!"

"Hide you?" I stammered. "I can't get you into my coat pockets; and there's no other place. Where shall I hide you?"

"Anywhere, anywhere," was the truly feminine reply. "Ah, here is a place," and she swung open the door of my wardrobe.

"It's only large enough for one."

"Then put Mary in it," said Miss Juliet. "Never mind me."

A rude knock at the door.

I went toward it. There was a shuffling behind me, and when I turned Miss Mary had disappeared, and Miss Juliet was slipping the key of my wardrobe into her pocket.

"You had better open the door," said she, demurely. "It looks so odd, you know."

I looked at her in positive admiration. That "odd" was the coolest thing—cooler than the ice on the skating-pond. Another thundering knock.

I opened the door, and Mr. Hector Merton stalked in.

Miss Juliet had sunk into a chair by my study-table, and buried her face in her hands. She pretended that she was crying. My belief is that the deceitful thing was laughing.

Hector Merton stood and stared like one stunned.

"Well, sir," said I, with dignity. "To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

Merton stared at me and then stared at Miss Juliet, and instead of answering, fairly gasped out:

"What is she doing here?" pointing to Miss Juliet.

"Really, sir," said I, "I don't know that it's any business of yours."

"But it is my business," he exclaimed, furiously. "It is the business of every honest man. Your conduct is infamous. I missed my sister, and suspected that there was a plot between you and the brother of that lady there to inveigle her into a clandestine match. That is why I came here. I see I was wrong. It is you who have misled a foolish girl, and induced her to commit an action which must disgrace her for ever. You have taken her from her natural protector, but you shall not triumph. I will protect her."

And he stepped toward Miss Juliet.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I, for my temper was up—thoroughly up, at being accused of running off with a young woman, when heaven knew I had been run away with myself, and never allowed to stop, or know whether I was on my head or my heels, from the minute we left the Central Park. "I beg your pardon," said I, placing myself between them. "I am this lady's protector."

"Noble, generous, Septimus," cried Miss Juliet, grasping my arm, and hiding her face on my shoulder. "Don't, oh, don't! Don't be rash. Don't do anything violent for my sake. I scorn his insinuations. He's a base calumniator. Oh, don't take several of those swords and kill him for my sake. Please don't. Don't risk your precious life."

"I've no doubt you would like to be her protector," sneered Hector. "But I am a friend of her family, sir, and would like to know—I will know, by what title you claim that privilege."



"By any title you please, sir," said I, for I was not to be bullied by Hector, if he was a head the taller.

"Are you her husband, or do you intend to marry her?" persisted this meddlesome marplot.

"I'll marry her twenty times over, if I choose," cried I, in a fury.

"Oh, you're too good," sobbed Juliet. "Once is enough."

At this interesting juncture the door opened, and my estimable landlady, Mrs. Timmins, announced the "Reverend" Doctor Smiler, and followed him in, and was followed by the three Miss Smilers, whilst the cook and the chambermaid stood outside, with their aprons to their faces, and giggled and peeped.

"Good-evening, my dear young friends," said the reverend doctor, blandly. "This is one of the happy occasions on which—ha! ha!—you understand. And as you have evidently been waiting, we may as well proceed to business at once.

"But, sir——" said I.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Timmins, who had glided behind me, and whispered in my ear, "Your poor friend, Mr. Burt, is down-stairs, nearly crazy. If Mr. Merton suspects what Dr. Smiler came here for, there will be murder!"

"Oh, Septimus, save my brother!" sighed Miss Juliet, in the other ear, "no matter what becomes of me."

"The institution of marriage," said Dr. Smiler, "my dear young friends, is one upon which much of the happiness or misery of mankind depends."

I appreciated the "misery," and bowed assent.

"I trust we are entering into it upon right principles," he continued.

"We," said I to myself. "Is the old fellow going to marry Mrs. Timmins," I wonder?"

"You have called upon me to solemnize this evening," he proceeded, "the holy rite of matrimony."

I looked across to see to whom he was talking. It couldn't be to me; that would be too good a joke.

"Do you, Septimus Troutman——"

"Do I what?" said I, wildly, and endeavoring to disengage my arm from the vise-like grip of my willy-nilly Juliet.

"Oh, Septimus," she whispered, "remember what you said. You swore to protect me."

"Take this Juliet Burt to be your wedded wife?" said the preacher.

"If I do, I'll be——" I commenced.

"Too happy, no doubt," smiled the amiable executioner. "You will love, cherish, protect and defend her so long as you both shall live? This you promise?"

Somebody's hand, either Mrs. Timmins's or Juliet's, was suddenly applied to the back of my head, and bobbed it forward until my nose nearly touched my breast. Before I could get it up, he was going ahead again like a locomotive.

"And do you, Juliet Burt, take this Septimus Troutman to be your lawful and wedded husband? You will love, honor and obey him so long as you both shall live? This you promise?"

"Yes!" plumped out that abominable Juliet, in a good strong voice.

"Here!" said I, struggling. "Doctor—doctor——"

"Hush! hush! Septimus, dear!" whispered Juliet, clapping her hand over my mouth. "Generous man, you wouldn't disgrace me when I'm sacrificing myself for my brother—for your friend—like this?"

"Then," said the dominie, swiftly and sonorously, "I pronounce you man and wife, and what God hath joined

together let no man put asunder." And this smiling humbug advanced to shake hands with us.

"Now, sir, I am satisfied, and shall go seek my sister," said Hector Merton, grimly, and stalked out of the door.

The next instant the front door closed with a bang. He had left the house.

There was a movement and shuffling about of all the women except my wife. Great heavens! wife!

They deployed into close column of petticoats so as to mask the wardrobe. The key was slipped into somebody's hand, and Miss Mary Merton glided out, looking as sweetly unconscious as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.

At the same instant Mr. Frank Burt glided noiselessly into the room, and when my executioner—the dominie—turned around, that innocent pair were standing meekly before him.

"If you please, doctor," said Frank, "we are ready to take our turn."

"What! Are you in earnest? Another couple!" said the dominie. "Why, this is a happy occasion!"

Allow me to omit the second ceremony. Both the parties said "Yes," very distinctly, and nobody was officious to help Mr. Frank bob his head.

"Well, Mr. Frank Burt," said I, when the dominie had gone, "this room has been large enough for two ceremonies, but I scarcely think it will do for two couples to reside in permanently."

"Oh!" cried my amiable landlady, smiling all over, "Mr. and Mrs. Burt's apartments are ready for them. Mr. Frank took my third story a week ago, and there's a supper laid in the dining-room."

So we supped.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Juliet Troutman vows that our marriage was an accident, and resulted from terror at the apparition of the violent Hector on the scene; but that she really had fallen in love with me long before, from the glowing descriptions Frank had given her of my many excellencies and virtues.

I am bound to believe her, especially as we have already lived together for six months, and everybody says: "Trout is a lucky fellow. He looks ten years younger since he married."

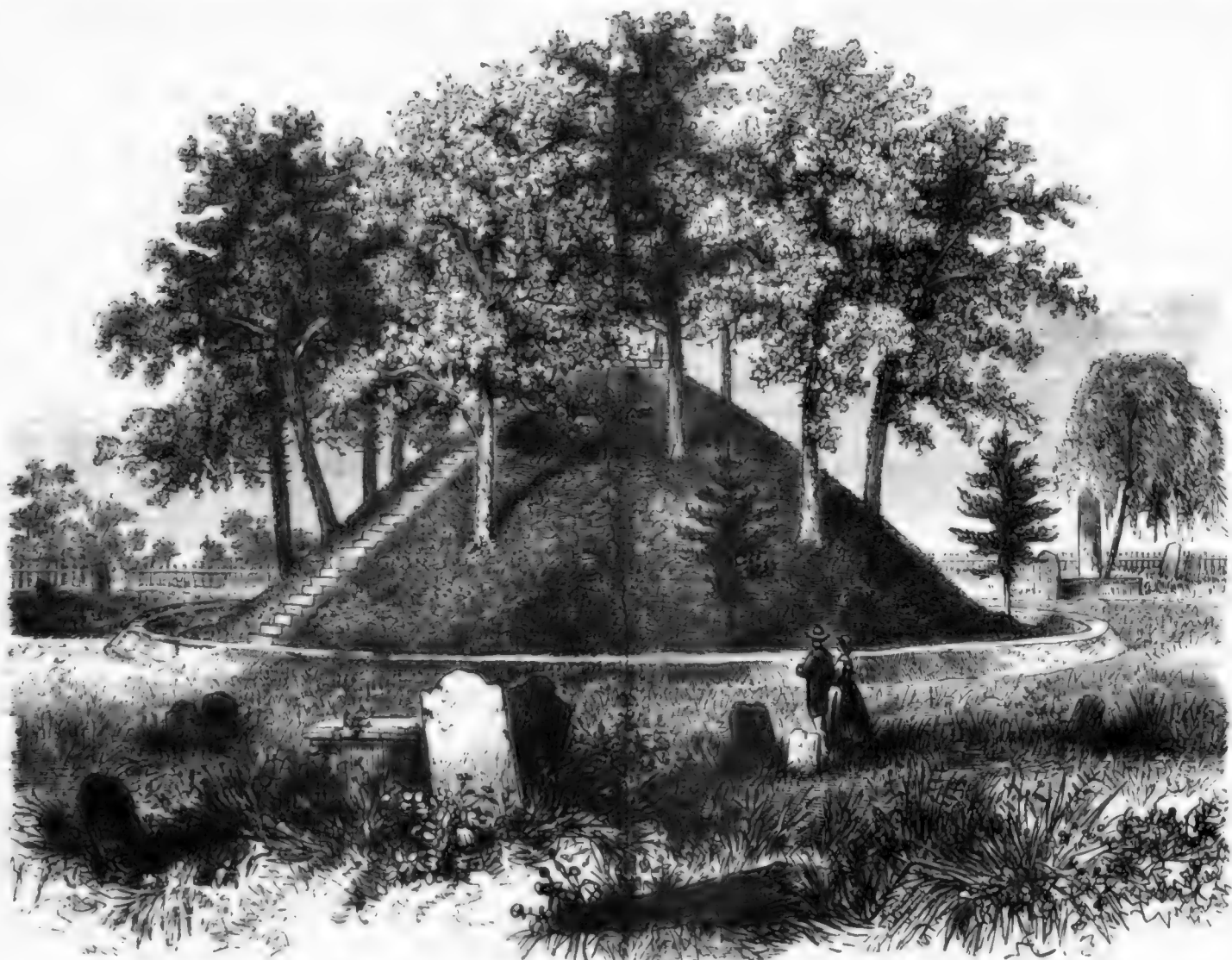
Frank and his Mary are completely reconciled to the Burt family, and still keep on doing the turtle-dove business—*ad nauseam*.

Am I reconciled to my fate? Have I ceased to be a woman-hater? Ask Mrs. Trout. I will tell you one thing, however, in the strictest confidence. Juliet has never objected to my hating every other woman, herself being the sublime exception. When I begin to indulge, however, in one of my old diatribes about matrimony, Juliet whispers me:

"Would you like an engagement to play Romeo on ice again, dear?"

Politeness to my female "manager" prevents the answer that, if Juliet made a "hit," Romeo was uncommonly well done, and our "engagement" a remarkably short one.

ONE perfect diamond is more valuable than many defective ones. One truth well fixed in the mind and comprehended is better than many half understood. A small opportunity fully realized is better than a great one misimproved. The wealth of affectionate sympathy and aid is better than gold, and fills the soul with most perfect peace.



MOUND AT MARIETTA, OHIO.

## TONGUES FROM TOMBS.

## THE MOUNDS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THE TOMBS OF PERU.

ALL written history is young, and even the voice of tradition sinks into a low and unintelligible whisper as we penetrate the mighty past and strive to learn the secrets of antiquity. But as the student deduces with mathematical certainty from the mute records of the rocks, and through chemical analysis, the early condition of our planet, and the changes it has undergone, so we may learn, from records equally mute and almost as imperishable, something of the condition of those primeval races of men, who, cycles ago, disappeared from the face of the earth, without bequeathing even their names to later ages. Partly from affection, but mainly under the impulse of the grand conception of a future existence, as ancient as universal, the rudest and earliest races of men reared some kind of memorial over their dead, and buried with them the articles and ornaments most valued by them in life. The first, as well as the most enduring, was a simple mound of earth; the first coffin was a rough inclosure of unworked stones. The first deposits were such as reflected the arts, and, to a certain extent, indicated the modes of life and the religious notions of those with whom they were placed. In the course of time the mound of earth or stone became developed into a tomb more regular and imposing, with contents equally marking the advancement of its builder, but yet reflecting his original ideas and conceptions.

The Pyramids of Egypt, whatever may have been their

secondary purposes, can only be regarded as perfected *tumuli*. Step by step, the heap, which affection or respect had gathered over the dead, had grown, until, in its massive proportions and solid strength, it emulated the mountains and bade defiance to the centuries. The ragged vault was replaced by chambers of fine proportions, painted or sculptured over with scenes from the life of its occupant, signifying his beliefs and hopes, and enabling us to deduce his history, and illustrate the age in which he lived and moved and had his being.

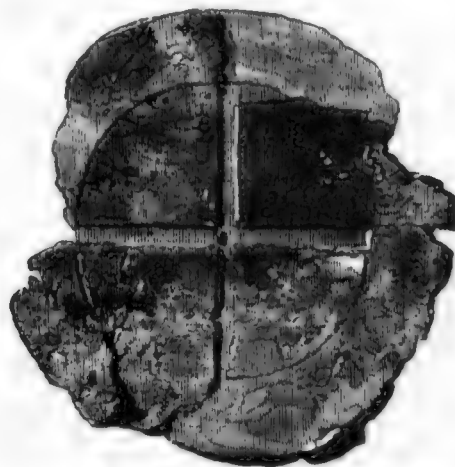
The cavern was also a primitive tomb, and with its entrance sealed up with "a great stone," was the type of the vault in which we now seek to escape for a little while from the stern sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." And to the practice of living as well as burying in caverns we owe some of the most important data bearing on the early condition of mankind—showing not only that man was contemporaneous with animals that long ago disappeared from the earth, but what were his habits of life and means of existence. From the catacombs of Rome, which were, after all, only artificial caves, appropriated as tombs by the early Christians, we are also able to gather many of the early notions and conceptions that prevailed among the followers of Him of Nazareth, as taught by those who had seen Him face to face, and derived their inspiration from His lips.

But the pyramidal and excavated tombs and catacombs





CARVED PIPE IN PORPHYRY, FROM A MOUND ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO RIVER, NEAR GRAVE CREEK, VA.



CURIOUS COPPER GORGET, FROM A MOUND AT COHOKIA, ILL., ORIGINALLY SEVEN INCHES IN DIAMETER.

of Egypt, the celebrated Etruscan chambers, the chiseled wonders of Petra, the marvels of Nineveh, the *topes* of India, and the *chulpas* of Peru, to say nothing of the elaborate sepulchral labyrinths of Mitla and Palenque, are all results of intelligence, progress and refinement; it is to the rude sepulchral heap, call it mound, cairn, burrow, or *tumulus*, that we must refer the mode of interment in uncultivated times. And to these we must also turn for the earliest evidences of human art and intelligence—the cave-tomb or habitation perhaps excepted. Such sepulchral *tumuli* are scattered all over the globe, in the world called New and the world called Old; in the northern and southern hemispheres, on continents and islands, in valleys and on plains, wherever the foot of man has trod.

They dot the rich alluvions of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and the low lands bordering the Mexican Gulf; they startle us with their vast proportions as we come upon them in the tropical forests of Mexico and Central America; they invite the gold-hunter with their auriferous contents in Chiriqui, and they rise, invested with sanctity of both temple and tomb, to rival the proudest monuments of Egypt, on the coasts and among the *sierras* of Peru.

The British islands are sprinkled over with them; they are leading features in Scandinavian landscapes; Italy has them; the field of Marathon is marked by them; the plain of Troy is conspicuous with their swelling outlines, and the *steppes* of Russia and Tartary are sown with them as is the sky with stars. "Throughout the whole

of Russia," so writes the celebrated traveler, Clarke, "are everywhere seen dispersed mounds of earth covered with a fine turf, the sepulchres of the ancient world, common to almost every habitable country. If there exist anything of former times which may afford monuments of antediluvian manners, it is this mode of burial."

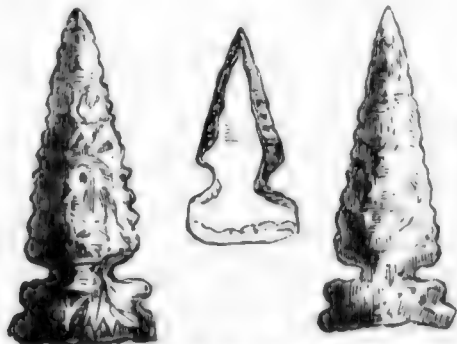
Confining ourselves for the present to our own country, it may be said that only a portion of the Western mounds are sepulchral. The idea entertained by most of the early settlers and explorers, that they were great depositories of the dead slain in battle, grew out of the fact that the existing Indians, or those occupying the country at the time of the discovery, often buried in them, regarding them with a certain superstitious reverence. They were, besides, elevated, dry, and easily recognizable situations, such as the later Indians invariably sought for their cemeteries.

A large part of the *tumuli* in the Western and Gulf States were what in the Scriptures are called "high places," artificial elevations sustaining religious struc-

tures, or on which religious rites were celebrated. They are distinguished by their regularity of outline, and are generally rectangular in form, flat on top, terraced, ascended by graded paths or inclined planes, and as a rule contained within earthen inclosures. The sepulchral mounds, on the contrary, generally stand in open grounds in the valleys and on the crests of hills, and seem to have no special positions as regards each other, or the other monuments of the people by whom they were built. They



MOUND PIPE, CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.—SIZE OF ORIGINAL.



SCHIST ARROW-HEADS FROM A MOUND AT COHOKIA, ILL.—FULL SIZE.



FISHERMAN'S TWEEZERS.



POTTERY FROM PACHACAMAC.

are frequently of large size ; in this respect probably having relation to the importance of the personage to whom they were raised. The powerful in ancient, and the rich in modern times, are those whose tombs most challenge our attention by their size or cost. One of these sepulchral mounds, standing on the banks of the Ohio River, at Grave Creek, near Parkersburg, in Virginia, is ninety feet high, by three hundred feet in diameter at the base. Another, near Miamisburg, Ohio, is sixty feet high, and two hundred feet in diameter. The average dimensions of burial mounds are, however, far below these here given.

The dead were usually deposited in a kind of vault made of rough timber something in the fashion of a block house or log cabin, with horizontal timbers as a covering or roof, the whole resting on the surface of the ground. Occasionally a *cist* or grave was dug in the earth and covered over with timber, and earth heaped above. Skins and matting braided from bark of trees, as appears from the traces that remain, formed the couch on which the corpse was deposited, and around it was ranged vessels of pottery, the arms and ornaments of the dead. The same mound, in rare instances, contains two or more chambers, in which case we may plausibly infer that the second interment was of the wife or other relative of the dead, and that the *tumulus* was increased in size to conform to its new dignity or sanctity. Or, the second deposit may have been that of some favorite servant or friend slain on the grave of his master, so that his soul might "bear him company" in that state to which, as we have said, the rudest nations looked forward as a supplement to their present existence.

Besides these, there are mounds in which incineration, or the burning of the bodies, seems to have been the final rite before heaping the earth over the ashes. In fact, in some of the mounds in which the ordinary modes of inhumation were practiced, we find traces of burnt sacrifices of implements, animals, and it may be of human beings.

From these mounds, of the origin of which there is no tradition, whose numbers, taken in connection with other gigantic works, religious and defensive, indicate a dense, ancient, as well as stationary and agricultural people, we obtain many evidences of skill in design and execution, as well as of extensive correspondence or intercourse. For instance, as I have had occasion to say before and in another place, we find in these *tumuli* on the banks of the Ohio, shells from the Gulf of Mexico, copper and silver from the mines of Lake Superior, obsidian from Mexico, and cetacean fossils from the marl beds of New Jersey.

The story these monuments tell is, therefore, that their builders, who had probably disappeared before the present Indian tribes established themselves in the West, were not only numerous, as the number and extent of their remains imply, but were widely spread, with extensive intercourse with distant tribes, and had also achieved considerable advances in the mechanics, and I might venture to say, in the fine arts.

In support of the latter statement, I may adduce the accurate engraving of a pipe, on page 345, cut in the hardest porphyry, which now turns the finest tempered knife-blade, representing a hawk tearing in pieces a smaller bird, and showing also that the ancient people were acquainted with tobacco or some similar narcotic. At any rate, that they smoked. It is one of a hundred similar sculptures, all careful and accurate studies of indigenous animals and birds, in which not only their characteristics but their very habits are portrayed. The hawk, as we have seen, is represented as preying on a bird, the heron

on a fish, while the otter is also shown as carrying one in his mouth. The manitus, or sea-cow, that great amphibious animal, concerning which the discoveries of the continent have given us so many legends, and which is only rarely found in the southern lagoons of Florida, appears in these northern mounds, faithfully carved in stone. Here, too, are axes of copper, gorgets and beads of copper, plated over with silver, chisels and needles of the same metal, pearls in profusion, unhappily ruined in value by decay or by fire, the ores of lead, vast depositories of half-worked arrow and spear-heads, the arsenals of early times, bracelets, traces of woven cloth, pottery of elegant design and graceful ornamentation, to say nothing of spirited carvings of the human head, which, judging from the faithfulness of the representations of animals found with them, may be taken as portraits in stone of the people who made them.

What became of the mound-builders of the West we may never ascertain. They may have succumbed under the irruption of savage hordes, or have been seduced to distant lands by the attractions of a more genial climate and more fertile soil, but their tombs tell us, and their other monuments confirm their story, not only that they were widespread, numerous, agricultural, but well advanced in the arts, with uniform habits, a strong social and political organization, and a systematized religion.

There exist in the Gulf States a class of sepulchral mounds that seem to have been built up by successive layers or strata of the dead, and in which the bodies are placed side by side, or with their feet radiating from a common centre. These probably owe their origin to the later Indian tribes, and to the custom prevailing among many of them of collecting together at intervals the bones of their relatives and friends and depositing them with many ceremonies and sacrifices in a common grave. This custom prevailed among some of the Indian nations until a comparatively recent period, and to it we owe the existence in Canada and some of our Northern States of great ossuaries, or as they are called, "bone pits." In all of these, implements, utensils, and ornaments were deposited beside the skeletons of their original possessors, as were also contributions of other articles from the survivors, which it was supposed might be useful to the departed in a future state.

Pretended discoveries in the Western mounds have been made the basis of a great number of impostures. Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, professed to have found the golden plates on which the book of Mormon was inscribed in a mound in Western New York. A stone, bearing an undecipherable inscription in something like the old Runic characters, was alleged to have been taken from the inner vault of the great Grave Creek mound, and for a while it was much talked of by *pseudo* archæologists. But a later and more clumsy fraud is that of the so-called "Holy Stones," bearing Hebrew inscriptions, said to have been discovered in one of the mounds in the vicinity of Newark, Ohio. Nothing, however, has been found in any of these repositories to indicate the use of letters or the existence of written language among the mound-builders.

Had the pretended Grave Creek inscription been on any other material than the local sandstone, its authenticity would have been less doubtful, for it seems almost incredible, if, in the course of ages, vessels carrying men, or at least articles of European origin, could escape being driven on American shores. Bottles thrown into the Gulf Stream off South Carolina have been recovered on the coasts of Scotland and among the Hebrides ; and almost any kind of craft disabled in the neighborhood of the Canaries would naturally be drifted by the trade-winds to



the Antilles, where, falling within reach of the great sea-current setting northward along the eastern shores of Central America, it would be caught by the Gulf Stream, and, if not stranded or dashed in pieces by storms, finally be picked up in the waters of Northern Europe. Relics of European origin, coins and implements, may very well be found among the Indian remains of our own country, without, however, implying descent, relationship, or constant intercourse with Europe, nor yet a condition of advancement such as is implied in the use of letters.

Some of the Central American nations—the builders of Palenque and Ocosingo alone among all the American aborigines—attained to that form of a written language which may be called syllabo-phonetic, or phono-syllabic; but there is not the slightest evidence of an authentic character to show that the race of the mounds ever attained, in this direction, to a higher point than the Indian tribes found in possession of the country at the time of the Discovery.

In many parts of the world, but more particularly on the shores of the *fjords* and creeks of the Baltic, and the banks of estuaries and bays in our own country, are found numbers of shell mounds, or heaps, sometimes containing skeletons and rude instruments of bone and stone, indicating high antiquity. In Denmark these are known as *Kjokkenmoddings*—kitchen refuse—and many of the articles found in them are referred by archæologists to a very remote period.

Like the shell heaps of the United States, they seem to have had their origin in the practice of the aboriginal tribes to collect at certain periods on the coast, and indulge in a grand feast on the succulent mollusks and mussels, the oysters and periwinkles to be found in salt and brackish water, the shells of which were cast together in great heaps. In these heaps they, or their successors, sometimes found it convenient and easy to bury their dead, precisely as did the provident Peruvians in the heaps of stones that they gathered from their cultivated fields, although not from the same motive with the latter, whose object was to conserve all the arable space possible, and who begrudged the few square feet of ground to which we all claim to be entitled, to their departed friends and relatives.

I found these shell heaps in Central America, on the islands and shores of the great Bay of Fonseca, but discovered nothing in them of particular interest. The shells in all tell a simple story, that they were opened in rough fashion, by fracture rather than by the application of the thin-bladed steel wedge with which they are now so deftly separated; and the broken stone and bone implements mixed with them attest how rude were the people who used them. The burials in them were mere incidents, and reveal nothing more than might be found in contemporaneous graves.

Mound building is yet going on in some parts of the world, and illustrates the fallacy of the divisions and classifications by which some antiquaries and archæologists undertake to fix chronological epochs instead of simple epochs of development. They speak of the stone age, the bronze age, the iron age, etc., as the geologist speaks of the primary, secondary, and tertiary rocks, and leave their readers by inference, if not by direction, to suppose that the prevalence of stone, bronze, or iron implements and utensils were synchronous; in other words, they assume that mankind was advancing *pari passu* all over the world by steps of mathematical regularity. Yet it is not many years since the bones of the slain on the fields of Waterloo were gathered into a vast *tumulus*; interment in layers, with intent of forming a pyramid, is going on in one or more English cemeteries, and it is little over half a century ago that

"Blackbird," chief of the Omahas, was buried beneath a mound sitting on the back of his favorite horse, on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri River, "so that he might see the white people ascend the stream to trade with his nation.

Mound-building, although unquestionably one of the earliest forms of human interment, means nothing absolutely; it is an incident or a fashion, and while the primitive man, unacquainted with the use of metals, used necessarily a stone ax or a flint knife, it does not follow that the very latest man, dating an ancestry coeval with the first, may not still be using the same rude means of accomplishing his object or gratifying his wants. We may possibly say that such a nation or people have got beyond the stone age into the bronze, or beyond the bronze into the iron; but all this has only a relative, not a positive significance, for by contact with more advanced peoples, the lowest savage may, in respect of mechanical appliances at least, leap over all intermediate stages of progress, annihilate centuries of slow and painful development, and enter into possession and use of the arts of the people with which he has been suddenly brought in relationship.

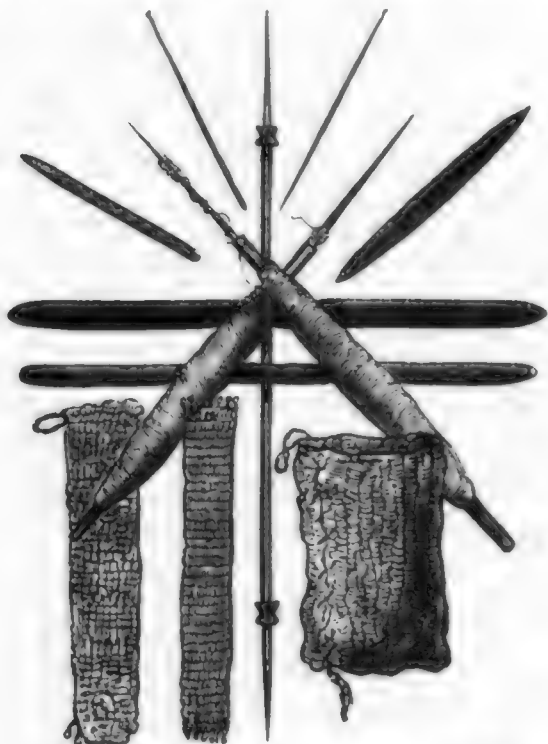
Among the vast remains of antiquity scattered along the coast of Peru, which antedate the civilization of the Incas, and were old when the Inca empire was founded, the most celebrated, if not the grandest, are those of Pachacamac, twenty miles to the south of Lima. They take their name from the divinity Pacha-camac, signifying Creator of the World, who had here a vast temple or shrine, of such sanctity that it was resorted to by pilgrims from the most distant tribes, who were permitted to pass unmolested through the countries or tribes with whom they might be at war, to perform this act of devotion. In fact, this spot was the Mecca of South America; and the worship of Pacha-camac had such a hold on all the peoples of the coast that the politic Incas did not undertake to overthrow it, but cautiously sought to undermine it by building close to the chief temple of Pacha-camac a "sumptuous structure," as the early Spaniards describe it, dedicated to the Sun.

Both structures are still distinct and impressive, although in great decay. I shall not attempt to describe them here. Of course, around both the ancient and the modern temple there gradually sprung up a large town, occupied by priests and servitors, and containing *tambos* or inns for the pilgrims that flocked thither. This town was built on a high, arid plain, overlooking the river and valley of Lurin, and was several miles in circumference, inclosed by a heavy wall of indurated clay and sun-dried bricks. The desert intervening between the valley of Lurin and that of Rimac, in which the City of Lima stands, has encroached on the old city, and buried a large part of it, with a portion of its walls, under the drifting sands. Nothing can exceed the bare and desolate aspect of the ruins, which are as still and lifeless as those of Palmyra of the Desert. No living thing is to be seen, except, perhaps, a solitary condor circling above the crumbling temple, nor sound heard, except the pulsations of the great Pacific breaking at the foot of the eminence on which the temple stood.

It is a place of death, not alone in its silence and sterility, but as the burial-place of tens of thousands of the ancient dead. Of old, as now, the devotees of religion sought to draw their last breath in places sanctified by the shrines of their divinities, and to be buried near them. In all time the tomb and temple have been inseparable, and it is only in great cities that the shadow of the church no longer falls on the graves of the departed.

In Pachacamac the ground around the temple seems to

have been a vast cemetery. Dig almost anywhere in the dry, nitrous sand, and you will come upon what are loosely called *mummies*, but what are really the desiccated bodies of the ancient dead. Dig deeper and you will



CONTENTS OF THE PERUVIAN GIRL'S WORK-BOX.

probably find a second stratum of ghastly relics of poor humanity, and deeper still, a third, showing how great was the concourse of people in Pachacamac, and how eager the desire to find a resting-place in consecrated ground.

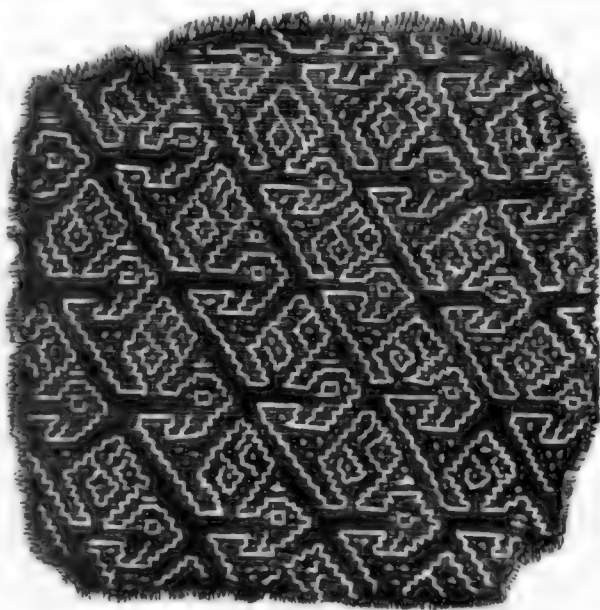
Most of the mummies are found in little vaults or chambers of *adobes*, roofed with sticks or canes and a layer of rushes, and of a size to contain from one to four and



FIGURES ON COTTON SHROUD.

five bodies. These are *invariably* placed in a sitting posture, with the head resting on the knees, around which the arms are clasped, or with the head resting on the out-

spread palms, and the elbows on the knees, enveloped in wrappings of various kinds, according to the rank or wealth of the defunct. Sometimes they are enveloped in inner wrappings of fine cotton cloth, and then in blankets



PATTERN OF BLANKET.

of various colors and designs, made from the wool of the vicuña and the alpaca, with ornaments of gold and silver on the corpse, and vases of elegant design by its side. But oftener the ceremonies are coarse, the ornaments scant and mean, indicating that of old, as now, the mass of mankind was as poor in death as impoverished in life.

Fortunately, as I have already said, for our knowledge of the people of the past ages, who lived before the discovery of written language or who never attained to it, they were accustomed to bury with their dead the things they regarded in life as most useful or beautiful, and from these we may deduce something of their modes of life, their habits, fancies and follies, as will obtain some idea of their arts, and sometimes a clew to their religious notions and beliefs. In fact, the interment of articles of any kind with the dead is a clear proof of a belief in the doctrine of a future state, the theory being that the articles thus buried would be useful to their possessor in another world.

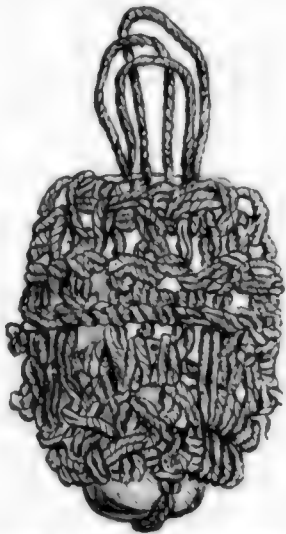
To ascertain something more about the old inhabitants of Pachacamac than could be inferred from their monuments, I explored a number of their graves, during my ten days' visit there in 1864. I will not undertake to give all nor even the general results of my inquiries, but record what I found in a single tomb, which will illustrate how a family, not rich nor yet of the poorest, lived in Pachacamac—who can tell how many hundreds of years ago?

I will take it for granted that the family occupying the tomb lived beyond the Bowery of the ancient city, and inhabited a tenement-house, or, rather, what might be called "an apartment." Now, the tenement-houses of Pachacamac were in some respects better than ours. In the first place, they were never of more than one story,



ANCIENT PERUVIAN SPINDLE.

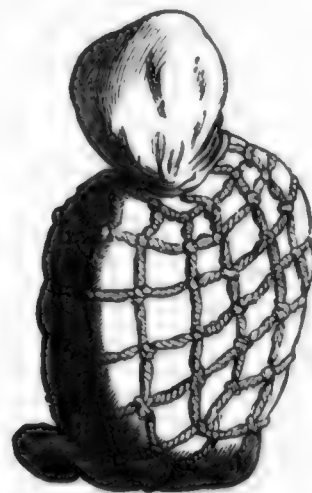




BABY'S COFFIN, PACHACAMAC.



ANCIENT WALLET, FROM PACHACAMAC, UNFOLDED.

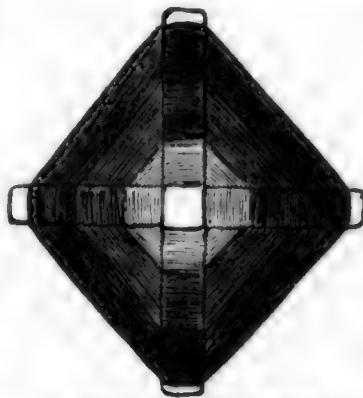


A PERUVIAN MUMMY.

and consequently had no need of fire-escapes, nor could babies tumble out of third-story windows, nor drunken husbands topple down-stairs. In the second place, there were no narrow, dark, common passages, always filthy because it was nobody's special business to keep them clean. On the contrary, all the apartments opened, not on the street, but around a spacious central court, on one side of which, raised on a platform, was the house of the special officer who kept order in the establishment. Sometimes but a single room was allowed to the tenant, yet our family probably had three rooms—a large room, it may be fifteen feet square, a small sleeping-room, with a raised bank of earth at one end whereon to spread the skins or blankets that constituted the bed, and another smaller room, with niches in the walls to receive utensils, and with a series of vases sunk in the earth to supply the place of closets and secure the maize and beans that seem to have been leading articles of food. The plan on page 350 is of such a dwelling as I have described. The blankets, the implements, the utensils, the ornaments, and the stores in the frugal granaries of the inhabitants of the tenement apartments have disappeared, but we shall find most, if not all of them, in their family tomb, in the neighborhood of the temple. This particular tomb was one of the *second* stratum of graves, and therefore neither oldest nor latest. Like the others I have described in general terms, it was walled with *adobes*, was about four feet square by three feet high, and contained five bodies—one, of a man of middle age; another, of a full-grown woman; a third, of a girl about fourteen years old; a fourth, of a boy some years younger; and the fifth, of an infant. I assume that here was grouped an entire family,

in life united, in death not divided. Whether they all succumbed at once under the attacks of some pestilence, or were the simultaneous victims of some catastrophe, or were deposited here, one by one, as they successively paid the common debt of nature, there was no evidence to show. The latter suggestion is probably the correct one. At any rate, there they were, the little one placed between the father and mother, the boy by the side of the first, the girl by the side of the latter. All were enveloped in a braided network or sack of rushes or coarse grass, bound closely around the bodies by cords of the same material.

I unwrapped the body of the presumed husband and father first. Under the outer wrapper of braided reeds was another of stout, plain cotton-cloth, fastened with a variegated cord of llama-wool. Next came an envelope of cotton-cloth, of finer texture, which, when removed, disclosed the body shrunken and dried hard, of the color of mahogany, but well preserved. The hair was long, slightly reddish, from the effects, perhaps, of the nitre that almost saturated the soil. Passing around the neck and



A SPOOL OF THREAD FROM PACHACAMAC.

carefully folded on the knees, on which the head rested, was a net, of the twisted fibre of the agave (a plant not found on the coast), the threads as fine as the finest used by our fishermen, and the meshes formed and neatly knotted, precisely after the fashion of to-day. This indicated that the father had been a fisherman in his time, a conclusion further sustained by finding, wrapped up in a cloth between his feet, some fishing-lines, of various sizes, some copper hooks, barbed like ours, and some copper sinkers. Under each armpit was a roll of white alpaca wool, and behind the calf of each leg a few thick, short ears of variegated maize or Indian corn. A small, thin



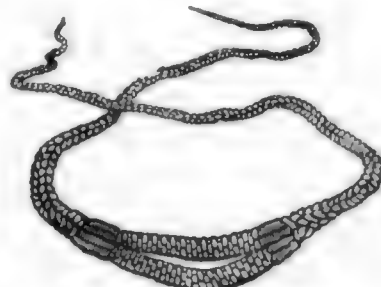
SKEIN OF THREAD FROM PACHACAMAC.



NETTING INSTRUMENT, PACHACAMAC.



ANCIENT WALLET, FOLDED.



SLING OF THE BOY OF PACHACAMAC.

piece of copper had been placed in his mouth, corresponding, perhaps, with the *obolos* which the ancient Greeks put in the mouths of their dead, as a fee for Charon, the ferryman of the Styx. This was all discovered belonging exclusively to the fisherman, except that suspended by a thread around his neck was a bronze tweezers, for plucking out the beard, of which I give an engraving. It seems it was a custom in Pachacamac, as in many other parts of aboriginal America, to extirpate the beard in this way.

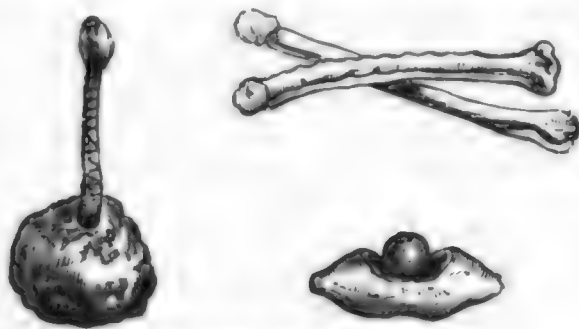
His wife, beneath the same coarse outer wrapping of braided reeds, was enveloped in a blanket of alpaca wool, finely spun, woven in the style technically known as "three-ply," in two colors, a soft chestnut-brown and a pure white. The figure, somewhat intricate, is reproduced on a reduced scale in the engraving on page 349.



PLAN OF A TENEMENT-HOUSE IN PACHACAMAC.

Below this was a sheet of fine cotton-cloth, with sixty-two threads of warp and woof to the inch. I have what is regarded as a very fine specimen of Egyptian linen mummy-cloth, from the wrappings of a body unrolled in the Paris Universal Exposition, which has only forty-four threads to the inch. This Pachacamac cloth had a diamond-shaped pattern formed by very elaborate lines of ornaments, inside of which, or in the spaces themselves, were conventional, but unmistakable representatives of monkeys, which seemed to be following each other as up and down-stairs.

Beneath this was a rather coarsely-woven, but yet very soft and flexible, cotton-cloth, twenty yards or more in length, wrapped in many folds around the body of the woman, which was in a similar condition, as regards preservation, with that of her husband. Her long hair, perhaps in consequence of having been braided and wound in heavy plaits around her head, was less changed by the salts of the soil than that of her husband, and was black, and in some places lustrous. She had evidently been proud of her hair, for in one hand she held a comb, rude as compared with some modern contrivances of the same



THE PACHACAMAC GIRL'S MYSTERIES.

sort, made by setting what I took to be the bony parts, the rays, of fishes' fins in a slip of the hard, woody part of the dwarf palm-tree, into which they were not only tightly cemented but firmly bound. In her other hand were the remains of a fan, with a cane handle, from the upper points of which radiated the gayest, but now much faded, feathers of parrots and humming-birds.

Around her neck, as befitting the wife of a fisherman, was a triple necklace of shells, bright once, perhaps, but dim in color, and exfoliating layer after layer when exposed to light and air. Resting between her body and bent-up knees were several small domestic implements,

among them an ancient spindle for spinning cotton, half covered with spun thread, which connected with a mass of the raw cotton, as if death had overtaken the matron with her task of industry in life but half finished. I give a cut of the primitive spinning apparatus, which consisted of a section of the stalk of the *quinua*, half as large as the little finger, and eight inches long, its lower end fitted through a whirl-bob of stone, to give it momentum when set in motion by a twirl of the forefinger and thumb grasping a point of hard wood stuck in the upper end of the spindle. The contrivance is precisely the same with that in universal use by the Indian women of the present day. Only I have seen a small lime, lemon, or potato with a *quinua* stalk stuck through it, and instead of the ancient stone or earthen whirl-bob.

But one of the most interesting articles found with the matron of Pachacamac, was a kind of wallet, if I can so describe it, composed of two distinct pieces of thick cotton cloth of different colors, ten inches long, by five broad, the lower end of each terminating in a fringe, and the upper end at each corner in a long braid, the braids of both being again braided together. These cloths, placed together, were carefully folded up and tied by the braids. I have at this moment opened the packet, and find it to contain some kernels of the large lupin, sometimes called "Lima beans," a few pods of cotton gathered



PARROT OF THE GIRL OF PACHACAMAC.

evidently before maturity, the husks being still on, some fragments of an ornament of thin silver, and two little thin disks of the same material, three-tenths of an inch in diameter, each pierced with a small hole near its edge, too minute for ornament, apparently, and possibly used as a coin. Also some tiny beads of chalcidony, scarcely an eighth of an inch in diameter. Placed under the chin of the matron were the beans to feed her on the way to the realms of the god Pachacamac, and the silver disks to propitiate the fiends and monsters which the Indian imagination pictures as obstructing the passage of the dead from earth to heaven. Who knows?



VASE FROM PACHACAMAC.

But I cannot stop to describe all the various articles of feminine use or adornment found with the mother of the family which disappeared, it may be, a thousand years before Pizarro put his foot on the soil we are now turning up, and possibly while Our Saviour trod the shores of Galilee!

The body of the daughter, as I assume her to have been, was peculiar in position, having been seated on a kind of workbox of braided reeds, with a cover hinged on one side and shutting down and fastening on the other, exactly as similar boxes do to-day. It was about eighteen inches long, fourteen wide, and eight deep, and contained a greater and more interesting variety of articles than I ever found together in any grave of the aborigines. I suspect the girl had died before the mother, for there were grouped together in her workbox (if I may so call it) things childish, and things showing approach to maturity, but nothing womanly. There were rude specimens of knitting—little strips coarse and awkward, with places showing where stitches had been "dropped," all carefully folded up, as if to mark stages of progress in the mysteries of textile art. There were mites of spindles and implements for weaving, and braids of thread of irregular thickness, kept as if for sake of contrast with



others larger and nicely wound, with a finer and more even thread. There were skeins; oh, yes, quite as well done up as those that you, fair reader, buy to-day in the silk mercer's, and perhaps, one day long ago, as gay in color. There were "spools" too (that's what I believe you call them), only they were not made after the fashion you are accustomed to see. They were not round, and very thick of wood inside, as yours are, but composed of two splints placed across each other at right angles, and the thread wound "in and out" between them.

There were also woven strips of cloth, some wide, some narrow, and some of two, and even three, colors. Then there were pouches, plain and variegated, of different sizes, and all woven or knitted (I confess myself unable to say which—like the garment spoken of in the Testament, "without seam.") There were also needles of bone and of bronze. I would figure one of the latter, only it would be too like our modern bodkin. A fan, smaller and more delicate, and I should say—for the centuries maltreated colors—gayer in tint than that of the mother, was also stored away in the box. A comb, a little bronze knife, and some other articles, which I will not attempt to enumerate. Only I will say that there were several sections of the hollow bones of the pelican or other large water-birds, each carefully stopped by a wad of cotton, and containing pigments of various colors.

I assumed at first that all were intended for dyes of the various cotton textures we had discovered, but I became doubtful as to the roseate or pink when I found a curious contrivance, made of the finest cotton, and represented in the engraving, which my wife's hairdresser says is "a dab" (if anybody knows what that is) and "intended for the diffusion of bloom over the human countenance." So the little coquette of Pachacamac "painted," perhaps to attract the attention of some of her father's fishermen acquaintances—it may be, apprentices! It is not to be supposed had a coachman!

Yes, she certainly painted, for here, by the side of her novel cosmetic-boxes, we find a contrivance for rubbing or grinding the pigments they contain to the requisite fineness for use! It is a small, oblong stone, with a cup-shaped hollow on the upper side, in which fits a little round stone ball, answering the purpose of a pestle or crusher.

They did not have glass mirrors in those ancient days of Pachacamac, but they polished plates of bronze and silver, wherein the women admired themselves. The girl at Pachacamac was, perhaps, too poor to have one of these; she had, however, a substitute in a piece of iron pyrites, resembling the half of an egg, with the plane side highly polished.

There were many other curious things in the poor, withered girl's workbox, but among them, I dare say, none she prized in life more than a little, badly-crushed ornament of gold, evidently intended to represent a butterfly, but so thin and delicate that it comes in pieces and loses form when we attempt to handle it. There was also a netting instrument of hard wood, not unlike those now in use, indicating that, like a good daughter, the girl of Pachacamac helped make nets for her father.

The envelopes of the mummy of the girl were similar to those that enshrouded her mother. There were but few articles around her person. Her hair was braided and plaited around her forehead, around which, also, was a cincture of white cloth, ornamented with little silver spangles; a thin, narrow bracelet of the same metal still hung on the shrunken arm, and between her feet was the dried body of a parrot—brought, perhaps, from the distant Amazonian valleys, and which had been her pet in

life. There was nothing of special interest surrounding the body of the boy; but bound tightly around his forehead was his sling, finely braided from cotton threads.

The body of the infant, a girl, had been tenderly imbedded in the fleece of the alpaca, then wrapped in fine cotton cloth and placed in a strangely braided sack of rushes, with handles or loops at each end, as if for carrying it. I cannot resist the impression that the little corpse had been suspended for a time in the house of the fisherman, before being placed in the family tomb. The only article found with this tiny body was a seashell containing pebbles, the orifice closed with a hard, pitch-like substance. It was the child's rattle.

Beside the bodies, there were a number of utensils and other articles in the vault. Among them half a dozen earthen jars, pans and pots of various sizes and ordinary form. One or two were still encrusted with the soot of the fires over which they had been used. Every one contained something. One was filled with ground nuts, familiar to us as *peanuts*; another, maize, etc., all except the latter in a carbonized condition.

Besides these articles, there were also some others, illustrating the religious notions of the occupants of the ancient tomb, and affording us scant but, as they go, certain ideas of the ancient faith and worship. This article, however, is too long already, and I must reserve their description for another time, if not another place, feeling sure, in the interval, that what we have seen of the implements and arts, and deduced as regards the practices of the ancient inhabitants of Pachacamac, will furnish another proof of the accuracy of Mr. Lincoln's quaint averment that "there is and always was a good deal of human nature in mankind." It is clear that human wants and vanities are and ever were the same, and were met, more or less rudely, in like manner.

### A CRYSTAL FOREST.

THE air is blue and keen and cold,  
With snow the roads and fields are white;  
But here the forest's clothed with light  
And in a shining sheet enrolled.  
Each branch, each twig, each blade of grass,  
Seems clad miraculously with glass:

Above the ice-bound streamlet bends  
Each frozen fern with crystal ends.

## HILDA.

BY MISS MAY RUSSELL.

### CHAPTER I.

THE last rays of the setting sun are streaming through the hopvines and lighting up the faces of the pickers— young faces, all of them, and round and rosy. They are gathered in knots of three and four, or more, for company, and all these knots keep well to the same quarter of the field.

The sound of their merry chatter, with now and then a snatch of song or burst of laughter, fills the air with the pleasant music of light hearts.

Yonder, with his long, swinging stride, comes the young master of the field: in the tall, muscular figure, strength to endure; in the rough-featured, powerful face, strength to command. His keen eye scans the field.

As the sun drops below the mountain, it darts one farewell ray across a patch of gold amongst the distant hopvines. The young farmer wonders what that may be. He

enters the long rows by the pickers, and many a bright face and saucy tongue bids him welcome. But on his brow there is a dark scowl, and he asks angrily for the meaning of the row they had that morning.

Then up speaks a pert, black-eyed damsel, with saucy toss of her pretty head:

"We hadn't no row; but that there white-faced seamstress wanted to come out with us in the wagon, and we just told her we didn't want no solemn pale faces 'long to spoil our fun!"

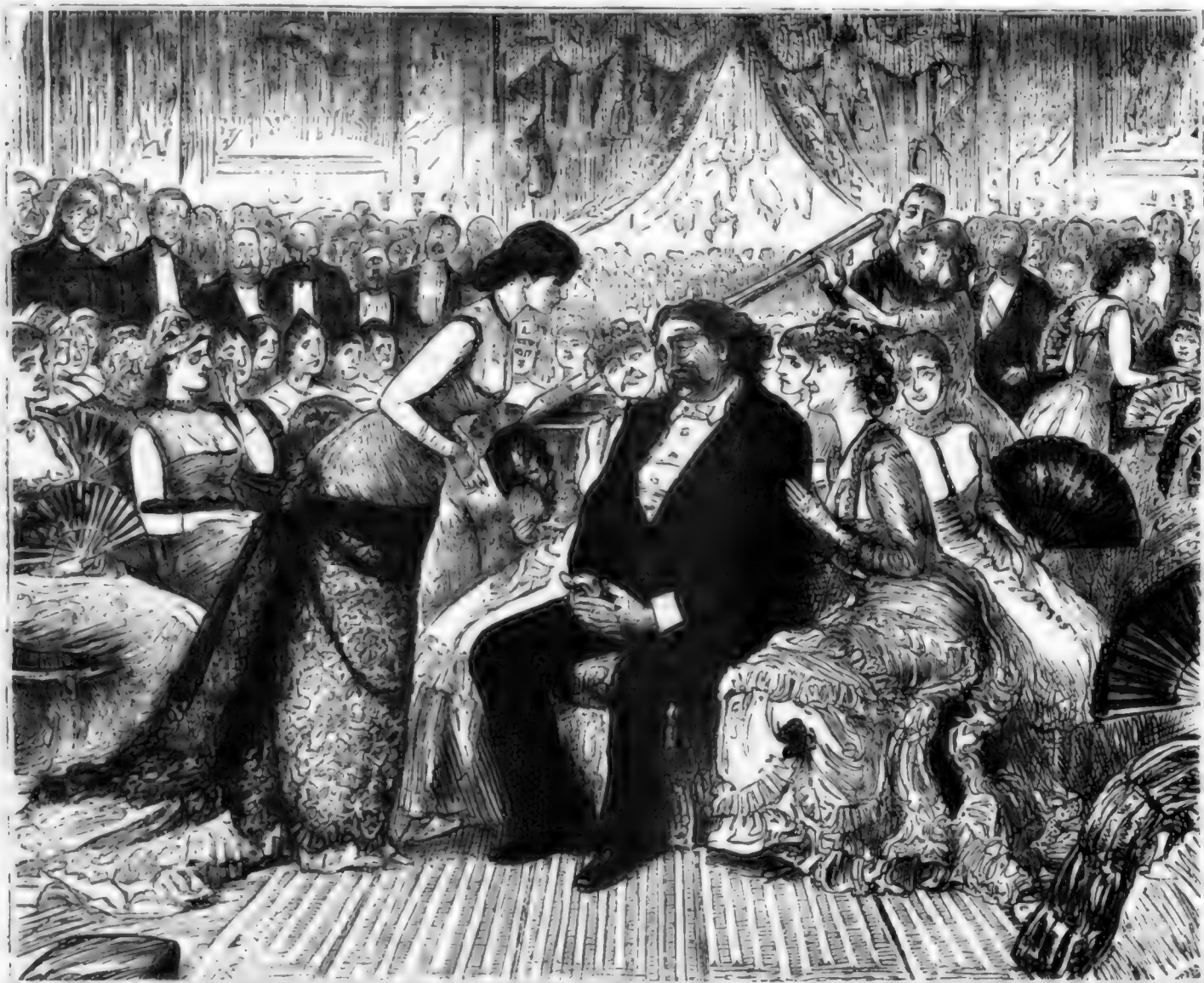
"Where is she now?"—angrily.

He is not addressing the girl alone, but the whole company, as the sweep of his glance indicates; and the whole company repays him with a stare of surprise.

He strides away toward that "t'other" side indicated, and finds that the bit of gold is the hair of the pale-faced seamstress.

The tall, slender figure is drawn to its full height, and both arms are stretched above her head in her effort to reach the blossoms that swing from the top of the pole.

"Never mind them; they're too high. Wait till the poles are pulled up."



#### FRUSTRATED SOCIAL AMBITION.

MISS LYON HUNTER (to Herr Bogoluboffski, the famous virtuoso, whose afternoon pianoforte recitals are the wonder of the world)—"A—by-the-by, Herr Bogoluboffski, we thought you might perhaps like to try the new piano."

CHORUS OF LADIES—"Oh, do, Herr Bogoluboffski! Pray do!"

HERR BOGOLUBOFFSKI (who has been asked to dine *en famille*, and spend the evening "quite in a friendly way")—"Ladies, if you would perhaps vish zat I should amuse ze gompany, kvite in a vriendly vay, I gan break ze poker on my arm, I gan schwallow ze duple-schboons, and I gan schlick a lighted dallow-gandle in my mouse visout pudding it ovet; but I cannot blay ze biano after tinner."

N.B.—On the strength of Herr Bogoluboffski's coming, Miss L. H. has cunningly invited just one or two very select friends to drop in during the evening, and the new Steinway Grand has been purchased at great expense for the occasion.

"Clean t'other side th' field. She came, after all—walked all the way ruther'n not, to spite us."

"Well, I'd have you t'understand that I'm goin' to drive the wagon to the village myself t'-night, and that seamstress is goin' t' ride along; and if any o' you've got remarks t' make, you'd best make 'em before she gets in, or you'll foot it yourselves, sure as I'm a living man. Why, last week she picked to Simon's, and Jim says she was the best picker there, and if you think I'm goin' to lose her for any o' your nonsense, you're mighty mistaken."

At the unexpected sound she starts, drops her arms, and turns around, her face not pale now, but flushed rosy-red with the heat and her exertions.

The sight of the young master sends the color up to her brow as she bids him a low "Good-evening."

"I've come over to tell you," he says, "that you're not to walk home to-night. If I'd known of it, you wouldn't have walked this morning. You needn't be afraid that they'll bother you. I'm going to drive in myself, and any one that can't keep a civil tongue in her head will take the consequence."





HILDA. — "THE TALL, SLENDER FIGURE IS DRAWN TO ITS FULL HEIGHT, AND BOTH ARMS ARE STRETCHED ABOVE HER HEAD IN HER EFFORT TO REACH THE BLOSSOMS THAT SWING FROM THE TOP OF THE POLE."—SEE PAGE 351.

"Oh, please don't say anything to them because of me. I can walk back after I've rested, and they wouldn't like it if I rode. I might spoil the fun."

"Then it'll be spoiled, for you're going to ride. I'd have 'em know I'm master here," and he looks very fierce and determined as he walks away.

An hour later he drives up to the side of the hop-field, and the pickers climb in, quite subdued, and not a little expectant.

They are all seated, but she whom they expect does not come.

George Wilson cracks his whip impatiently, and the heavy horses give a languid start, for which they are rewarded by a sharp cut; but still no seamstress.

In a moment, however, a small boy comes running up, who says, in answer to the question, "Where's Hilda Swaby?" "She's gone this half hour."

"Must say I like her spunk," thinks George, as the wagon rumbles off down the road.

The next morning he drives to the village for the pickers, and as he goes, he thinks of Hilda Swaby. As the figure of that comely maiden standing among the vines rises up before him, he exclaims, half aloud, "Blest if I know why they don't like her; she's enough sight prettier than any of the girls here. They say she's mighty poor; perhaps that's the reason, darn 'em! Got rooms to Granny Brown's, I think they said," and straight he drives to Granny's door.

In answer to the heavy knock of his whip-handle, the door opens, and Hilda stands in the doorway:

"Oh," she says, "you're very kind to stop for me, but I can't go this morning. I don't believe I can go any more at all. Allan's got one of his turns."

"Allan?" George asks, bewildered.

"Yes, my little brother. He's a cripple, you know, and when he has his turns I can't leave him."

She is the pale-faced young seamstress now, and her eyes are full of tears.

George thinks he never saw a sweeter face, nor such tender eyes; but he can only say he's sorry for the boy and go back to his wagon.

The rest of the morning he spends his leisure moments in calling himself a fool for not knowing how to comfort her.

And Hilda sits by the bedside of the little sufferer. While the needle flies through her busy fingers, her busy brain is weaving fancies to beguile the many weary hours for the child.

At length he falls asleep, and Hilda stitches on in silence. Presently she raises her face, and the swinging vines before the window catch her eye, bringing back the thought of yesterday.

She smells the healthful breath of the hops; she drinks in the warm, fresh air; she lives again that glorious Summer day. Wreathed in these pleasant memories comes the kindly face of George Wilson, and brings a faint blush to her face. Her hands lie idle in her lap, and smiles are playing about her lips.

"You look very happy, sister. What are you thinking of?"—in a low, moaning voice.

"My darling," snatching up her work, and turning toward him, "I thought you were asleep. I was thinking of the hopvines."

"Are hopvines very beautiful, sister?"

"Well, I scarcely know. Yes, late in the afternoon, when the sun is setting, they are beautiful, I think."

"Shall I ever see them?"

"I hope so, dear one."

"Do you like to sew, Hilda?"

"Not the best of anything in the world, dear," a pained look creeping into her face.

Hilda was to have been a teacher; but one night came misfortune and death, and in the morning Allan and Hilda were alone in the wide world. Allan could not be left, so Hilda laid down her books, and in their place took up the needle. A simple history enough.

The child sees the look, and instantly one little thin hand presses hers, caressingly.

"When I'm a man, Hilda, I'll work so you sha'n't ever have to sew. I'll be well and strong when I'm a man, won't I, Hilda?" anxiously.

"I hope so, my darling."

"Why do you say 'hope so,' Hilda? I don't like it. Why don't you say Yes?"

Here a spasm of pain distorts the poor little face, and Hilda says, "Yes, surely," and every other soothing thing she can; but he is too exhausted when the pain is gone to ask any more questions.

## CHAPTER II.

GRANNY BROWN has gone to "meetin'"; Allan has fallen asleep, and Hilda sits on the front steps alone. Her head rests against one of the weather-beaten posts that support the porch. Her hands—there is no work for them to-night—lie clasped in her lap, and her sad eyes are gazing far away to the west. There, in a sea of liquid gold that the dying sun has tinted, hangs a pale crescent—a delicate promise, fraught with meaning. Do you see it, Hilda? Her eyes rest on the crescent, but its meaning is hidden from her sight.

The sound of a step that has grown familiar of late falls upon her ear. She turns in the direction of the sound, and already George Wilson is at the gate. Hilda rises to meet him.

"I just dropped in to see how the boy is," he says. That is always his excuse for "dropping in."

"Better to-night—a very little better—but not well. I don't know what to think of it," with a catch like a sob in her voice. "He has never been sick so long at one time before. It's a month now—I count it by the hop-picking—since the turn came on; and he's not been well a day since. And Allan is all that I've got. I asked the doctor about it yesterday, and he said—he said it's what I must expect. Oh! what did he mean? You don't think he meant—"

But she cannot give expression to the dreadful thought. She can bear it no longer; she buries her face in her hands, and cries as if her heart would break.

George Wilson's big heart aches for her; but words are not his forte. He shakes his head in perplexity. His face is a study in its concern and bewilderment.

Presently it lights up with resolve. She has walked away toward the gate, endeavoring to recover herself. He follows her; he comes close beside her and touches her sleeve.

"I say, Hilda, don't take on so! The little fellow'll be all right in a few days, depend on't. And what you say about his being all you've got ain't so; there's some one else besides the little lad that loves you. Hilda, will you be my wife?"

Hilda can only stare at him in utter surprise for a moment.

Gradually, however, reassured by his kind, earnest eyes, she is able to realize what he means. A bright, beautiful smile lights up her face, over which a flood of color is sweeping.

A startled, piteous cry breaks the stillness about them.



"Hilda! Hilda! you promised not to leave me!"

She rushes into the house. Allan is sitting up in bed, his large blue eyes distended, staring in terror straight before him, his arms held out in an agony of appeal.

"My darling, my darling, I have not left you. I am here. I have been near you on the steps while you slept!"

She folds him in her arms, and with a long, quivering sob, he nestles his head upon her breast.

"I—think—I was dreaming," he says, presently. "You put me in a little boat, on a wide river, so wide I could not see across; and you stood on the shore with one hand on the boat, and promised not to leave me. But just then some one called, and held out his arms to you; and you let go the boat, and went toward him. I could not see his face. Then the boat began drifting away from the land. I called to you, but you did not hear, because the stranger held you in his arms, and kissed you, and you had forgotten me."

Has Hilda been dreaming, too? Her eyes are wide and startled, and a red brand burns on her brow.

George Wilson waits patiently by the gate until she comes out to him.

"Allan is asleep again," she says, "but he's restless, and I must go back to him. Good-night."

"Not good-night till you answer my question, Hilda. Say Yes, and then I'll go," coming up to her and taking her by the hand.

"I—I cannot say Yes. Didn't you hear Allan? He had been dreaming; it was a warning," and she shudders. "When mother died she made me promise on my knees never to leave Allan, to give myself entirely to him, to suffer, to care for him always. And to-night, when—when I was going to say Yes—Yes, to you, a warning came to Allan in his sleep. Now I see that that would be a kind of leaving him. If I married you I would give what I promised should all be Allan's while he lives."

He tries to reason with her, to convince her that she could be just as much to Allan while most to him. But all that he can gain from her is a promise to think it over, and not give him an answer for one week. To this last she yields so readily that his hopes run high, and he steals a kiss from her at parting, "to keep him company till Sunday night."

### CHAPTER III.

"SISTER"—it is the faintest whisper, but she bends her ear to catch the faltering word—"Sister—don't—cry—so. I—shall not—suffer—any—more. And when—when—you—stand—amongst—the hopvines, I—will—watch—you."

The little tired head sinks lower on her breast, and the moaning voice melts slowly into silence.

An angel has come in the night, and in the morning there is only Hilda.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE soft, warm air of Spring blows gently over God's Acre, and lingers with a caressing sweetness about one small, green mound. Yesterday it pressed a kiss upon the brown turf, and the long, slender spears of grass have sprung to meet it in answering caress.

But other kisses press the grave to-day, and a slight, girlish figure is flung upon it in an abandon of lonely grief.

"Hilda!"

She starts, and raises her tear-stained face.

"I want you to come home with me, Hilda."

She rises, submissive as any child.

At the side of the road his buggy is waiting, and he bids her get in. Then he follows her, and turns the horses' heads to the north.

She looks at him inquiringly.

"Yes, Hilda, dear girl, I'm going to take you home at last. Just to think that you've been here within twenty miles of me all this time, and I not to know it. But I'd have found it out before now if I hadn't sprained my ankle and been laid up with it for months. Jim Simons happened to be here a week ago and saw you in the street; and yesterday he came over to tell me. It didn't take me long to find the house this afternoon, and then they told me where to find you. I tell you, Hilda, it made my blood boil to see that pile o' factory sewin' on the table, after what I'd heard. I just sent it back to the concern, and told 'em to look som'eres else for hands to finish it. For you'll never sew any more for 'em, my girl, while I've got a penny in the world."

Her poor little heart has been desolate so long that love and kindness are too much for it to bear, and it can only find relief in tears.

Dear, faithful Hilda, you shall be desolate no more. There is a strong arm around you, and your weary head is drawn to rest upon a heart strong and faithful as your own, that will for evermore stand between you and the misery of life.

For a long time there is silence between them, but it is the silence of full hearts. Then, "Hilda, dear, why did you run away from me, and leave no word?"

"Because," comes the faltering answer, "I knew I could not say No again if I waited till Sunday night; and I had promised mother, you know."

"But, my darling Hilda, weren't you afraid to go to a strange place?"

"No, because there was a factory there, where I knew I could get work; and it was easy to get to. We went down on the canal."

There is a strange moisture in his eyes as he thinks how this frail young thing at his side bore the burden of that promise. And he draws her yet closer to his heart, and presses his lips upon her golden hair.

In the East above the budding treetops, the full moon is rising. It sheds a silvery radiance across their path. Do you see it, Hilda?—the promise of the crescent realized?

The farmhouse-door is open, and on the porch a gray-haired, motherly woman is standing; on her kindly face there is a smile of welcome.

"Have you brought her, George?"

"Yes, mother."

And Hilda is lifted from the buggy and taken to that mother's heart.

But that's gone by a year ago last Spring. Again the setting sun sends its parting rays through the clustering leaves in the hopfield, and lights up the faces of the pickers. But with a peculiar brightness the dying glory lingers about a patch of gold in the midst of the dull-green hopvines. That gold is the hair of Hilda, the fair young wife of the master.

The pickers have stopped their work and come clustering round her, for in her arms she carries the king of the hopfield. Another Allan, rosy and plump and fair, with the big blue eyes of that other, but straight of limb and strong, and fashioned to be a farmer.

Yonder, with long, swinging stride and sunburned face, comes the master. He knows no fairer sight than that of the babe and its mother—she with her welcoming smile, and he with arms outstretched to father.

And Hilda's life? It is a sweet content.



THE HOLSTEIN GATE OF LÜBECK, THE CITY ON THE TRAVE.

## THE CITY ON THE TRAVE.

It was one of the warmest days of a hot Summer when the *P. W. Dillberg*, a Swedish steamer, left Copenhagen for Lübeck; and pleasant was the sea air when we had got a little off the land. Everything about the *P. W. Dillberg* was bright and clean. The private cabins were roomy, the deck was broad, the seats comfortable. For the first hour or so all went well. Then the *P. W. Dillberg* began to rise and fall, in ominous fashion. Jokes were plentiful about land-lubbers who could not keep their sea-legs, and we spoke like tough salts: "Call this a sea!" We felt no fear; every man strode the deck with nautical tread, and metaphorically snapped his fingers at Fate.

Alas for pleasant boasting! A crash was heard, and cup and saucer slipped from a deck-table. Then a couple of camp-stools violently rushed down to the other side. There was a stampede of ladies. As we got more and more out into the open, the *P. W. Dillberg* lost all sense

of dignity, sometimes standing on her bowsprit, and sometimes, we feared, meditating a pirouette on her rudder. My friend, Frodsham, retired to his cabin, and pleasantly occupied himself with Andersen's "*Bilderbuch ohne Bilder*" when he was not endeavoring to extricate himself from the occasional avalanche of passengers' luggage which took advantage of his open door.

On deck it was pleasanter, though the sea swept over the ship and darkness crept on. The white cliffs of Mön long shone out, and then we settled in the blackness of a stormy sea. For four hours I shared the bow with a tall, gaunt, German schoolmaster, who did not seek the deck for the same reason as I did—which was simply fresh air; he struggled bravely, and, when his health permitted, was as genial a companion as could be desired. English he could not speak, but understood it well. His wife had been in England as a governess, and during the long Winter nights they read Shakespeare together at home.



Modern English literature, too, he knew. With Tennyson he was familiar. In this literary talk, interrupted over and over again by drenching floods of spray, we struggled on, until at last my companion went away, and I was left alone with the lookout man and the man at the wheel. The night was not a bad one, and I, at least, slept soundly until we were well up the Trave.

And this at last is Lübeck—once the head of the Hanseatic League, now chiefly a town of the past. Its citizens were distinguished

by public spirit, and admirable prudence and courage. The story of its rise and fall is instructive, sometimes even dramatic, from 1143, when it was founded by Count Adolph II., of Holstein, on the site of an early Wendish town. Its fall was largely due to the enterprise of Holland and England, and for the last two centuries Lübeck has declined in importance. Two centuries is a long time for a city gently to decay, and there is still much about the old Hanse town which reminds one that the ambition of its citizens was not only to make their

commerce great, but to make their Lübeck illustrious in art and architecture. Thus Lübeck preserves in its buildings not only the tradition of a splendid past, but the appearance of a prosperous present.

Among the many quaint cities of Northern Europe Lübeck must take a chief place. Let us sit on the broad terrace of the Staat Hamburg, on the Klingberg, under the shadow of white awnings, and see how the world wags at seven o'clock on an August morning. "Opposite"—I quote from an account written but three days afterward in another old town, the famous university one of Göttingen—"a fountain splashes and glitters in the hot morning sunshine, which casts broad shadows of leaves on the tiled floor, on the awning and on the wall. Already the rough,

springless, country-carts are jolting by over by the big-stone paved road. Each seems to have its own and peculiar rattle and roar; those that are going to market, with store-baskets full of fragrant greenery, have each a bronze-faced village woman beside the blue-bloused boy who whirls the long whip. A little later, and younger boys begin to pass to school; each a soldier already, wearing over his light linen clothes knapsack in place of satchel or strap. They pour from every cool archway in

troops of four and five and six into the sunshine, which the red, high-pitched roofs—each one surely the work of a distinct and original architect—seem to make more intense."

Some of the churches in Lübeck are well worth visiting, if only for the clocks. Who that has seen the clock, with nose and ever rolling eyes, in the cathedral, is likely to forget it, or the green-and-white angel which at each quarter hour strikes the bell, and the Death, who, clothed in blue and bones, marks the flight of every hour with turning hour-glass? To sit and watch this



A SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT LÜBECK.

perplexing superhuman clock is gentle recreation for a Summer day; to meditate upon odd themes and be interrupted by unfamiliar presences, dwarfish, childish, mechanical and yet fascinating. The clock in the Marienkirche dates from 1651, and is more elaborate. Only at twelve o'clock is the great performance; but at that hour little groups gather to watch and wonder, for small doors open, and, to the unending satisfaction of all, the Emperor steps out, followed by the Electors, slides past an image of our Lord, and disappears within another door, to dream again in those venerable shadows where he has spent so much of the last three hundred and twenty years. Each figure, as it passes the Christus, bows, or, to be more exact, violently jerks its head in sign of deference.

Of course, it is not alone for such mechanical eccentricities that those churches are noted. They present invaluable illustration of the history of Gothic architecture. Mr. Ferguson considers the buildings on the sandy plain of the Baltic as displaying but little artistic merit. "It is true," he tells us, "that in the hands of a refined and art-loving people, like the inhabitants of the North of Italy, brick architecture may be made to possess a considerable amount of beauty. Burnt clay may be molded into shapes as elegant and as artistic as can be carved in stone, and the various colors, which it is easy to impart to bricks, may be used to form mosaics of the most beautiful patterns; but to carry out all this with success requires a genuine love of art, and an energy in the prosecution of it which will not be easily satisfied. Without this the facilities of brick architecture are such that it can be executed by the commonest workmen, and is best done in the least artistic forms. While this is the case, it requires a very strong feeling for art to induce any one to bestow thought where it is not needed, and to interrupt construction to seek for forms of beauty.

In brick architecture the best walls are those with the fewest breaks and projections, so that if relief and shadow are to be obtained, they must be added for their own sake; and more than this, walls may be built so thin that they must always appear weak as compared with stone walls, and depth of relief is almost impossible. Another defect is, that a brick building almost inevitably suggests a plaster finishing internally; and every one knows how easy it is to repeat by casting the same ornaments over and over again, and to apply such ornaments anywhere and in any way without the least reference to construction or propriety. All these temptations may of course be avoided. They were so at Grenada by the Saracens, who loved art for its own sake. They were to a considerable extent avoided in the valley of the Po, though by a people far less essentially art-loving than the Moors. But it will easily be supposed that this taste and perception of beauty exerted very little influence in the valley of the Elbe. There the public buildings were raised as cheaply as the necessities of construction would allow, and ornaments were applied only to the extent absolutely requisite to save them from meanness. Thus the churches represent in size the wealth and population of the cities, and were built in the style of Gothic architecture which prevailed at the time of their erection; but it is in vain to look in them for any of the beauties of the stone Gothic buildings of the same period.

In the cathedral is a handsome font of 1445; a very valuable altar-piece by Memling, painted in the last years of the fifteenth century; several fine brasses; a St. Christopher of 1665; and a money-box with the inscription:

"Wer sich nach vermögen gibt Gottes haus  
Zu Bessern und zu Bauen,  
Der wird auch Gottes Bau und Hegen  
An seinem House schauen."

The central aisle of the finer Marienkirche is 130 feet high, the side aisles are only half as much. This, as Mr. Ferguson says, allows space for a very splendid clerestory. Among its treasures are two pictures by Overbeck, who was a native of Lübeck; a font of 1337, richer, but somewhat rougher, Lübke considers, than that in the cathedral; a fine altar-piece; and a "Dance of Death," long erroneously attributed to Holbein.

Let us come from churches into the light of day, and, taking our stand at one of the windows of the Rathaus, look down upon the crowd below. It is market-day, and so thickly planted are the stalls, that at first we can

scarcely see anything but umbrellas of all colors of the rainbow. But as we accustom ourselves to the crowd, we pick out at every stall quaint groups. Above her white cap each saleswoman wears a high-peaked Mother Hubbard straw hat, with broad green or blue ribbons. Tied neatly in huge bows under the chin are those ribbons if the wearer is old; if she be young and fair the ribbons stream over the shoulders. Green seems the favorite color, and "green indeed is the color of lovers," Shakespeare tells us. The purchasers are not themselves wanting in bright hues. Business is not conducted at a breakneck pace. There is little need for Lübeck man or maid to hurry. Things have not gone fast in business within the recollection of the oldest, and there is time enough for a chat with each old friend; time enough to make much progress with the stocking begun when the cart started for the market; the day is long, the sun is hot, a little money goes far, and life, if hard, is not without its pleasures. News there always is to be picked up, and if you and I would not feel much interested in it, neither would Frau Benedig or Mariechen care much for our æsthetic studies. Under the walls of the veritable building in which we stand many a busier scene has been in the past, and its good fruit is the stolid prosperity of the present calm.

It is now 438 years since the oldest part of the Rathaus was completed; it is exactly 398 years since the staircase in the Breit-strasse first delighted the eyes of the citizens. The tidings of the marriage of Henry VI. with the fifteen-year-old daughter of René of Anjou, titular King of Naples and Count of Provence, were discussed below those walls with the same earnestness that Napoleon's battles evoked; without interruption its venerable ears have drunk in the gossip of four centuries and a half. Shakespeare had only completed his first group of histories when the building was finished; who can tell how much longer it will watch the parti-colored market crowds, and hear of empires, leagues and covenants.

In the wine-cellar beneath is a table said to have been made from a plank of the ship of the last admiral of Lübeck. To one vault brides were brought from the Marienkirche close at hand, and read the grim warning inscribed on the wall, which, translated, runs: "Many a man sings loudly when they bring him his bride; if he knew what they brought him he might well weep!"

Among the old churches and guild-houses of Lübeck I will not linger. The Church of St. Catherine partly gives house to the school of Lübeck; it is a beautiful early Gothic structure, with the curious peculiarity of a double choir. When we visited it two years ago it was, like most other Lübeck buildings, filled with mechanics and masons. The city library contains curious works and many historical papers.

A strange, half-sleepy, half-busy city, Lübeck is off the main track of tourists, and not much visited save by errant archaeologists and architects. Its prosperity can scarcely return, but it is a convenient stage on the way to or from Copenhagen; and here, by-the-way, we may remark that many of our tourists might do worse than take a run next Summer through beautiful and little-known Denmark. Traveling is cheap, the hotels are excellent, and the novelty of language and customs is pleasant and stimulating. The English are claimed almost as brothers by the close connection of the royal houses of Britain and Denmark, and the story of their frequent warlike attacks upon the capital is remembered only in guide-books. It will, however, be necessary that a traveler should know German, and it will be desirable that he



know a little Danish. Without German it is impossible to travel with any comfort in the rural parts of the kingdom; and Denmark only possesses one great city—its capital.

In Copenhagen one may hear English on all sides. Either by Lübeck, direct to Copenhagen, or by Hamburg, and through Schleswig, Fredericia, Odense, and Roeskilde, the art-centre of Northern Europe may be easily reached, and its manifold attractions, from Tivoli to Thorwaldsen's Museum, may well detain the not too hasty traveler for a few days; indeed, speaking very practically, its treasures cannot be seen in a couple of days, for all the exhibitions and galleries are not open on the same day. A very beautiful sail is that from Copenhagen to Helsingör; Helsingör of false poetic fame—for Hamlet's Elsinore was never the Helsingör of Denmark, though Hamlet's grave and Ophelia's brook are ready for the credulous—and of true poetic loveliness.

Sweden may be visited with expedition, for its coasts are close at hand. The bathing-places of Denmark are numerous and convenient. Despite the constant clipping to which the once mighty kingdom has been subjected, it still contains within itself much that is unique and precious, and the courtesy of its graceful women and stately men once experienced will never be forgotten. But Lübeck, full of such memories of the past as a commercial city can awaken, unlike its bustling sister, Hamburg, stands dignified and medieval in the end of the Nineteenth Century. The Sleeping Beauty of its commerce may not unfitly lie in one of those high-pitched houses, whence she had watched the two great towers of the Marienkirche, the placid Trave and its merchant fleet, the rich flat country all around, in other and better days. But will this Sleeping Beauty awake? or some night when the clock strikes twelve will not rather the whole city melt into fairyland?

### SHAKESPEARE ON DEATH.

THERE are in Shakespeare's plays about ninety deaths, taking place either on the stage or immediately behind the scenes, so that the tidings are told or evidence is given directly after the fact. Twenty-five occur in this latter manner, but not at all for the classical reason that terrible sights were not to be represented before the people. In many cases, gory heads are introduced, far more ghastly than a whole murdered body; the plight of *Lavinia* in "*Titus Andronicus*" is proof that an Elizabethan audience was content to sup full of horrors, and the many battle-fields in the historical plays may well be supposed to have included representations of the dead and dying. The number above given is only that of named, and therefore important, personages; it might be increased by soldiers and attendants who are killed, as it were, by the way.

The modes of death are very various, and yet not quite all which we might naturally anticipate. Cold steel, the dagger or the sword, accounts for about two-thirds of the whole; twelve persons die from old age, or natural decay, in some cases hastened by the trying circumstances of their lives; seven are beheaded; five die by poison, including the elder *Hamlet*, whose symptoms are so minutely described by his *Ghost*; two by suffocation, unless, indeed, *Desdemona* makes a third; two by strangling; one from a fall, one is drowned, three die by snake-bite; and one, *Horner*, the armorer, is thumped to death with a sand-bag.

The modes of death of which we might have expected Shakespeare to speak are arrow and gun-shot wounds.

The English archers are said to have done so much execution in more than one battle of which we hear in the plays, that it is curious they are only twice named as employed in fight—

"Arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety.  
Fly from the field,"

at the battle of Shrewsbury; and *Richard*, at Bosworth, cries,

"Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!"

It may be, of course, that a flight of arrows was a difficult and, indeed, a risky thing to represent on a stage; but this would scarce account for no mention of death by them, and it is probable that by Elizabeth's day the use of bow and arrow had so passed from reality into play, that it only occurred to the poet now and then, as adding a certain picturesque detail to his words. He makes the *Archbishop of Canterbury*, when counseling the too ready *Henry V.* to invade France, speak only of the pastime of archery.

"As many arrows loosed several ways  
Come to one mark."

The other allusions are merely metaphor, as "*Cupid's arrows*," and—

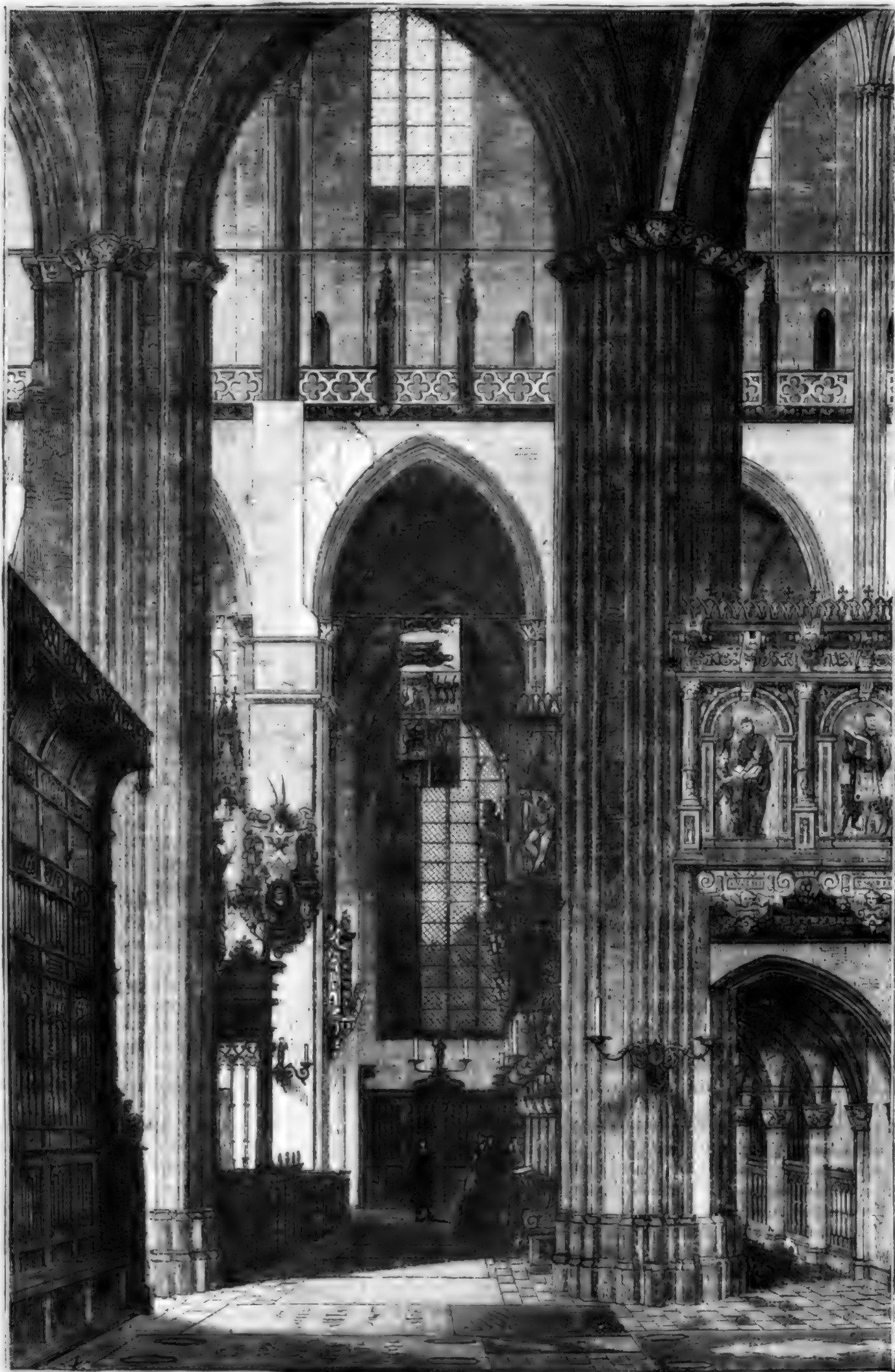
"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

Guns were still only pieces of heavy ordnance, and though *Falstaff* speaks of a bullet's swiftness, he is thinking of what we call a ball, probably of stone; and Shakespeare uses all words connected with explosive artillery simply in relation to the battering of walls, and not to the death and wounding of men. Not till the English civil wars did firearms play any considerable part in personal slaughter.

It may be interesting to examine how Shakespeare has dealt with death by these various means, and how far his description tallies with observed scientific facts. In *Arthur's* fall from the tower and *Horner's* death, the physical causes were the same; whatever the outward injuries, death resulted from failure of the heart's action, in consequence of some serious internal lesion, not from fracture of the spine, for in both after the injury is given there is time for one, yet but for one, short speech, and the end when it comes is instantaneous. "Hold, Peter, hold, I confess treason!" cries *Horner*, and is going to say more; there is no apparent failure of power, but he dies at once, abruptly.

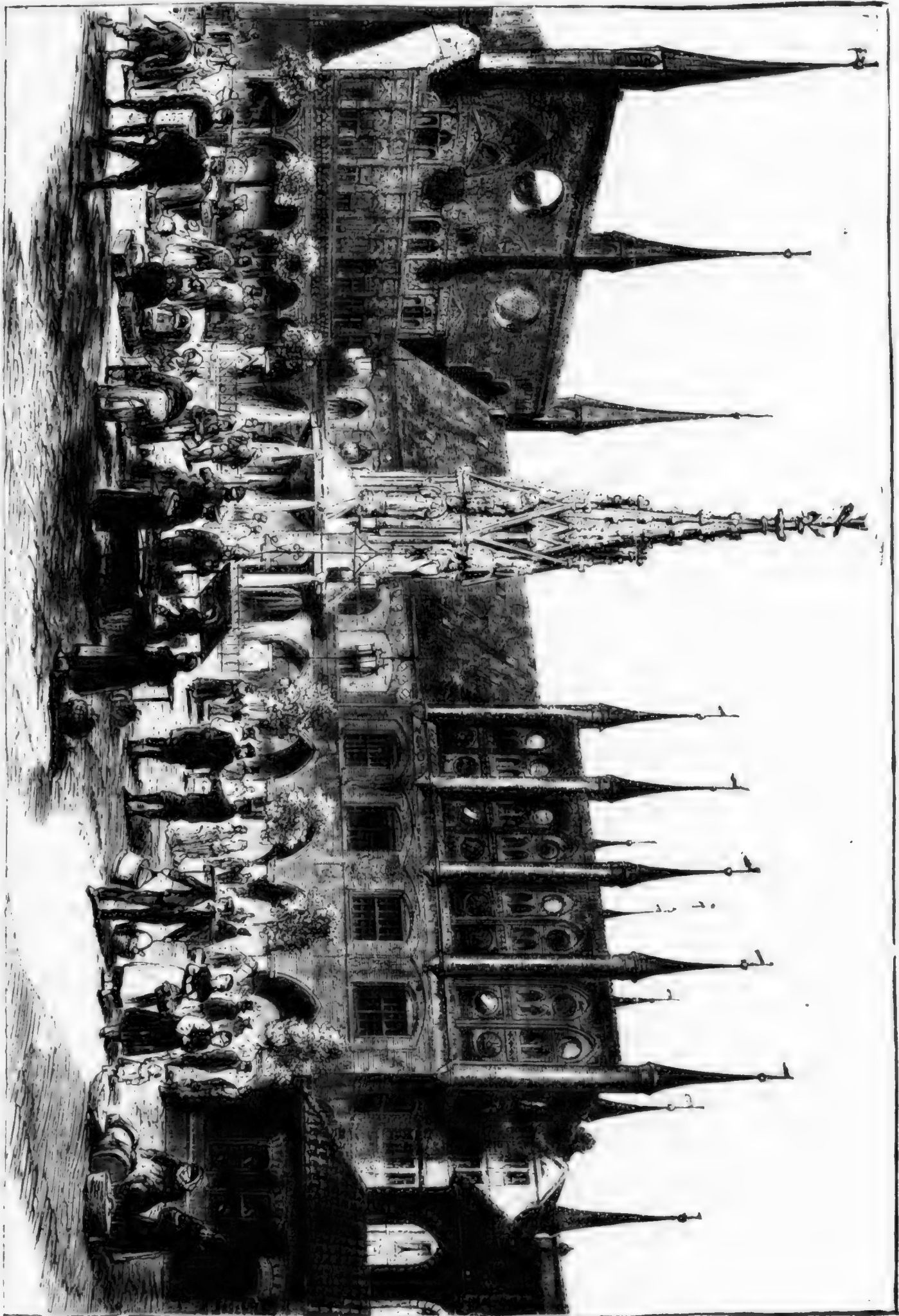
There is nothing to be said of the cases of suffocation, since they are transacted off the stage, and no physical signs are described; nor, for the same reason, of the various instances of beheading. The single case of drowning is beautifully divested of all violence, and that which might be so painful is rendered peaceful. *Ophelia*, having lost her reason, is unaware of her danger; she is buoyed up at first by her garments, and then, as they grow heavy, she is dragged down by them gently and gradually, so that there is no room for struggle, and the waters close over her almost without a ripple. Who that ever saw Mr. Millais's early picture on the subject can possibly forget it, or fail to recognize that poet and painter had equally rendered the fact, and yet divested it of its most terrible elements?

In the deaths of *Cleopatra* and her maids, Shakespeare would seem to have been for once at fault. We say her maids, because the only way to account for the sudden death of *Iris* is to suppose that she had met and touched the incoming basket of asps, on leaving the presence to fetch her mistress's robe and crown. But, however this



THE CITY ON THE TRAVE.—INTERIOR OF THE MARIENKIRCHE, LÜBECK, WITH THE DANISH FLAG.—SEE PAGE 356.





THE RATHBAGS AND FOUNTAIN IN THE MARKET-PLACE, LIVERPOOL.

may be, Cleopatra and Charmian die almost instantaneously of the snake's bite, after the Queen "applies" the serpents to her breast and arm, as though they were leeches.

"Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?"

The poet was quite aware that he must make the effect of the asp very different to that of the viper's, which now and then might lame a horse, or, very exceptionally, kill a keeper, after some hours' suffering, in his own Arden. But there was no one to tell him the mode of death from the bites of Eastern serpents; his imagination is quite unfettered, and, with true poetic feeling, he makes the poison swifter than the cobra's, yet peaceful and painless. It were better he should not know or tell the agonies and the distortion which, in fact, must have marred the beauty of Egypt's Queen. What is there lacking in accuracy is more than made up in the account of Gloucester's death by strangling. There has been a terrible struggle, and every physical sign is intensified:

"See how the blood is settled in his face.

\* \* \* \* \*  
His face is black and full of blood,  
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,  
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling,  
His hands abroad displayed." . . . . .

Of the deaths by poisoning, two are minutely described. One takes place off the stage, and is only named to us; two are sudden—the Queen in "Hamlet" and *Romeo*. In these last cases, the agent was clearly hydrocyanic acid in some form, a vegetable extract, such as laurel-water, killing almost at once, and painlessly, leaving no time for thought, but only for the certainty of quick-coming death. *King John*, on the other hand, is poisoned by a corrosive irritant, probably mineral, comparatively slow in its action, of which burning heat is the chief symptom:

"There is so hot a Summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.  
. . . . . against this fire  
Do I shrink up?  
None of you will bid the Winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burned bosom, nor entreat the North  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips?"

The elder *Hamlet*, again, dies by vegetable poisoning. There is strong reason for thinking that the true reading of the drug is not the usual "hebenon," but "hebona" or yew juice, for the symptoms are precisely those caused by this, and by no other. Whether, in the then state of anatomy, Shakespeare really believed, contrary to the truth, that such a juice poured into the ear would so course through the body, is not clear. It is probable that he took the old story, so far as he needed to do so, but having made it responsible for the mode in which the foreign element was introduced into *Hamlet's* frame, used then his own observation and curious plant-lore for the efforts which the body made to cast it out.

The many cases of death by steel are very closely studied from nature. Those who have carefully examined the dead on a battlefield, or in the streets after an *émeute*, are struck with the fact that while the expression on the faces of those who have died by gunshot wounds is one of agony and distress, the dead by sword have a calmer expression, though their wounds often seem more painful to the eye. A very careful observer, who was through the Indian Mutiny, entirely confirms this. After giving several instances, he says: "A rapid death by steel is

almost painless. Sabre edge or point divides the nerves so quickly as to give little pain. A bullet lacerates." This is in entire accordance with Shakespeare's diagnosis. *York*, in "Henry IV.," dies "smiling;" so young *Talbo* in "Henry VI.," 1, "Poor boy! he smiles." In the great majority of cases, there appears to have been no acute pain; and such distressful sensations as were felt, when there was time to feel anything, were those of cold. Death, therefore, resulted from hemorrhage, of which an exceeding chilliness, without pain, is always the consequence. *Hotspur* and *Warwick* both speak of this chill, "the earthly and cold hand of death," the "cold, congealed blood." The only instances in which acute pain wrung "groans" from the sufferer were those in which death was long delayed, when, as with *Clifford*, "the air got into my deadly wounds"; and *Montague* also groans from the delay.

There is a most striking passage in Jeremy Taylor's sermons in which he speaks of wounds to the same effect, but attributes the painlessness of a wound at first, wrongly as it would seem, only to the heat and rage of the fighter, who has no time to feel. "I have known a bold trooper fight in the confusion of a battle, and, being warm with heat and rage, received from the swords of his enemy wounds open as a grave; but he felt them not, and when, by the streams of blood, he found himself marked for pain, he refused to consider then what he was to feel tomorrow; but when his rage had cooled into the temper of a man, and clammy moisture had checked the fiery emission of spirits, he wonders at his own boldness, and blames his fate, and needs a mighty patience to bear his great calamity."

Shakespeare carefully discriminates between the wounds which pierce the heart and are at once fatal, and those which allow a few minutes, or even moments, of life. A stab which causes instant death wrings from the dying person one sharp cry of momentary agony, or sometimes purely spasmodic and mechanical, and then all is silent; and with the cry there is a sharp, convulsive movement of the limbs. So, *Polonius* utters one loud "O! I am slain!" *Aaron* imitates the squeal of the dying nurse, "Weke! weke!" *Prince Edward*, in "Richard III.," "sprawls," after his first stab. Those who do not die at once, but bleed to death, or are choked in blood, speak a little, know they are dying, but are not in pain, and have no convulsive movements.

We now come to the deaths of old age, and by natural causes, and of these there are comparatively few. Comedy puts away from it the idea of death altogether; and great tragedies are, as a rule, concerned with violent ends. Yet here, where there is little seeming variety, Shakespeare's observation has anticipated that of modern skill. Miss Nightingale has pointed out how constantly the mental state of the dying depends on their physical conditions. As a rule, she tells us, in acute cases interest in their own danger is rarely felt. "Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state. But patients who die of consumption very frequently die in a state of seraphic joy and peace; the countenance almost expresses rapture. Patients who die of cholera, peritonitis, etc., on the contrary, often die in a state approaching despair. In dysentery, diarrhoea, or fever, the patient often dies in a state of indifference."

Now, in Shakespeare, the majority feel indifference or calm acquiescence; *Gaunt* "plays nicely" with his name; *Henry IV.* has no thought of the future, but only some faint interest still in the things of life; *Mortimer* cares only for his funeral; *Bedford* is acquiescent, neither hopeful nor fear-



ful. "Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please." There are a few exceptions, and they exemplify with force what Miss Nightingale has laid down. *Queen Katharine*, dying of long decline, has visions of eternal peace; while *Beaufort*, whose faculties are about him to the last, has the most vivid and keen remorse for murder, the only crime which the sinner, as a rule, seems unable to forget.

In Shakespeare, again, those who in perfect health know or believe they are to die take the conviction according to their physical temperaments, not according to their lives. If there be seeming exceptions, it is because some foreign conditions are introduced, as when *Richard* is visited with terrible dreams, and something like craven terror as the result of them. But he has been drinking heavily before he goes to rest, and recovers himself in the morning before and in the battle. As an instance of a contrast between two physical temperaments, we may take the terror of the sensitive *Claudio*, so full of young life and vigor, and the stolid indifference of the brutal *Barnadine*.

Of course, this whole subject is capable of being worked out in much greater detail, but at the present time, it has seemed well worth while giving a few hints for study, founded on what has occurred to the writer while reading Shakespeare through, under somewhat unusual conditions.

### THE PALM-BIRD.

THE palm-birds of St. Domingo are so called because they build their nests among the branches of the palm; and they are also called the community birds, because they build larger houses, and all live together. When the time for building has come, half a dozen or more join together, and begin by laying sticks and leaves among the palm branches; and then they carry sand in their bills, and fasten all these things together by making a kind of mortar or glue. When they have made one nest, they arch it over, leaving a hole for a door, and line it soft as velvet with the fuzz or down of plants that grow all about. Some nests are large as a barrel, with hundreds of birds darting in and out, making such a noise as is deafening to hear.

By-and-by, when the nest gets too large, the palm branches break, and let the whole family of birds to the ground. Then there is a wonderful crying and lamentation for a little while. But they do not mourn long. Dividing into parties, they are soon at work again, making a dozen new communities. They are a black bird, not quite as large as those that pull up the corn in this country.

## PARENTAL CARE IN ANIMALS, AND MODES OF CARRYING THEIR YOUNG.

BY C. FREDERICK HOLDER.

IN their care of offspring the lower animals, perhaps, approach nearer to the human standard than in any other respect. Even in the lowest forms, where action seems subservient to instinct alone, we find acts of maternal or paternal devotion curiously similar in their performance to those of man. What care exceeds that of the common spider, that, when alarmed for the safety of her progeny, grasps the silken nursery in her mandibles and rushes away, and when brought to bay fiercely contends against superior forces to the last, often being torn limb from limb before relinquishing her hold? The ball of eggs even resembles her in color, and the mother herself so

mimics the rocks and dry leaves among which she darts, that pursuit is rendered extremely difficult.

The young of a small black spider common in the New England States are protected in a curious manner. The mother carries them about on her back, the clinging mass often completely covering her; when alarmed and closely pursued, and it becomes necessary to render the flight less conspicuous, each of the young springs from her back in different directions, first having attached to her a silken cable, by which apron-string they find their way back.

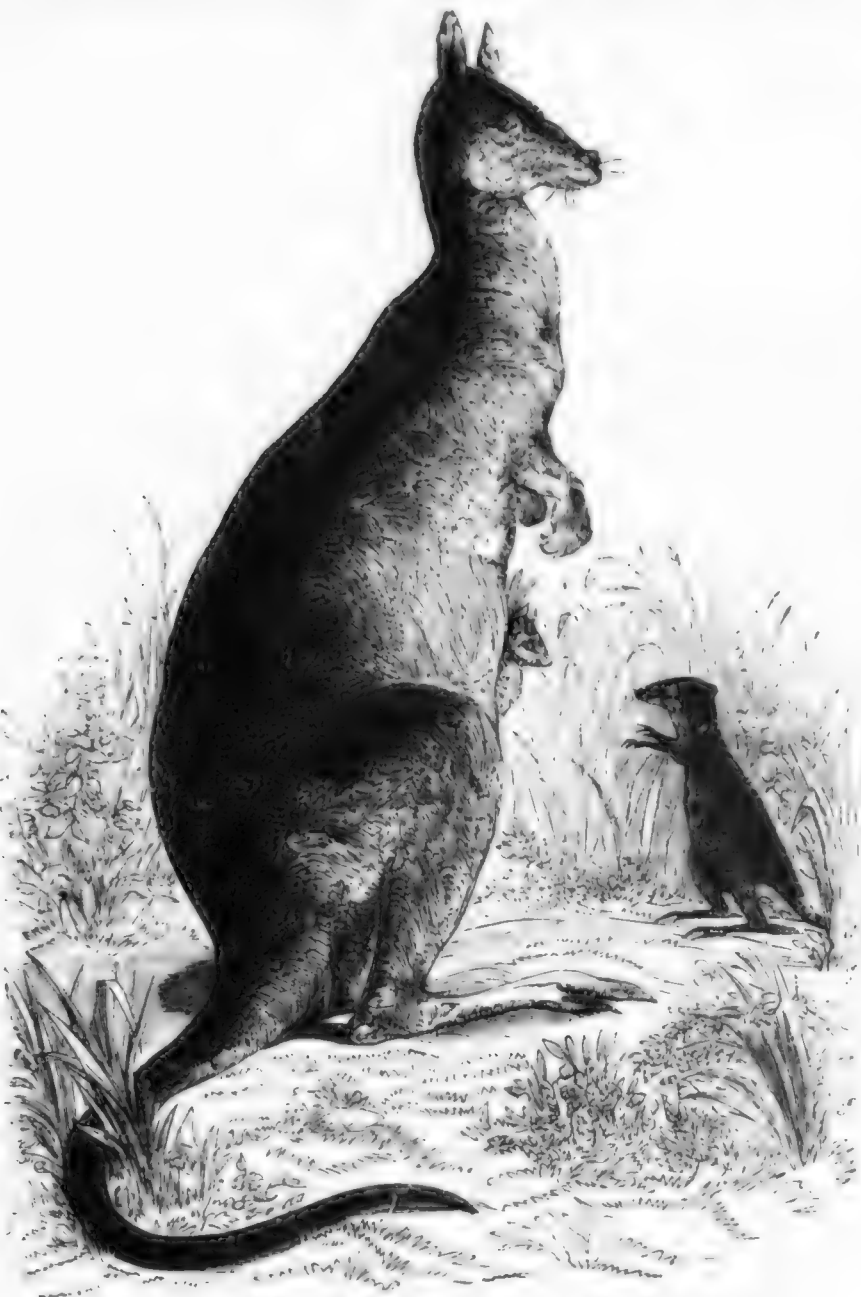
A spider in the East envelops her eggs in an oval balloon, to which a silken rope is attached and made fast to a leaf or twig, and floats securely in the air, by its motion defying the most active of its enemies. In almost every family of insects the same care is noted; one of the centipedes actually sits upon its eggs after the manner of a hen, rolling them over and over with its many feet to remove any fungus that might adhere and prove detrimental to them later on.

The mole-cricket, that in all southern climates proves so destructive to young plants, attacking their roots and boring tunnels underground, shows remarkable intelligence in its domestic arrangements, and according to Maunder, who has observed them closely, they are exceeded by no animal in this respect. When the female is fecundated, she forms a cell of clammy earth, in which she deposits about 150 eggs; this nest, which is about the size of a common hen's egg, is carefully closed up on every side, as well to defend its contents from the injuries of the weather as from the attacks of carnivorous beetles, which, being themselves underground inhabitants, would certainly, but for this precaution, either devour or destroy them. Nothing, indeed, can exceed the care and assiduity of the mole-cricket in the preservation of its young. Wherever a nest is situated, fortifications, avenues and intrenchments surround it; there are also numerous winding byways which lead to it, and a ditch encompasses the whole, which few insects are capable of passing.

But the diligence of these little animals does not end here; at the approach of Winter they move their nests entirely away, and sink them deeper in the ground, so that the influence of the frost cannot retard the young brood in their progress to maturity. When the weather grows milder they raise their habitations, etc., in proportion, till at last they are brought as near the surface as possible, without being wholly exposed to view, in order to receive the genial influence of the sun; but should the frost unexpectedly return, they again sink them to their former depth.

Almost equally as solicitous for the welfare of their young are the ants. The leaf-cutting species of South America are often seen in long columns bearing pieces of leaves to their vast subterranean nests, that, when arranged as thatching or otherwise, become overgrown with fungi particularly adapted as food for the young, and eaten by them with great avidity. At the slightest warning, the young ants or eggs are seized by the workers and conveyed to a place of safety, and cared for with all the tenderness displayed by parents of a higher order of intelligence. Some of the large African workers will submit to all kinds of torture before releasing an egg. Their legs may be severed, body, and finally the head, which will retain its hold upon the unconscious offspring for hours after.

In Africa, Smeathman, the naturalist and traveler, found nests of the white ant fifteen feet high, and covering an area of twenty-five square feet. Their one object seemed to be the preservation and care of the young and



THE KANGAROO TYPE OF THE MARSUPIAL OR POUCHED ANIMALS.

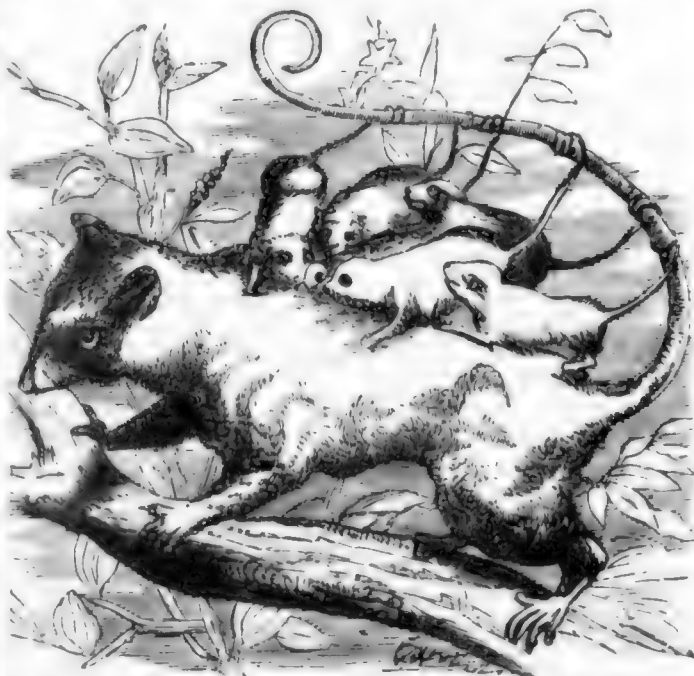
the queen-mother. The room occupied by the mother in the nest is called the *royal chamber*, and resembles in shape half of an egg cut lengthwise. At first it is not above an inch long, but afterward is increased to six or eight inches, or even more, being always in proportion to the size of the queen, who, increasing in bulk as in age, at length requires a chamber of such dimensions. The floor and roof of this chamber are very solid, and are composed of hardened clay. Its walls are pierced by several doorways or entrances, at pretty equal distances from each other, and of sufficient size to admit the soldiers and laborers, but not large enough to admit the king and queen (the latter being, at full size, a thousand times the weight of the king) to pass out.

Surrounding the royal chamber are a number of others of different shapes and sizes, but all of them arched. These are occupied by the soldiers and laborers that guard the pair, on whose safety depends the happiness, and probably even the existence, of the whole of the community. These apartments, being connected together by openings and passages, form an intricate labyrinth, which extends a foot or more in diameter from the royal chamber on every side; and they are surrounded by the magazines and nurseries. The former are chambers of clay, and are always well fitted with a kind of provisions, which ap-

pear to consist of the gums or other thick juices of plants.

The nurseries, which are so called because they are invariably found to contain eggs and young ones, are entirely composed of wooden materials, seemingly joined together with gums. These nurseries are exceedingly compact, and divided into very small, irregularly-shaped chambers, not one of which is to be found half an inch in width. They are placed as near as possible to the royal apartments. When the nest is in the infant state, they are close to the royal chamber; but as, in process of time, the queen enlarges, it becomes necessary to enlarge this chamber for her accommodation; and as she then lays a greater number of eggs and requires a greater number of attendants, so it is necessary to enlarge and increase the number of the adjacent apartments, for which purpose the small nurseries that were first built are taken to pieces, and are rebuilt a little further off. The nurseries are always found slightly overgrown with mold, and plentifully sprinkled with white globules about the size of a small pin's head. These may at first be mistaken for eggs, but on being examined under a microscope they evidently appear to be a species of fungus, in shape like a young mushroom. The nurseries are inclosed in chambers of clay like those containing the provisions, but much larger. In the early state of the nest they are not larger than a hazel-nut, but in old hills are often as large as the head of a child a year old.

The queen deposits about 80,000 eggs a day, which are instantly taken from the body by her attendants (of whom there always are, in the royal chamber and galleries adjacent, a sufficient number in waiting), and carried to the nurseries, some of which, in a large nest, may be four or five feet distant in



MERIAN'S OPOSSUM'S CURIOUS MODE OF CARRYING ITS BROOD.





A HUNTED FOX CARRYING HER CUB.

a straight line, and consequently much further by their winding galleries. Here, after they are hatched, the young are attended and provided with everything necessary until they are able to shift for themselves, and take their share of the labors of the community. In what human nursery or seaside sanitarium are children attended with more care and solicitude than here?

The female scorpion bears her young about upon her back, and according to some authorities they repay this care by devouring the mother.

The habit of carrying young upon the back as a protection is seen in a large and varied class of animals. We have noted the spider and its young, and in strange analogy is the opossum, the common marsupial of the South. At first the young are retained in the pouch, often presenting a curious spectacle with their white heads and bead-like eyes peeping from the singular nursery. When not alarmed, they appear in various strange positions on the mother's back, their smooth, prehensile tails coiled about that of the parent that is perhaps bent over her back for the purpose; the tail seemingly serving the purpose of a fifth limb, intuitively clasp- ing branch or bough.

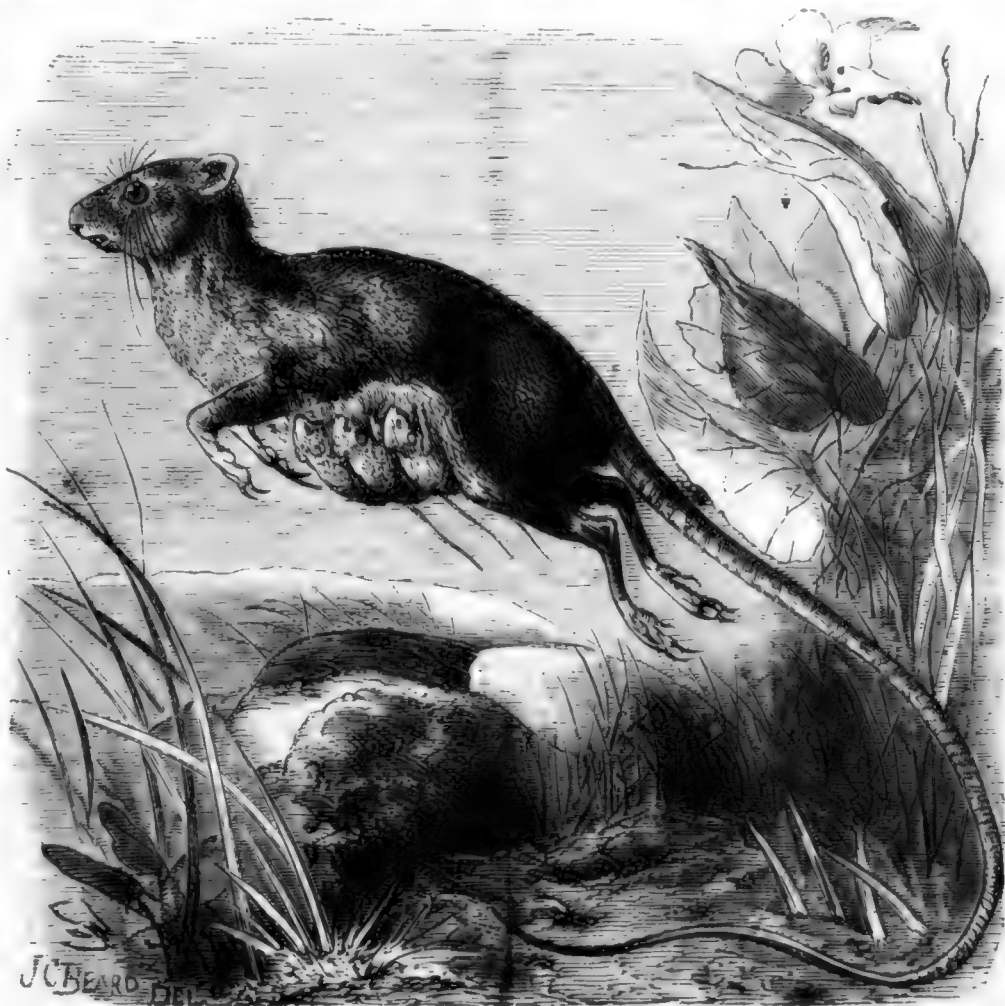
The great ant-eater, a thor-

oughly clumsy creature, walking upon the sides of its clawed forefeet, transports its young in a like manner, the writer having fortunately witnessed the performance. The young ant-eater clings to the rough fur, throwing its tail forward over its head, while over all comes the bushlike canopy of the mother, forming effective concealment to its long nosed offspring.

The huge hippopotamus has been observed by many travelers drifting down the sluggish streams of the East, bearing upon its broad platform-like back a pink, shapeless young, and often when in deep water the gigantic infant appears to be floating along lightly upon the very surface of the water. In a similar way young alligators are borne about, often thus becoming exposed while the parent is hidden below.

Among the tree-toads are several that carry about their

young in a similar manner, especially those found in the islands of Guadaloupe and Martinique. In the latter, owing to a lack of swamps and water suitable for the proper development of the young, they are carried about by the parent, clinging to its back by some peculiar secretion.



THE DEER-MOUSE ESCAPING WITH ITS BROOD.

In the notorema there is a sac in the back that contains the young; but perhaps the most interesting case is that of the Surinam toad. In the breeding season the female deposits her eggs in some secluded place, and instead of leaving them, after the fashion of many mothers, she remains about the spot, and watches the male, who, with his broad, weblike feet, lifts them upon her back, where they are retained by some glutinous secretion. Now a curious change takes place. The eggs gradually disappear, seemingly absorbed, hexagonal-shaped cells forming around them. At this period the toad enters the pond and conceals herself in the mud; the skin that supports the eggs now becomes inflamed, and the cells finally become covered with a thick membrane, the eggs entirely disappearing, the back of the animal resembling a piece of honeycomb more than anything else, the cells being about large enough to admit a large horsebean. When the young have sufficiently grown, the mother leaves the pond and crawls upon the shore, when a strange scene is enacted. The young toads are seen leaving the cells in all positions—some head first, with legs and arms protruding; others clinging to her back as if loath to leave, while many more plunge off into the mud and water, becoming food for birds and fishes. In eighty days all signs of this strange performance has disappeared, the cells becoming absorbed, only reappearing on the return of the breeding season again.

In curious analogy to the above method is that of the aspredo—a South American catfish. During the breeding season, and after the eggs have been deposited, the fish passes over them, the eggs becoming attached to the ventral surface and fins in great numbers. Horny, stalked peduncles connect most of them, so that the eggs dangle like pendants, all traces of the curious nurseries disappearing after the young are hatched.

Another catfish, found at Panama, has a sacklike fold in the skin of the abdomen, in which the young are carried. In the seahorse this is even more striking. As soon as the young are hatched, the male, who is the possessor of the pouch, in some way receives them into it, where they are nurtured by its fatty lining, often as many as a thousand young colts, measuring about five lines in length, being so cared for. When, in the judgment of the parent, they are sufficiently grown to swim about in safety, the sack is pressed against a stone or shell, and the young brood are forced out of their nest, presenting a curious spectacle as they move along like a cloud by the rapid, vibratory movement of their minute dorsal fins.

A number of the echinoderms, discovered by the *Challenger* expedition, were provided with a similar nursery, called a marsupium. In some the spot was covered by thick plates, that were gradually forced up, forming effective protection to the young; in others the long spines were directed over the spot, embracing and imprisoning the bristling and spinous progeny.

Such instances are strangely akin to the habits of the kangaroo and various other marsupial animals. Their young are incomplete when born, sometimes being scarcely over an inch in length, and are placed in the pouch by the mother, where they immediately attach themselves to the teats; a modification of the respiratory organs existing bearing much resemblance to the permanent condition of those in the whales, allowing free communication between the lungs and the external surface, independent of the mouth—a provision that enables them to breathe while deriving the supply of milk. From this constant attachment to the teats, many persons, especially in the South, believe that they grow there; and one enterprising investigator, after vainly trying to obtain the publication of this

discovery (?) in a scientific magazine, published it in pamphlet form at his own expense. The same belief is current with regard to all marsupials in this country and Australia among the blacks. Long after the young kangaroos are able to leave the pouch they use it as a place of refuge, their curious heads peering out, as the mother bounds along, in a remarkable manner.

The deer-mouse, one of our minor animals, deriving its name from its long, deer-like bounds, has no pouch, but carries its young in a curious way clinging to its belly.

During his journey in Brazil, Professor Agassiz discovered a fish allied to the catfishes, that not only carried its eggs in its mouth and gill-folds, but the living fish were found there in great numbers. This is equally true of an East Indian species of *Arius*, and of a large and varied class of animals.

The devotion of the parent stickleback to its young must have been observed by all who have studied them in their native element. The nests are generally suspended from a root or fastened to the bottom. As the breeding season approaches, the male fishes seem to feel their importance, and show unusual activity about the locality in which they live. They assume brilliant colors—a striking nuptial garb—attaining an aggressiveness and pugnacity laughable in the extreme, readily attacking fishes several hundred times their size, and even the hand of the observer, if it is placed near the spot selected for the nest. The male—for it is he who undertakes the sole work of undification—now sallies forth in quest of material for the prospective edifice; fragments of plants, bits of material that have been washed from the neighboring shore, are all collected from far and wide, piece by piece. The foundation is first laid, if to be upon the ground. With his mouth the pieces are matted together, and as if to try it, the little builder presses heavily upon the flooring. If watching it closely through the glass of an aquarium, a peculiar quivering motion will be noticed, and the real motive of the fish seen. He is applying a cement or glue taken from a pore or pores near the vent. It appears like a silken thread as he spins it out, much as does the spider, and if we examine this under the microscope we find it composed of six or eight thin transparent fibres, and if the fish is examined, a large vesicle will be found near the vent, filled with a clear secretion, that, when brought in contact with the water, coagulates into the threads which, when spun artificially, lose their transparency and become white, assuming a tough and elastic consistency. After passing over the flooring repeatedly, as if to test it, he brings a small stone or particles of sand as ballast, particularly if there is a strong current. Now more solid timbers are brought, perhaps a slender twig or piece of weed, which is pushed endwise into the matting and taken out and tried again, until finally, after an immense amount of work in repeating the operation over and over again, the sides of the house appear. If a timber appears too weak or unfitted, it is taken out and carried away. The sides finished and firmly glued by the viscid threads, the roof is next considered, and similar pieces are brought and arranged so as to leave a single or two orifices, and the gluing operation repeated, with occasional additions, until the home is declared complete.

If the nest is above the bottom, the operation is necessarily different. Here the little builder will be seen to force himself through the interstices, in and out, fashioning it on all sides by the curious threads with which nature has supplied it. Now he will pass entirely around the nest a number of times, attaching circular bands that tend to hold it in the desired shape; then, as if tired, will



rest, but soon returning to the work with renewed vigor. The opening that is sometimes at the top, and again extends completely through, is kept in place by continuous plunges of the fish into it, that finally molds it into a satisfactory form. The time taken in the erection of these nests varies in different species. Some complete them in four hours, others in more, but rarely in less time.

The home finished, the male goes off in search of the expectant mother, who is accompanied to the nest with many acts of devotion, and finally takes her place in it. The eggs being deposited, the female departs, leaving the nursery to the patient male, who mounts guard in the nest, not suffering even the mother to approach after her first desertion. At any time we may visit the nest the little guardian will be found steadying himself over the eggs, aerating them gently by continued movements of its fins. Upon the slightest movement he rushes to the fore, and if fishes, seizes them by their fins, darting at their eyes, slaying smaller intruders with his sharp dorsal fins.

This care is most necessary, as, is the nest left, a watchful horde of other fishes bear down upon it and spread devastation, destroying the nest and devouring the eggs.

The curious crustacean *Arcturus*, common in Arctic seas, bears its young upon its long antennæ that are raised above and before its head.

The domestic cat is a more familiar example of animals that bear their young in their mouths, the mother often performing wonderful feats in the way of transporting her family, carrying the weakest between her teeth, while encouraging the others to follow. An interesting case came under the writer's observation, showing their persistence.

A dog arrived at a farmhouse unfortunately at a time when the old family cat was engaged in the earliest maternal duties. The next day she and her litter of five were missing, and word was brought from the nearest neighbor, a mile away, that the old cat was there. The family were brought back home and watched, and almost immediately the mother seized one of the kittens in her mouth, and, head high in air, started off through the fields to the friendly neighbor's that did not keep a dog. In the course of the day the entire family were safely removed a second time, the cat having traveled during the transportation ten miles. Suffice it to say she was allowed to remain until the departure of the possible enemy.

Certain authorities claim that the night-hawk has been seen to bear its eggs away in its mouth, that certainly is capacious enough for such an act of devotion.

Hunters in India have observed the tiger, generally so ready to stand her ground, slink away with something in her mouth, at first supposed to be prey, but closer examination showing it to be her young, and in all the cat tribe the same trait is seen.

Even rats and mice have been observed in time of danger removing their offspring in a similar manner.

Among birds the most painstaking endeavors are seen in the erection of their nests, that are built in a variety of ways, to afford all possible protection to the young. Many of the humming-birds' nests are covered with moss taken from the tree upon which it is built, and so skillfully adjusted that it mimics the tree, and can scarcely be distinguished from it. Others are fastened upon leaves that, constantly moving, afford them protection.

Certain birds related to the raven cover their nests with a *chevaux-de-frise* of briars that protects the young from predatory animals. In Africa others that are preyed upon by snakes build long pendent nests over the water, the opening being below. One of the grebes builds a floating nest that rises and falls with the tide, and can be

paddled away by the mother. But perhaps the most astonishing instance of maternal care among birds is that observed in the woodcock. The mother bird has been seen by a number of sportsmen, when closely followed by them, to rise with the single young between her feet and fly heavily away.

The common snipe displays almost equal intelligence. When her nest is approached she feigns lameness, and hops off clumsily in an opposite direction, and when the nest is far behind, she assumes her natural gait, takes wing and flies off to regain it by a roundabout way.

Many of the penguins have a pouch in which they carry their single egg until hatched, thus bearing their nest about with them. At this time their motion is a hop, the feet being kept together to hold the egg in place, but when the young is hatched they walk as do other birds.

The albatross, although it builds a high nest, also conceals its egg in a fold in the skin, so that it is difficult to ascertain whether they are sitting even when lifted from the ground.

Many of the stormy petrels rear their young underground after the fashion of the burrowing owl. Here, however, the young birds have a natural outlet, but in the Celebes bird *Maleo* (*Megacephalon rubripes*) the eggs are buried several feet in the sand along the beach, exactly as are turtle eggs, the bird showing great cunning in destroying her tracks to the eggs, a peculiarity that the writer has noticed in the green turtle. The eggs are finally hatched by the heat of the sun, the young birds digging their way up to the surface, and, strange to say, they are enabled to fly immediately, a necessary provision, as the maternal duties end with the burial of the eggs. These strange birds are allied to the mound-building *Megapodius* that has similar habits.

Among the seals and other marine mammals the young are often held or supported by the flipper, so that when standing upright in the water embracing their curious young, they bear much resemblance to the typical mermaid. To such occurrences are we indebted for many of the marvelous tales related by the mariners of the olden time, who, no doubt, believed that such evidences of affection were impossible among common animals.

Whales bear their young upon their flippers or fins, and when pursued shield them to the last.

Even among the shells, wonderful provision is seen for the protection of the young. In the argonaut the eggs are fastened to the interior of the pearly home. The violet snail forms a raft to which its eggs are attached, the entire family floating along in company. Other shells carry about their young on the capacious foot. The natica molds them in a collar of sand, while the great land snails of South America, as the *bulimus*, form regular nests of leaves in which their great birdlike eggs are deposited. In some cases they are laid in rows upon a single leaf, the latter being rolled up over them. In the crabs the eggs are generally attached to the abdominal limbs, while others deposit them in the sand, or carry them in the immature state, clinging to the parent's back.

The wonderful foresight of insects in depositing their eggs in places favorable to the young when hatched, is called instinct, but many observers see thought and intelligence in the action. A wonderful instinct (?) is that which causes certain insects whose young depend upon the hives of honey-bees in which to pass a period of their existence, to deposit their eggs on certain flowers, so that the young larva may clasp the visiting bee, and thus be transported to its storehouse.

Many of the ichneumon flies penetrate the bark of trees, beneath which a grub is snugly ensconced. The



A FEMALE HIPPOPOTAMUS CARRYING HER YOUNG.

egg is placed in it, the young feeding upon the victim later on ; and thus millions of caterpillars and grubs become living nurseries and future food for the young of many species.

Some of the wasp tribe capture other insects, paralyze them, and deposit in the body an egg, all of which is buried, the insect remaining fresh but motionless until the birth of the young wasp, when it is slowly devoured.

Some insects, knowing that their young require dead wood, deposit their eggs in a limb, and carefully girdle the branch below them, thus preventing the flow of sap, and by the time the eggs hatch they are in a dead limb, through which the larvæ work with ease. The moths



THE DUGONG HOLDING ITS CUB.



PUSS CARRYING HER KITTEN.

sesiidæ deposit their eggs upon the bark of trees, into which the young bore as soon as hatched, living in the wood for two years, more or less, finally making their way to the surface, changing into a chrysalis, and finally flying away, leaving the old shell obstructing its door.

The gall insects are provided with some secretion that is deposited with the egg in a tender branch, causing an abnormal growth about it, forming perfect protection for the coming larva, and more especially the exact food that it requires.

In all these cases, and many more, instinct seems to play an important part ; yet, if corresponding foresight and precaution existed among the lowest bushmen, it would immediately raise them to a much higher standard of intelligence in the opinion of the ethnologist. The ant is vastly superior, mentally, than the lowest human, yet we are prone to term the actions of the one instinctive and the other intelligent, when, in point of fact, the difference would seem merely one of degree.



A RAT'S MODE OF CARRYING ITS YOUNG.





NOT HIS FAULT. — "A TERRIBLE FEAR CAME OVER HER. FAINTER AND FAINTER CAME THE PULSATION OF HIS CHEST. SHE FASTENED HER EYES ON THE DOCTOR'S FACE. 'SPEAK!' SHE CRIED."

### NOT HIS FAULT.

"Do you love me?"

"How could I be so cruel to say, 'No'?"

"But *do* you?"

"Do I not love every one? Am I not an artist, and must not all true artists love all their species, or cease to be imbued with the true soul of art?"

"Will you marry me?" she asked.

"No."

"Then I am answered American-wise," she said, and reddened even through the rouge upon her cheeks, and clinched her little hands tightly; and the man looked cheerfully at her as he went on eating his ice.

The *café* was full to-day, and, as a matter of course, the

American element predominated. What other nation sent such money-spending representatives as America? Who had their way, were so overcharged, were so positive of being not taken in, as these scions of the free *Etats Unis d'Amerique*?

George Shepard was, like most young men, visiting the great capital for the first time—he went ostensibly for art-study; to live, as his fond parents dreamed, in the Louvre, and to come back master of all intricacies which genius never yet conquered, but which argued all the better for him, because he was the greatest genius of them all.

He plunged, as a commencement, into the dissipations

which the place presented, and no place on earth could offer more than Paris. Riches and beauty are the key-notes which set the symphony of all gay life into accord, and hurries us on through a perfect cataclysm of sound to the vortex, and there leaves us unfinished and too full of fault for redemption. The opera was visited—he had expected something fine; the art-galleries alone were all that he had thought to find them. He met many, like himself, disappointed and satisfied in the same breath.

At last—instead of at first, the usual mode—he visited a music hall, and there saw Mademoiselle Estelle dance, and just for the fun of it he went night after night, threw bouquets to her, and was smiled upon in return, and then effected an entrance to the green-room.

Now, he had no thought of her beyond the few minutes' pleasure of the evening, when sitting in the hall he watched her execute a difficult *seul*, and saw the flowers which he had sent her fastened in her hair and abbreviated diaphanous skirts.

He did not even know where she lived. She did not speak of her wild, feverish life here, where she was born, nor of her humble origin. He knew nothing of her—why should he? *Ciel!* She did not remember her mother and father, even, for she had been brought up by strangers for the stage, and off it, what need had she to remember?

Yet when she first saw this young American she looked upon him as upon so many of his countrymen, who had been bolder toward her than the proverbially bold Frenchmen, her compatriots, and she had not paid more attention to him than she had to the others—that is, she only tried all that she could to gain his attention and did not attempt impossibilities.

But she saw that beneath his laughing face and gay manner there was a purity which made her more than once experience a guilty, strange sort of pang; and one night, when she was putting on her cloak in going from the theatre, she missed his usual visit, and then felt badly all the way home. The next night he did not come either, and she felt worse.

A French woman hates a bad feeling, so she went in the morning to one of the galleries of the Louvre and found him busy at work producing a hideous malformation of a painted divinity.

She went close to him; he looked up at her, and then resumed his brush; he did not recognize her out of her diaphanous draperies.

"*Mon ami, George,*" she said, softly, placing her hand on his arm.

"Heaven! why, it's Estelle!" he cried, jumping up.

"*Oui, Estelle—little Estelle.* Where have you been so long, Monsieur George?"

"So long," he repeated; "what do you mean?"

"I have not seen you for two whole nights."

"Oh! you mean that I have not been to the theatre? No; too busy—settled down to business like a steady old man; funds short. Move aside, Estelle, just a little; you're shading me too much;" and took up his brushes.

She sighed.

"Good-morning Monsieur George," she said; "shall I see you to-night?"

"To-night?—well, yes. I've nothing to do. I guess I'll drop in."

Then she went away.

That night she saw Monsieur George in the box and smiled toward him like an angel. She did not see him to speak to afterward, for he went off with some men. She was peevish to the manager, to her maid, to every one.

"Oh, Estelle has the *grande passion*," said her associates, "and it is the handsome young American."

"*Oui,*" said she, "he is a god!"

Again she went to the gallery and saw him.

"Now, look here, Estelle, you must not come here. All the fellows will remark upon it," he said.

"Oh, I do not care for remarks," she answered, pleasantly.

"But I do," he said, "and you really must not come. What do you mean by it, anyhow?"

"I do not know what I mean," she answered, sullenly.

"I hope you're not in love with me," he said.

"No!" cried she, savagely.

"And don't expect any presents."

"*Peste!*" she said.

"For I'm poor as Job's turkey," he said.

"I don't know him, this Job's turkey, but I am not poor!"

"Glad to hear it, Estelle. Good for you, as we say over at home. But you really must not trouble me."

"I will not trouble you, Monsieur George; but why do you trouble me?"

"I trouble you? Why, I scarcely say anything to you."

"That is my trouble," said the *danseuse*, and left him.

That was her trouble! He thought was it possible that this girl could love any one, and him in particular? Pshaw! it was only another of the many ruses he had heard and read of.

Anyhow, he had a good mind to go to the theatre to-night. When a man has a good mind to do anything of a questionable goodness, he does it. So, of course, he went.

After that, Monsieur George went again and again, always saying indifferent things to the girl, thereby tightening his meshes around her; for it is this indifference in those we love which makes our passion so helpless and so much stronger.

She no longer came to the galleries where he worked, but he saw her on the boulevards, walked with her, led her through all the mazes of a feeling so utterly new to her that she was bewildered; only her former acquaintance with anything that was true made her more intense.

She grew pale, and rouged yet more thickly; she read the frivolous, dangerous literature that came in her way, in order to be more intelligent; but it rather made her maudlin in her tenderness. She was sullen and hasty when he was not by, and bright and radiant when he was.

And he—well, he was flattered, all the fellows told him he ought to be. Good enough in motive, alone in the great city from any gentle influence, and with a young man's desire of profiting by the almost classic advice of doing in Rome what the Romans did, he really felt pleased at this attention of Estelle, and became more exacting toward her; for he thought what a paragon he must be, when she, who had been thrown with so many, and who was known to be fastidious in her acquaintances, should choose him as the only one who had made any impression upon her. She told him all that, of course; and he had laughed, and escorted her into a *café* where he had set ices before her, and they indulged in the conversation set down in the beginning of this sketch. She sat there watching him till he had finished, and they then went out.

He left her at the theatre, and proceeded to his lodging to smoke a pipe with some Bohemians, and there to tell all that had happened during the day, not forgetting about Estelle, exaggerated a little to make his history more interesting. But after this the girl was really unbearable; he was pestered by ill-spelled notes from her; he dared not walk out without being almost certain to encounter her, and he resolved to break with her.



He had become poor here in Paris, for he had gambled in the polite way of betting, and all his resources were exhausted; his father was not particularly wealthy, and the income he allowed his son was only far more respectable than that son. Hence, there must be a change somewhere.

A brilliant idea! He had always desired to travel around the provinces, and it would be cheaper than staying in Paris; and then, by this means, he would get rid of Estelle, and for that, at least, "Oh, let us be joyful," said George Sheperd.

He had painted two awful pictures, which he thought were quite neat, and he resolved to dispose of them. No one would purchase, though, and he rather lost his conceit. At last he found a dealer who would take them and *try* to sell them.

The artist lost all conceit, and determined more than ever to give up all foolishness and devote himself to true study. Away with all dissipations and all dalliances with any more Estelles!

Now he put his hat down over his eyes, and felt a thrill enter his breast at the thought of yet doing something well. He would leave Paris next week, stay from it, gradually with his slender means work himself on to Rome, and with the knowledge gained here would work and work till he should redeem himself yet.

He went to the dealer who had his pictures, determined to recall and destroy them. Aghast, he was told they were sold. Conceit came back.

"Whom to?" he asked,

He was told a young woman, who gave an exorbitant price for them. She had seen them from the window, had come in and asked after the artist, whose name was in the corner of each, had purchased them, and now had them.

"What was she like?" asked Sheperd.

And then, from the description, he knew that Estelle had his daubs, and he thought less of himself than usual.

He took the money, and resolved to see her and restore it, and have his failures again. But, then, he had made up his mind never to see her!

"Oh, well," he laughed, "she had the pictures, had paid her own price for them, and he really had no right to interfere, and maybe make a fiasco of it all."

The next day he left Paris.

Estelle, rapturous over her pictures, was penniless for the time being; she had given every *son* she possessed in the world for them, for she knew that Monsieur George had of late been in very embarrassing circumstances, and had said he was as poor as some dreadfully named creature—a Yankee, without doubt—and he should not be so if she could help it.

She had determined to send him money in a letter, without any name attached, but she was afraid to do so. And he had told her he had finished two pictures, which he would sell. She traced them. She went the round of all the dealers, and at last found the object of her search, and here they were.

She sent word that day to the manager of the theatre that she was ill, and could not possibly dance. He was in agony. She was obdurate. And the manager explained things to her, and she explained things to him. Result—she must have more money, or she would never get well. That night she danced as usual. "For one must live," said she.

Now, Monsieur George Sheperd traveled by beautiful, quiet ways, beneath the clear blue sky, sketching as he went the quaint old houses, ruinous castles and so on. Having shaken off the yoke of gay, dissipated life, he

would now be an anchorite, and all that he had never hitherto been.

Pastoral now, he worked faithfully. For three months he sketched and laid up the nucleus of what afterward made him famous.

Often in sitting down to his delightful labor, he would think with repugnance of his life in Paris, and more repugnantly than all, of the dancing girl; for he blamed her for having wasted many an hour, although she had harmed him in little.

We always blame our pleasures in our pains. He wondered where she was, and how she had got over his departure; if she still had those pictures.

Then he thought of home, and his brow flushed at the idea of associating so much gentleness with so much of the opposite.

However, *l'homme propose, le Dieu dispose!* as he found out; for one day he came home to the little house where he had a room, feeling tired and heavy; and the next day the world had passed away from him and left him in that other world of delirium. He was ill unto death. Unknown, with little money, among rough, ignorant people, he stood small chance of ever getting well.

Raving in his fever, he called on the name of Estelle, as being in his thought so often. The old country doctor hearing this, and seeing his luggage marked with his initials, with more forethought than precaution sent an advertisement to the Paris papers for a woman whom G. S., a sick artist, at such a village, called by the name of Estelle.

One day passed, no answer. Two days passed. On the third a white, haggard woman presented herself at the farmhouse.

"I am Estelle," she said.

"Are you his wife?" asked the doctor.

"No."

"His sister, perhaps?"

"No."

"Any relation?"

"No—his friend!"

They stepped back from her, these plain, ignorant people. Yet what could they do? They could not nurse an utterly moneyless man; and then what if he died—who would bear the expense, and even responsibility? This woman, then, might stay, for she had established some sort of claim by coming here to nurse him.

She did not look altogether bad; she was pale and quiet and nervous. Yes, she might stay. And she did.

She sat there day after day, night after night, holding cooling cloths to his burning head, making him comfortable and easy, and doing all that a woman loving her charge could do.

The old doctor, cold and curt at first, for he knew all about these women, gradually thawed into kindness when he saw that she was doing more than he did, while he was getting all the praise.

With a lavish hand she dispensed money, and every luxury was insufficient to her idea of the needs of the sufferer. Once she was told that the artist might not live. She had started up, put her hand to her head, then fell on her knees before the man of medicine, and prayed to him.

"Pray to some higher power than mine," he said to her, gently.

She—she, the girl, the outcast of society; she of the dissolute French stage; she who had come here voluntarily in a bad light, and who had taken on this new shame where, at least, she was innocent—she pray!

Love is pure, no matter whether it inhabits a temple

dedicated to holiness or a hut where vice breeds. Fearful and awed, she said awkward, strange words to God, for she was not used to speaking with Him; and yet human souls are not towers of Babel in heaven.

She arose from her kneeling position, and sat down calm and gentle by the bedside. She watched him breathing heavily, and waited and waited till she saw his breath growing fainter and fainter, and at last the large drops stood out on his forehead.

A terrible fear came over her. What did this portend?

Fainter and fainter came the pulsation of his chest, and at last the doctor took his weak, nerveless hand.

She fastened her eyes on the doctor's face.

"Speak!" she cried.

"It is over!" said the old man.

"What?" she gasped.

"The fever has broken—he will live."

Then, with a strange cry, she threw her arms about the doctor's neck, kissed him, and fell fainting to the floor.

\* \* \*

When Sheperd opened his eyes, and after a strong, awful pull with death, knew that he yet had a lease on his life, he met the gaze only of the woman at whose house he was.

Looking for something pleasanter, he saw fresh flowers on the stand by the window, where the cool breezes wafted their perfume toward him. He noted various little improvements in the room, from the pleasant muslin curtains at the windows to the basket of fruit.

His senses were not so feeble but he understood that strangers were responsible for this, so he asked:

"Where did all these come from?"

"The lady."

"The lady?"

"Yes; you called for her when you were ill, and we sent for her."

"Who is she?" he asked.

"Estelle," said the woman.

He lay back on his pillow after that, shocked, and at odds with himself and her.

Again, the next day, he summoned up courage enough to say:

"Where is she?"

And the woman said:

"In the next room. She is ill of the fever, but is getting on nicely."

After that he never mentioned her name. The room next his was quiet, and only once or twice he heard the

rustling of garments there. In all her sickness she never cried out or spoke a word in murmur.

Changed utterly, she stood no chance of an engagement for the next season. He could imagine all this as he lay there convalescent; he could imagine how miserably he had acted when he had caused her to care so much for him; he could think with a little pleasure, not unmixed with pain, that there was something good in her, after all.

Something good! He dreaded the time when he should see her again.

"Poor girl!" he thought. "I am not worthy of such devotion from one like her; and how much better should I

be to deserve such devotion from those better than her?" Then once came a letter from his father, telling him to come home now, for they wanted him. He forgot all about her then, and, glad and feverish, he wrote a fond answer to America, saying that he had been ill, but now, by a remarkable providence, he was getting well, and would join them in a few weeks. He did not say his providence was a woman. How could he?

He got along finely after that, and one day he left his chamber, and walked in the pleasant green lane outside. There he met Estelle, leaning on the doctor's arm, weak and fearfully altered; he would scarcely have known her. No rouge now, no kohl under the eyes now; pale and



"YOU CAN'T HAVE MY BREAKFAST, CARLO!"





GATHERING MUSHROOMS IN NORMANDY.—SEE PAGE 376.

attenuated she tottered along—and she had gladly taken all this for *him*!

He stepped to her—

"Estelle, how much I owe to you!"

"You are well again," she said, smilingly, but strange.

In her illness, caught from his, she had understood many things never known before. She knew that her love—never caught from his for her—was utterly hopeless as to any better end than to live in itself.

She learned, this dancing-girl, that even angels were created by the same hand that had fashioned her; that maybe these angels had one time had hearts that burned and ached like hers—who was to know otherwise?

It had been a bitter, bitter thing to understand at first, but now everything was clear. And so she had mechanically said:

"You are well again."

"And all from your great help," he answered. "Can I ever thank you? Forgive all the past, Estelle—"

"Forgive!" she interrupted. "There is nothing to forgive."

"And," he went on, "always think of me as the grateful man who would that he could do anything in the world to repay you, if that were possible. I must leave France in a very little while, and may never

see you again; but need I say I shall always remember you?"

"Remember me!" she said. "Yes, that is good."

"And, Estelle," he continued, "I shall be so glad, when far away, to think of you as being better than you used to be"—she flushed up even to her hair—"and that you were holy when you came here and nursed me, a perfect stranger."

"Yes," she replied. "*Entre nous*, Monsieur George—perhaps there is purity sometimes where we least expect to find it. But you—when do you return home?"

"In two weeks. Home, Estelle, where all I love is centred—my mother, my father, and even some one dearer."

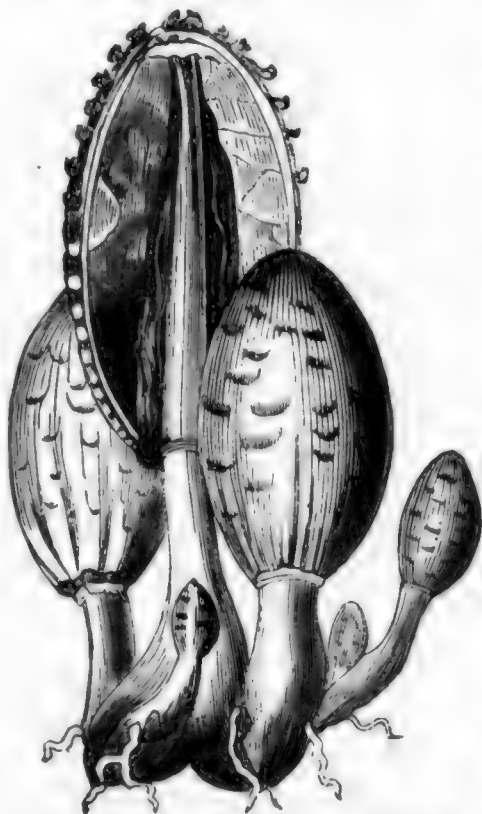
"Ah, some one dearer! You spoke in your illness, you know. Your intended wife, perhaps?"

"Yes; and I never told you that, Estelle, in the old times; but now, when I can talk to her of you, and I know she will pray for you, I tell you; and consider how differently I regard you when I can tell you."

"Yes," she said; "and I am glad that you go from here directly to what you love so dearly; it will make you well at once."

"And you—where do you go from here? To Paris?" he inquired.

"One must live, Monsieur George, surely."



EGG-MUSHROOM, SHOWING THE INTERIOR STRUCTURE.

"If I could only—" he began, looking at her, pityingly.

"*Voilà tout.*" she said, laughing. "There is one good man to whom I go. He is my butcher. He says to me often, 'Be my *femme*, Estelle?' So I shall marry him when I go back. The good doctor here has seen him, and arranged for me."

"I hope you may be happy, Estelle; it is not *my* fault if you are not."

"Surely not. Oh, yes, I shall be happy. One must live, you know."

So she nodded to him, and the doctor helped her along. And early in the morning, as he had run away for Paris, Mr. Sheperd ran from this little place, feeling even guiltier than at that other time—and yet he knew not why—and vowing that it was not his fault. Neither was it.

### THE DISCOVERY OF GRAPE SUGAR.

At the present time, glucose, or artificial grape-sugar, is being made in such quantities, and so much has been said and written for and against it, some regarding it as identical with the natural sugar of fruits and honey, others as differing from it physiologically, if not chemically, that our readers will be interested in the early history of the substance.

The first mention of it was made by T. Lowitz, in an article published in Crell's *Chemische Annalen* for the first half of the year 1792. This journal, then one of the leading scientific periodicals, is now so scarce that no public library in New York city is in possession of a set of it.

Lowitz discovered a peculiar kind of sugar in honey, and gives in that journal a quaint but interesting description of the manner in which he discovered and prepared it.

We may conclude, says Lowitz, that honey owes its sweetness to the abundance of sugar that it contains, but that no one knew how to separate this from the other constituents. This separation was the chief object of his experiments. First he succeeded in removing the peculiar taste, odor, and color by filtering the diluted honey over charcoal, but on attempting to concentrate the solution by evaporation, it turned brown, and showed no tendency to crystallize.

"After several months," he continues, "there appeared in my honey, which had been treated with charcoal and again concentrated, some very small, white, shining bodies of crystalline nature, which gradually increased in quantity, and finally filled out, for the greater part, the whole mass of the honey. In order to be able to investigate the nature of this granular substance, it was necessary to carefully remove from it the brown, thick, sticky substance. This succeeded best by washing it with cold, highly rectified spirits of wine (alcohol). I was delighted to see that by mixing strongly together, the alcohol dissolved the adhesive matter without perceptibly attacking the white granular particles, which were finally entirely cleansed from it by frequent washing with fresh alcohol. The sugary substance that remained on the filter, after gently drying, could be rubbed to a fine and perfectly white powder, which did not attract moisture from the air and possessed an agreeable, sweet taste."

The author goes on to state that all his efforts to obtain regular crystals were fruitless; that the crystalline masses always resembled cauliflowers (or warts), and consisted of very fine needles. He also found that the solution was turned brown by lime-water, and after precipitating the

lime, an acid remained. This sugar was also decomposed by other caustic alkalies, he says.

After discussing the difference in the action of this sugar and other sugar toward alkalies, Lowitz adds that the other substance extracted from the honey-sugar by alcohol differs from it in no other respect except that it cannot be obtained in a dry form by any means; that to this latter substance honey owes its property of turning brown by heat, for when the honey-sugar has been freed from it the solution can be boiled over the fire without browning. Moreover, this sweet, sticky substance resembles honey-sugar in all other properties, as well in taste as in its action toward caustic alkalies and quicklime.

He concludes with the assertion that there is no hope of our ever being able to make sugar from honey, as something more is necessary than to merely remove the foreign substances.

Reading these remarks with the light that ninety years of research have thrown upon them, they stand forth as remarkable instances of correct observation. The crystals which he obtained were dextrose, or ordinary glucose, while the uncrystallizable sugar is now known as levulose—a mixture of the two constituting fruit-sugar as it exists in honey.

Ten years or more elapsed before Kirchhoff discovered the now important fact that this form of sugar could be made from starch by the action of dilute acids; and a half a century rolled away before the manufacture of sugar from starch became one of the large—very large—chemical industries.

### BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

It was an ancient privilege allowed to the clergy of claiming when accused of felony to be delivered up to an ecclesiastical judge—always favorable to his own Order—for compurgation, instead of being tried in the ordinary way before the lay judges of the land. In ancient times few persons, except those in Holy Orders, could read, and accordingly the test for an accused person claiming benefit of clergy was his ability to read. If he could not, the court would not part with the defendant, but proceed to try him as if he were a layman.

Afterward, when education became more general, other persons besides clergymen were able to read; and so, in the reign of Edward III., Parliament extended the privilege of clergy, as it is called, to clerical laymen until the reign of Elizabeth. Women were not allowed their clergy until the reign of William and Mary, when Parliament extended the benefit to them. In the reign of Henry VII., however, a blow was aimed at this singular privilege as enjoyed by laymen, and a statute was then passed against "diverse persons lettered, who have been more bold to commit murder, rapes, robbery, theft, as well as all other mischievous deeds," which enacted that persons "not within Holy Orders" accused of these offenses, and convicted thereof, were in cases of murder to be marked with the letter "M" on the brawn of the left thumb, and in all others with the letter "T," to denote, it is presumed, that the person had been guilty of theft. In cases of high treason benefit of clergy was never allowed to be pleaded.

It is stated that when an accused person claimed his clergy, it was usual to test his learning by requesting him to read the first verse of the fifty-first Psalm, which in Latin begins with the words, "*Miserere mei Deus.*" In addition to the extraordinary character of this proceeding, in which a touch of grim humor seems perceptible, its absurdity is apparent, for of course men might easily have coached themselves up in the required test.



The ecclesiastical judge, who was generally the bishop, might, however, have given the defendant anything else to read; and in either case, in the event of his inability to comply, might have handed him over to the law, and this proceeding generally meant death. A custom which favored criminals solely on account of their good education appears to us, who live in times when it is justly thought that superior intelligence adds a stain to criminality of any kind, to be in the highest degree absurd; yet we are told by able writers that the benefit of clergy, or learning—for "clergy" is here tantamount thereto—was not so ridiculous as it seems. Without saying more on the subject, it may be stated that the privilege was abolished in the reign of George IV.

### FIRE STRAIGHT—1810.

By SUSAN K. PHILIPS.

You'll fire straight, comrades! They gave me  
Five minutes, the officer said;  
Five minutes, and when they are counted,  
I shall lie at your feet there, lie dead!  
I shall know all about it; what's coming,  
And what it has meant, and the rest;  
I shall know, but not come back to tell it;  
You'll aim at the head and the breast!

"Time for a prayer, my poor fellow."  
God bless him! his blue eyes were dim;  
I'd have followed him, choose where he led me,  
So they spared me for battle and him.  
Prayer! I don't know, it's something like funking  
To pray when all else is too late;  
Like a rat driven into a corner,  
I mayn't bite for my life. You'll shoot straight?

I remember the prayer that she taught me,  
The old mother, up in the north;  
She'd kneel where nor'easters were blowing,  
And the cobble was out in the Forth;  
But for all that she prayed the squall caught them,  
And swamped them, both skipper and boat:  
It cheered her when I took the shilling—  
'Twas better than going afloat.

Was it? Maybe. My stripes—will you ask him,  
When you've fired, and all of it's done,  
If she, the old woman, may have them,  
For the sake of her ne'er-do-well son?  
Could he say I was "shot"? She's nigh fourscore;  
Might she think—with my face to the foe?  
There's no need she should hear of this morning,  
And the "firing-party," you know.

And I was no coward—eh, comrades?  
'Twas the blink of a dark Spanish eye  
That lured me from post and from duty;  
Oh, yes, it is fair I should die!  
I'd like to have lain 'mid the heather.  
Here's the coat and the watch, take 'em, mate;  
Time's up, the great Captain is Mercy;  
All comes right under Him. Now, shoot straight.

### AN ANGRY TREE.

A GENTLEMAN of Virginia, Nev., has a tree which is a species of acacia. It was grown from a seed brought from Australia. The tree is now a sapling some eight feet in height, and is in full foliage and growing rapidly. It is leguminous, and very distinctly shows the characteristics of the mimosa, or sensitive plant. Regularly every evening, about the time the "chickens go to roost," the tree goes to roost. The leaves fold together, and the ends of the tender twigs coil themselves up like the tail of a well-conditioned pig.

After one of the twigs has been stroked or handled, the leaves move uneasily and are in a sort of mild commotion for a minute or more. All this was known about the tree, but it was only recently that it was discovered that the tree had in it much more life and feeling than it had ever before been credited with. The tree being in quite a small pot, one which it was fast outgrowing, it was thought best to give it one of much larger size. It was therefore transferred to its new quarters. It resented the operation of its removal to the best of its ability.

Arriving at his residence about the time the tree had been transplanted, the gentleman found the house in grand commotion. On asking what was up, he was told that they had transplanted the tree according to orders, and that the operation had "made it very mad."

Scarcely had it been placed in its new quarters before the leaves began to stand up in all directions like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver. This could have been endured, but at the same time it gave out an odor most pungent and sickening—just such a smell as is given off by rattlesnakes and many other kinds of snakes in Summer when teased. This odor so filled the house and was so sickening that it was found necessary to open the doors and windows. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace. It would probably not have given up the fight even then had it not been that its time for going to roost had arrived.

### A MAGNIFICENT CHURCH.

THERE is in Lisbon an institution known as the Misericordia, whose object is to alleviate all kinds of distress. One peculiar duty which the directors undertake is the care of criminals. From the time that the death-penalty is decreed the criminal is allowed three days to prepare for death. During this time he is in charge of the Misericordia. When the hour comes he is clothed in white by the brothers, a cord is put round his neck and a crucifix in his hand, and, accompanied by a priest on either side, he proceeds to the place of execution.

Connected with this establishment is the Church of St. Roch, which contains probably the most sumptuous chapel in Christendom. The story goes that Don John V., struck with its bareness and the fact of its dedication to the saint of his name, resolved to make it a marvel of splendor. It was erected in Rome regardless of cost, and, when completed, put up in St. Peter's, where the Pope first officiated on its altar. It was then shipped in pieces to Lisbon.

The wall on the outside of the principal arch is coral, the arch of alabaster. The pavement is rich mosaic, inlaid with porphyry. The altar steps are of porphyry and bronze, the rails of verd antique. There are eight columns of lapis-lazuli, their bases being alabaster studded with amethysts, their capitals bronze. The altar is of lapis-lazuli, jasper and amethysts. The lamps are of exquisitely wrought silver. The chapel is further enriched by entablatures of high art in silver, and magnificent pictures. Napoleon contemplated the removal of the whole to France, but before it could be arranged his star waned.

We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the litigation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps.



CAVE-CULTURE OF MUSHROOMS IN FRANCE—FORMING THE BEDS.

## A MUSHROOM.

BY WORTHINGTON G. SMITH.

THE common edible mushroom grows in short, rich pastures, and, as a rule, nowhere else. It has a very pleasant odor, and may be readily distinguished from all other agaries by the following characters: the chief parts being the cap, or top, and stem. The cap is very seldom more than three or four inches in diameter, and its inner substance is white, or slightly pink, moderately firm, and never thin, brittle or watery. The top of the cap is white, whitish, or pale-brown or buff, dry and slightly flocculose, never smooth, never viscid. The covering or skin of the top depends from the edge as a narrow, regular frill, and if this frill-like edge be taken between the finger and thumb, the top of the mushroom can be entirely peeled. The gills underneath the cap are at first rose-color, then purple-brown, at length almost black; they are never permanently rose-color, or white, and never black in a young state. The gills never actually touch the stem. The stem is generally about three inches high, neither solid nor hollow, but lightly stuffed up the middle with a somewhat loose pith. The stem is furnished with a ring

round its middle, which becomes ragged with age. The dust-like spores or seed-like bodies which fall from the gills, and to which we shall afterward advert, are purple-brown, or almost (never quite) black in color. The common edible mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*, L.) is one

of the best known and most cosmopolitan of plants. It grows freely in all parts of the world, though more frequent in temperate than in tropical regions. It everywhere grows on grassy plains, commonly the plains of level countries, and in places where flocks of sheep and herds of cattle are pastured, hence the correctness of the Latin specific name, *campestris*, given by Linnæus. As a rule, the mushroom never grows in true meadows, where grass is grown for hay, but in short, rich pastures, and on flat downs, where the grass is continually eaten off by animals. The strong growth of high meadow grass would be fatal to the growth of the true mushroom. In addition to the genuine edible mushroom, empirically known by its small size and place of growth, there are numerous varieties of the true mushroom known to botanists, horticulturists and mushroom-growers. There is a small, genuine and excellent mushroom with a brown and scaly top, sometimes found in pastures and amongst the short grass of roadsides. When broken, the flesh of this variety turns to a pale carmine, or pink color. This is the *Agaricus pratensis*. There is a close ally named *A. rufescens*, Berk., in which the flesh turns to a much brighter red when bruised or broken. There are two varieties, named *A. vaporarius*, Otto and Vitt., distinguished by minute botanical characters, and there is the woodland variety known as *A. silvicola*, Vitt., with a smooth cap and long, bulbous stem. This form grows in woods, but its botanical characters and its place of growth are suspicious. The horse mushroom (*A. arvensis*, Schæff.) is the "field

COMMON MUSHROOM (*AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS*).

THE MOREL.



mushroom" of botanists. This plant grows in fields and meadows, and often forms large fairy rings under and near trees. It frequently attains a very large size—all "gigantic mushrooms" are "horse-mushrooms." This form has a tawny, scaly top, and its flesh turns to a yellow or brownish color when bruised



HORSE-MUSHROOMS (*AGARICUS ARVENSIS*).

or broken. It is a coarse species, or variety, generally wholesome, but occasionally indigestible or bad.

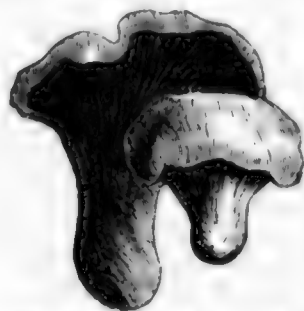
The mushroom of our markets and of professional mushroom-growers has been named *A. hortensis*, Cke. It is generally described as a variety of the true edible mushroom, but it is



CULTIVATED MUSHROOM (*AGARICUS HORTENSIS*).

much nearer in all its qualities to the inferior horse-mushroom (*A. arvensis*, Schæff.). The mushroom of our mushroom-beds (*Agaricus hortensis*), whatever it may be, species, variety or hybrid, has been mainly selected for cultivation for its ready and prolific growth on dung-heaps and in cellars, outhouses and dark places. The true pasture mushroom, as a rule, refuses to

grow in such positions. There are several other allied species and varieties of mushroom, well known to botanists, with qualities, in some instances, certain, in other cases unknown; but it would be beyond our province to describe them all in the present paper. Occasionally varieties are seen that differ from every described species. Such forms appear to be genuine hybrids. It is almost impossible to describe in words all the shapes and colors which ap-



THE CHANTARELLE (*CANTHARELLUS CIBARIUS*).

per-  
tain to the true mushroom and its numerous congeners. Colored drawings are of great aid in the determination of doubtful forms.



CAVE-CULTURE OF MUSHROOMS—WATERING THE BEDS.

Mushrooms, and especially such as are cultivated on mushroom-beds, frequently grow in an abnormal manner,

and these forms are very puzzling to beginners. Occasionally they put on a puff-ball character, with gills inside and no stem. Sometimes the gills grow on the top of the cap instead of underneath; at other times the gills form a spongy mass, instead of being regularly disposed in radiating plates from the stem. Sometimes the stem is ringless. One of the commonest aberrant forms is termed the proliferous condition. In this state a second mushroom grows in an inverted position on the top of the original mushroom, and it is not uncommon to see even a third mushroom growing on the inverted stem of the second.

The artificially-grown mushrooms of our markets and gardens are certainly not the same with the genuine mushrooms of our pastures. The naturally grown mushrooms of the street-venders are simply the fungi gathered promiscuously by the venders themselves in fields and plantations. Genuine mushrooms are rarely present in hawkers' baskets. The horse-mushroom, however, frequently appears, together with several poisonous and non-poisonous species (to be hereafter referred to), and easily distinguished by a fungologist.

The reason that fatal accidents do not more frequently occur from the consumption of these dubious mushrooms is that the poisonous properties, when present, are more or less dissipated by the fire in cooking, or neutralized by the salt, pepper, bread, and other articles consumed at the same time with the fungi.

The general proportions of the true edible mushroom are accurately shown in Fig. 1. The parts consist of the cap (*pileus*), A; the gills (*lamellæ*), B; the stem (*stipes*), CC; and the collar or ring (*annulus*), D. The same parts are shown in section in Fig. 2. The top of the true mushroom is furnished with a somewhat flocculose cuticle, skin, or veil (*velum*), which readily separates from the flesh of the cap, as at E, Fig. 1. The veil is, during the infancy of the fungus, continuous with the ring of the stem, and serves to wrap the very young plant in one continuous wrapper, as in the section at F, Fig. 2. The clothly veil or skin is shown at the moment of rupture at G, Fig. 2. The remains of the ruptured veil are generally seen in the form of a narrow dependent margin to the cap, as shown at J J in Figs. 1 and 2. The cap in the mushroom is never thin, watery, and brittle, but always firm and fleshy. The gills are somewhat crowded together, at first whitish, then rose-color, at length dark-purple, brown, or almost black. The gills are sub-deliquescent, but never truly deliquescent.

A point of considerable importance in the determination of the true mushroom is the presence of a small channel round the top of the stem, at the point of insertion of stem into cap, seen at H H in Fig. 2. In the true mushroom the gills do not touch the stem, and the stem readily breaks away from the cap, leaving a hollow at the point of insertion. The stem of the mushroom is stuffed, neither solid nor hollow, but loosely packed with a cottony pith. The collar round the stem at D D (Figs. 1 and 2) is one of the characters upon which the correct determination of the mushroom depends, and the absence of a collar is a fatal objection to any mushroom-like fungus.

A true mushroom is always dry, never wet or viscid. It also has a pleasant odor, very different from the nitrous or offensive smells peculiar to some of the fungi which resemble the mushroom in form and color. If these characters are taken, with the general nature of the true habitat—viz., rich and airy pastures, little fear of error in determination need be apprehended. Edible mushrooms never, as a rule, grow in woods, never in wet meadows, never on rotten stumps and palings, and seldom on dung or under the shades of trees.

The structure of a mushroom is very simple, and it possesses none of the complicated parts found in some flowering plants, ferns, and mosses. A mushroom is wholly built up of cells or semi-transparent bladders of extreme minuteness. So small and light are these cells that it takes one and a half million of millions (billions) of them, with their contained water, to form every ounce of the mushroom's weight. Some of these minute bladders are sausage-shaped, others are round, whilst a third set, on and near the gills, ultimately get colored and otherwise differentiated, till at last the dark-colored spores (the minute reproductive bodies analogous with seeds) are produced.

The stem of a mushroom is entirely composed of an infinite number of microscopic, sausage-shaped cells or bladders, placed end on end, and slightly interlaced. As these bladders approach the cap, and especially as they approach the surface of the gills, they gradually get rounder and denser. Water is a large constituent in the mushroom; it forms ninety per cent. of the whole plant, and passing through the walls of the cells permeates the whole fungi.

All the more interesting structural points in a mushroom are to be found in the cap, chiefly in and upon the gills. To make an examination of the minute structure of the mushroom, the first thing necessary is to cut off the stem, and then cut a slice off the edge of the mushroom, as seen at A, Fig. 3. When this small slice is removed, the gills will be seen cut across as in the diagram, and the gills now seen in section will resemble a number of teeth naturally outlined with a dark line, as shown. This dark line is a section of the *hymenium*, or hymenial surface, and this surface is studded all over with the seeds or spores destined (under favorable circumstances) to reproduce the species. The hymenial surface or layer covers and follows all the folds of the gills, and it can in some fungi be peeled off and laid out flat like a handkerchief, or be floated in water as one continuous film. It may be compared in some fungi with the external layer on the convolutions of the brain of animals. A pocket lens, or even a low power of the microscope, will show us little or nothing of the minute parts of a mushroom. To see even the constituent cells we must begin with a power of about 120 diameters.

Our object now is to understand the structure of the gills in mushrooms, as seen in the section exposed at A, Fig. 3. For this purpose we must slice off an extremely thin and transparent fragment, such as might be inclosed in the very small square at B, Fig. 3. It should be said here that this square is represented at least ten times as large as the square the gills would naturally present. The drawing at Fig. 3 is a diagram, and necessarily conventional. The gills in nature are really as thin as sheets of writing-paper, and the atom to be seen in section would only well cover the point of a pin. When we get this transparent slice from the exposed surface of one of the gills, place it on clean glass, and magnify it 120 diameters, we see it as in Fig. 4. We here perceive the minute constituent cells or bladders quite distinctly. The longer and looser ones running down the middle (A A) belong to the *trama*, tramway or passage down the middle and between the two sides of the gills. The rounder and more compact cells at each side of the figure (B B) are the slightly-tinted cells of the *hymenium* or spore-baring surface. The minute hollow dots running up the extreme edges on both sides are the spores. In some black-spored agarics the spores are so large that they can be clearly seen with a Coddington lens, but in the pasture mushroom they are so small that a power of 120 diameters is



perfectly useless for making them out. Fig. 5 shows us what can be seen with a magnifying power of 1,500 diameters.

It is needful for us now to direct our attention to the very edge of the section only, so that we may understand the nature of the hymenial surface. The cells at and about A A A, Fig. 5, are the ordinary cells or bladders of which the plant is built up; but as these cells approach the surface at the left edge they become "differentiated" (as botanists say), or become possessed of peculiar properties not possessed by the ordinary cells of the plant.

The more important of the hymenial cells are shown at B B. These bladders are termed basidia, sporophores, or spore carriers. At first they resemble the ordinary cells, but they speedily become furnished with four small horns (C C C C), spicules, or "sterigmata." These horns bud at the pit (D D), and the buds speedily grow into spores (E E). The spores are at first white, then rose-color, at length almost black. Two spores appear at a time diagonally on the spicules of the basidia, and as the two other spores on the remaining spicules quickly appear, they push off the two that were first formed in the manner shown at F F. Each spore is furnished with a minute projection at its base, analogous to an umbilicus. This projection indicates the point of attachment to the mother mushroom.

We may pause here for an instant to say that when, a few years ago, the great controversy was going on about "spontaneous generation," one of the leaders of the movement illustrated a spontaneously-generated spore. The spore was illustrated with a projection of this nature, plainly showing (by the umbilical spot) that it must have fallen from a true mother fungus. The sporophore, or spore-carrier, is clearly analogous to a female organism, but the presence or not of a male organism in the mushroom is much disputed. Many botanists, including the writer, believe male organs to be present in the cells, H H, named cysts, or cystidia. These cystidia are present (though often obscure) in all mushroom-like fungi; they are abundant on the hymenial surface, though less in number than the spore-carriers. The basidia, or spore-carriers, are about equal in number with the simple cells that are exposed on the hymenial surface. The cystidia are about one-quarter the number of the basidia; they are filled with protoplasm, and carry excessively minute granules in suspension. In some species there is a cover, which at a certain period of the growth of this fungus, flies off the cyst, and the minute granules sail out. Some botanists look upon these granules as analogous with the pollen in flowering plants, and the antherozoids of algae, mosses and ferns.

Returning to the spores, they are each furnished with a distinct coat, which is at first white, becoming rose-color, at length (from oxidization) purplish-black. They are filled with condensed protoplasm, and are destined (after the manner of seeds) to reproduce the parent plant. When ripe, they drop away, or are pushed off from the hymenium, and if they fall in any suitable place they speedily burst. The bursting commonly takes place at both ends (H H), and the contained vital fluid, or protoplasm, pours out in the form of a fine thread. The spores burst readily enough on glass, damp linen, paper, and on various other materials in moist air. In a ripe mushroom, the spores of course fall from the hymenium to the earth in tens of thousands, and if the ground is suitably damp, and the air warm and moist, tens of thousands of fine mushroom threads will be produced on and in the ground, and this thready interlaced material, when incorporated with old dung and earth, is the "mushroom-spawn" of the mushroom-grower.

A good way to see mushroom spores is to cut the stem off a mushroom close to the cap, and place the cap gills downward on a sheet of white writing-paper or glass. If left all night in this position, a plentiful deposit of the spores will have fallen on to the paper or glass by the morning. In the mushroom the ripe spores are deep purplish-black or purplish-brown in color, and this is one of the essential characters of the plant. Spores are short-lived, and when shed in an unsuitable place speedily perish; they cannot withstand any extremes of heat, dryness or moisture. Not so the spawn; this, when once formed, can remain in a quiescent or resting condition for several years, though a superabundance of humidity or drought will, no doubt, injure or at length destroy it. The spawn, like the fungus which arises from it, is wholly cellular, and it carries the growth of fungi on from year to year in the same way as does the quiescent resting-spore of the fungus of the potato disease.

Mushrooms are commonly looked upon as amongst the most rapid growing of all known plants; but this idea, correct on the whole, requires some little modification. It must be remembered that the ripe spores of the mushroom fall to the ground in October, and at that time burst and begin to form the perennial mycelium. The growth of this spawn or mycelium goes steadily on in the ground all through the Winter, and all through the succeeding Spring and Summer. This spawn gradually gets denser and denser, and forms more and more cells whilst it is still hidden in the earth. When the Autumn comes once again it is commonly forgotten that a whole year's subterranean growth of the mushroom has been going on unseen, and that bulb-like growths of the mushroom are present underground (like bulbs of lilies), ready to start into rapid growth on the advent of proper and favorable conditions.

The warm and moist air of October is highly favorable for the development of mushrooms from the dense masses of living and mature subterranean fungus-spawn. From June to October mushroom "buttons," ranging from the size of a pin's point or head to that of a hazel-nut, may always be seen if the earth is turned over in mushroom-producing pastures. These buttons, if dissected, will be found to have all the parts of the mushroom in a firm and consolidated state. The warm Autumn rains soon distend the cells of the "buttons" to ten times their Summer size, and then the young mushrooms peep out of the ground as white buttons the size of a large marble. The warm air of one or two days is sufficient for further growth, and the complete expansion of the umbrella like cap.

The supposition that mushrooms come up in a single night is founded on imperfect observation; the young plants are hidden by the grass and earth, and get overlooked. Experienced fungologists know perfectly well where the Autumn agarics will appear even during the Spring months; the condition of the pasture grass gives a clear indication. It is exactly the same with truffles; fungologists know at a glance, far better than any truffle dog, where truffles are certainly to be found; the neighboring trees, the semi-open spots, the soil, calcareous or otherwise, give unerring indications.

Several fungi are frequently mistaken for true mushrooms by inexperienced persons, and the greatest stumbling-block is, no doubt, *Agaricus, fastibilis*, Fr., and its close ally, *A. crustuliniformis*, Bull. These two agarics generally grow in woods. They are clammy to the touch, have a very disagreeable smell, and the clay-brown but never black gills distinctly touch the ringless stem. The cap has no distinct hanging frill at the edge, and the

spores or seeds are clay-brown in color. These agarics look considerably like horse-mushrooms to an inexperienced observer, and they are sometimes seen exposed for sale with mushrooms in markets. They are highly poisonous.

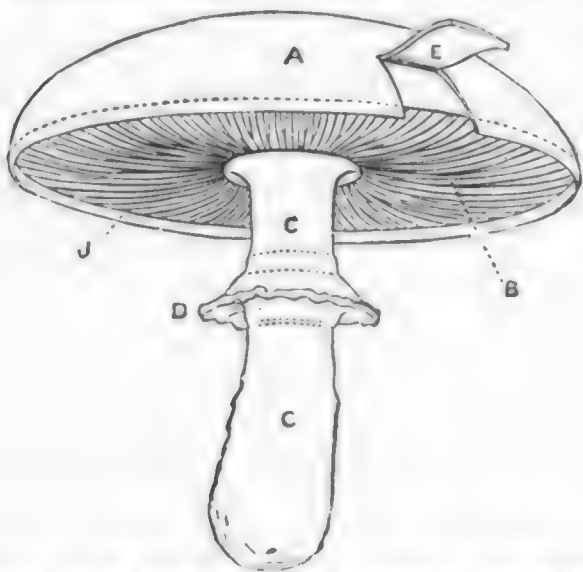


FIG. 1.—THE EDIBLE MUSHROOM (AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS).

A trustworthy account has been published of the dangerous *A. fastibilis*, Fr., invading mushroom-beds and ousting the bed-mushrooms. Whether an incident of this

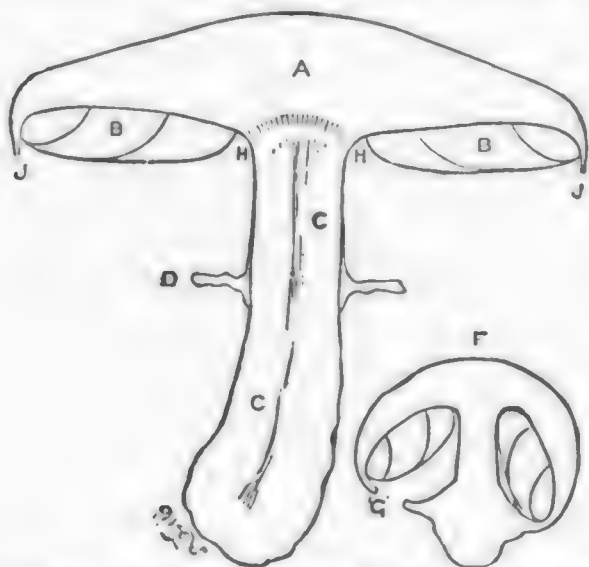


FIG. 2.—SECTION THROUGH A MATURE AND "BUTTON" EDIBLE MUSHROOM.

class occurs rarely or frequently no one knows just now; but it only adds a serious difficulty to the correct determination of fungi, edible or otherwise, bought from

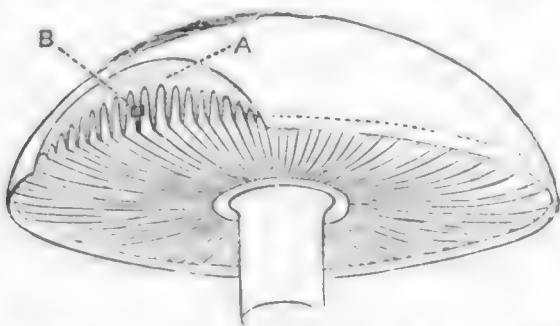


FIG. 3.—SECTION REMOVED FROM THE EDGE OF CAP OF EDIBLE MUSHROOM PREPARATORY TO MINUTE EXAMINATION.

dealers. Much more like a true mushroom is *A. cervinus*, Schæff., but this plant almost invariably grows on rotten stumps. The stem is perfectly ringless, and there is no

hanging frill round the edge of cap. The gills are white, then permanently pink, never black. This is a suspicious species, belonging to a dangerous class. Not far removed from the true mushroom is *Agaricus velutinus*. This plant resembles a slender, thin-fleshed mushroom, with a hanging fringe round the edge of cap; and brown, at length black, gills, which in this species distinctly touch

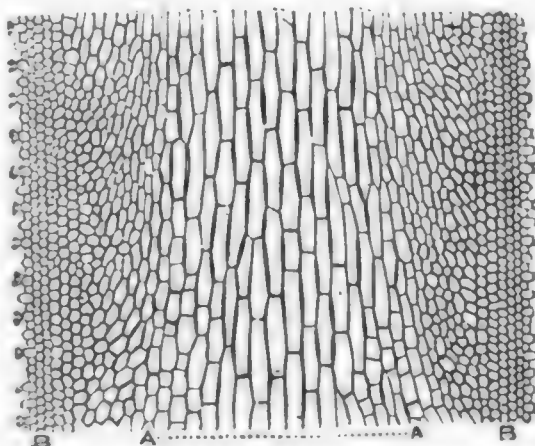


FIG. 4.—TRANSVERSE SECTION THROUGH FRAGMENT OF GILL OF EDIBLE MUSHROOM, SHOWING CELL STRUCTURES.

the ringless hollow stem. It generally grows about rotten stumps, about dung, and in gardens. It is commonly exposed for sale with mushrooms, and like the next

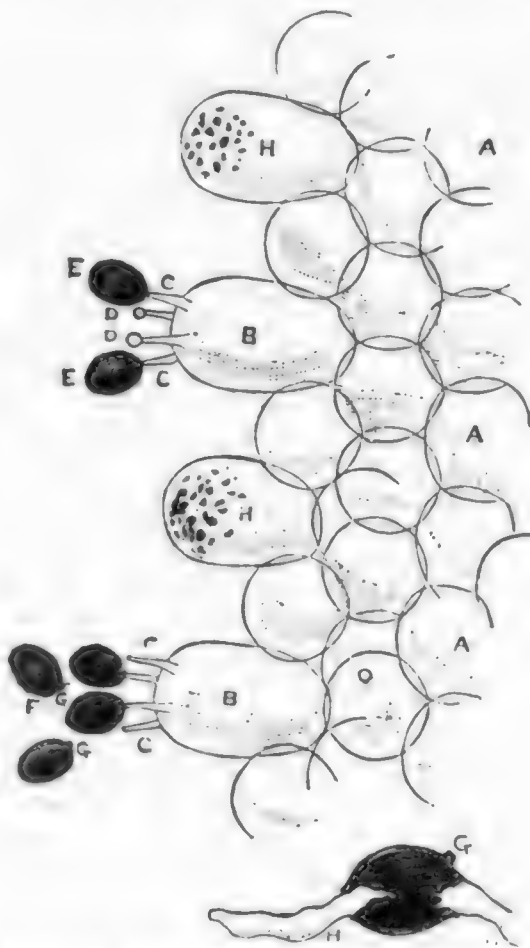


FIG. 5.—SECTION THROUGH SURFACE CELLS OF GILL OF THE EDIBLE MUSHROOM, SHOWING SPORES, ETC., ENLARGED 1,500 DIAMETERS. GERMINATING SPORE AT FOOT ENLARGED 3,000 DIAMETERS.

is largely used for ketchup-making. It, however, belongs to a suspicious cohort, and is probably dangerous.

*A. lacrymabundus*, Bull., is frequently seen in mushroom-baskets. It is an ally of the last, but more like a mushroom. It grows in the same places with the last, and is as fleshy as a true mushroom. The gills, however,

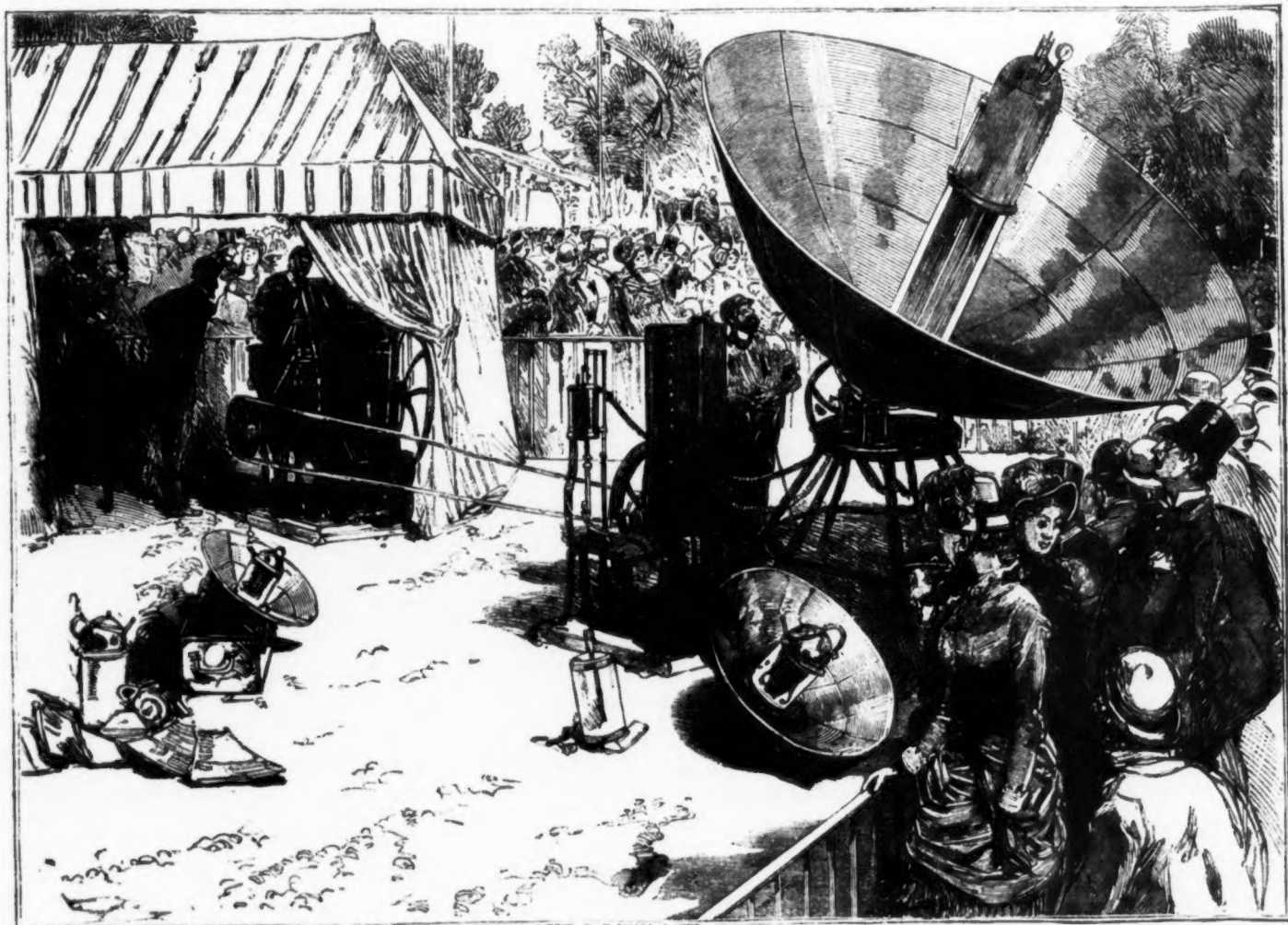


distinctly touch the hollow stem, and are generally studded with drops of moisture like tears, hence its name. This is, no doubt, a very doubtful if not dangerous plant.

The writer has investigated at different times many cases of poisoning from the consumption of "poisonous mushrooms," and in nearly every case the poisoning has arisen from fungi totally different in every respect from true mushrooms. One serious case was where a man had gathered a lot of scarlet-colored fungi from a wood, and with his wife and family had consumed them for supper. The taste of the species (*Russula fragilis*, Fr.) is hot, like fire. Perhaps some of the pungency was dissipated in cooking, but a fiery-hot taste is often put down to "too much pepper."

Another person gathered a basket full of semi-putrid

vomiting and purging ensue. A few years ago the writer was called upon to identify some fungi which had nearly killed an engine-driver. The fungi were gathered at Hendon, in England, and belonged to *Agaricus stercorarius*, Fr., an ally of the edible mushroom, but very much smaller in size, and always found growing on dung. The engine-driver ate a pint of these things; in half an hour he had severe pains in the head, with giddiness and oppressed breathing. He soon began to stagger as if tipsy, and said he felt like "passing through an arcade." In three hours he became somewhat convulsed, with twitchings of the muscles of the face. At this period a strong mustard emetic was administered by a doctor without effect, and the doctor hastily left the patient to fetch some sulphate of zinc. The doctor had only left a few moments when the engine-driver became greatly excited, and



PRINTING A NEWSPAPER BY SUN-POWER.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

fungi from rotten stumps, and cooked and consumed them, with unpleasant results. A third went into a London park, and gathered innumerable minute specimens from dung. When cooked this repast also had a disagreeable ending. A good test for an edible mushroom is its pleasant odor and its agreeable taste when raw, for most of the dangerous species are highly disagreeable to the nose and pungent to the palate when first gathered. Some act in another way, and cause speedy constriction in the throat. Cooking often causes the more serious poisonous properties to pass away from dangerous fungi. It must, however, be confessed that some of the most dangerous and insidious species are almost scentless and tasteless both when raw and cooked.

The symptoms of fungus poisoning are various. Effects similar to narcotic poisoning from laudanum, etc., are common. Giddiness, delirium, pains in the limbs are frequent, whilst at other times intestine irritation, excessive

rushed wildly out of the house into the street. Two doctors who followed found the poisoned man in a prostrated and lethargic state in a neighbor's house. Twenty grains of sulphate of zinc were now given, and this dose produced vomiting, and pieces of the poisonous fungi were brought up. Soon after the emetic the patient was again seized with sudden excitement, and he again rushed wildly into the street. Emetics were again administered, and the stomach was entirely cleared with the stomach-pump. In the course of a few hours, the patient recovered. He said he had experienced no pain in the stomach or bowels at any time, but when the convulsive paroxysms came on he felt an irresistible desire to run.

A bilious feeling and great nausea are common and early symptoms of fungus poisoning. In the absence of medical advice (or even with it) doses of sweet oil are an excellent palliative in mushroom poisoning. Repeated

doses of oil are harmless ; they almost invariably produce vomiting—which is, of course, what is primarily required—and have a tendency to lessen the irritation of the throat and intestines caused by the noxious fungi.

### PRINTING A NEWSPAPER BY SUN-POWER.

At a popular *fête* in the Tuileries Gardens (writes a correspondent of the *London Times*) I was struck with an experiment which seems deserving of the immediate attention of the English public and of the military authorities. Among the attractions of the *fête* was an apparatus for the concentration and utilization of solar heat, and though the sun was not very brilliant, I saw this apparatus set in motion a printing-machine, which printed several thousand copies of a specimen newspaper, entitled the *Soliel Journal*. The sun's rays are concentrated in a reflector, which moves at the same rate as the sun, and heats a vertical boiler, setting the motive steam-engine at work. As may be supposed, the only object was to demonstrate the possibility of utilizing the concentrated heat of the solar rays ; but I closely examined it, because the apparatus seemed capable of great utility in existing circumstances. Here in France, indeed, there is a radical drawback—the sun is often overclouded.

Thousands of years ago the idea of utilizing the solar rays must have suggested itself, and there are still savage tribes who know no other mode of combustion ; but the scientific application has hitherto been lacking. This void this apparatus will fill up. About fifteen years ago Professor Mouchon, of Tours, began constructing such an apparatus, and his experiments have been continued by M. Pifre, who has devoted much labor and expense to realizing M. Mouchon's idea. A company has now come to his aid, and has constructed a number of apparatus of different sizes at a factory which might speedily turn out a large number of them.

It is evident that in a country of uninterrupted sunshine the boiler might be heated in thirty or forty minutes. A portable apparatus could boil two and one-half quarts an hour, or, say four gallons a day, thus supplying, by distillation or ebullition, six or eight men. The apparatus can be easily carried on a man's back, and on condition of water, even of the worst quality, being obtainable, good drinking and cooking water is insured. M. de Rougaumont, a young scientific writer, has just published an interesting volume on the invention.

I was able yesterday to verify his statements, for I saw cider made, a pump set in motion and coffee made—in short, the calorific action of the sun superseding that of fuel. The apparatus, no doubt, has not yet reached perfection, but, as it is, it would enable the soldier in India or Egypt to procure in the field good water and to cook his food rapidly. The invention is of special importance to England just now, but even when the Egyptian question is settled the Indian troops might find it of inestimable value. Red tape should for once be disregarded, and a competent commission forthwith be sent to 30 Rue d'Assas, with instructions to report immediately, for every minute saved may avoid suffering for Englishmen fighting abroad for their country. I may, of course, be mistaken, but a commission would decide, and if the apparatus is good the slightest delay in its adoption would be indeed deplorable.

If you feel angry, beware lest you become revengeful.

### RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

**HEARING IN INSECTS.**—The sense of hearing in insects has been recently studied by Herr Gruber. Of air-insects he found the cockroach (*Blatta Germanica*) very sensitive. On sounding a violin-note, when a cockroach was running across the floor, the creature always suddenly stopped. Again, a number of these cockroaches were inclosed in a glass vessel, and on making a strong sound, there was evident agitation and excitement ; some would fall down from the glass, as if paralyzed. A cockroach was hung by a thread from its hind leg ; when it was quiet, a bow was drawn sharply over the violin-strings at the distance of about four feet, whereupon the insect was greatly excited, and struggled round, getting its head uppermost. Beetles also were readily affected by sounds ; but grubs and ants gave no certain indications. Of aquatic insects, various kinds of *Corixa* were tried. These would often remain quite quiet for several minutes, but on tapping the glass with a glass tube, they rushed about in much agitation. A disk at the end of a long rod, drawn to and fro in the water near a quiet *Corixa* produced no effect ; but on conducting the sound of a struck bell into the liquid by the rod, there was lively reaction ; similarly, when a glass bell, stroked with a bow, was brought to touch the water. These creatures were also sensitive to high violin notes in air, to the sound of a metal plate struck with a hammer, etc. Still more sensitive to sound were various aquatic beetles (*Laccophilus*, *Laccobius*, *Napacineres*, etc.) On the other hand, various larvae, especially of ephemerides, were unaffected ; but these were sensitive to mechanical agitation of the water. Herr Gruber considers the response the insects made to sound an indication of true hearing, and not mere reflex action.

**INDIA-RUBBER OIL.**—Dr. Beckert, of Spandau, has patented in Germany an india-rubber oil, which is intended to serve as a protective against rust. According to the description published in the German technical press, the rough oils obtained in the dry distillation of brown coal, peat or other bituminous substances, are subjected to a further distillation. Thinly-rolled india-rubber, cut into small strips, is saturated with a fourfold quantity of this oil, and is let stand for eight days. This mass thus composed is subjected to the action of vulcan oil or a similar liquid until a homogeneous, clear substance is formed. If this substance is applied in as thin a layer as possible on a metal surface, it forms, after slow drying, a kind of skin which insures an absolute protection against atmospheric influences. The durability of this covering is said to be most satisfactory. India-rubber oil is also said to be effective in the removal of rust which has already been formed, though we do not see in what way it can operate to do this.

**CRIMINAL** statistics are remarkably even, where accurately kept, as in France. Take the proportion of men to women guilty of crime there, for instance—it remains the same as it did thirty years ago, viz., eighty-four per cent. male to sixteen per cent. female. But in one respect there is a remarkable change, which is proof of what we have often maintained—that mere book-learning will not diminish crime. The proportion of criminals able to read and write to those unable to do so has, of course, with the dissemination of education increased. It has done so, however, to a surprising extent. In the first quinquennial period the proportion was sixty-one per cent. unable to read and write to thirty-seven per cent. able to read and write, two per cent. having received a superior education. The proportion has gradually become inverted, till, in the last quinquennial period, the proportion is thirty per cent. unable to read and write to sixty-six per cent. able to read and write, four per cent. having received a superior education.

**PROFESSOR CRUDELLI**, of Rome, points out in the *Practitioner* that the keeping of plants in ill-ventilated rooms may cause malarious infections even in regions where malaria is unknown. Professor Eichwald, of St. Petersburg, reports the case of a lady who was attacked by true intermittent fever while lying in a room containing plants, yet after the removal of the flower-pots a cure without relapse was effected. The unwholesome influence is said to be due not to the plants, but to the damp earth in which they grow.

**M. D'ABBADIE** has observed that the elephant-hunters who frequent the miasmatic districts of the Soudan protect themselves from fever by the daily use of a fumigation with sulphur. He has also found that near the sulphur mines there is a remarkable absence of miasmatic fevers. It has been asked : If sulphur fumes are a prophylactic against zymotic disease, may not the coal smoke of London and elsewhere have a sanitary value ?

**A LARGE REFRIGERATOR.**—The Quincy Market Cold Storage Company, of Boston are said to have the largest refrigerating building in the world. It is of stone and brick, 160 by 80 feet in size, and 70 feet in height. The capacity is 800,000 cubic feet, the cost \$200,000, and the ice chamber holds 600,000 tons of ice. It will be used for storing dressed beef and mutton. The Chicago refrigerator cars unload at the door.

An eminent authority on illuminating gas, Mr. Sugg, insists that one point of great importance in the construction of a gas-burner is that the gas should not be heated until it arrives at the point of ignition. The body of the chamber below that point must, therefore, be made of a material which is a bad conductor of heat, to prevent an undue expansion of the gas and maintain the heat of the flame.

**CASKS** may be freed from their soluble matter by being two-thirds filled with clean, pure water, and adding a pound or two of common soda. When this is dissolved the cask is to be filled to the bung, and allowed to stand ten or twelve days. After this it should be repeatedly rinsed with clear water.



A FRENCH chemist claims to have discovered a method of overcoming the danger threatening vineyards from the ravages of the phylloxera. His process is to inoculate the vines with the phenol poison. The phylloxera do not attack plants thus treated, and are extirpated for want of food. The vines are in no way injured by the inoculation process.

SOME experiments by M. Gautier appear to prove that human saliva possesses, in a milder degree, the same poisonous property as that of serpents. The human saliva injected under the skin of a bird caused death, with symptoms very closely resembling those resulting from serpent bites.

DIAMONDS, A. B. Griffiths considers, had been formed by the action of highly heated water or water-gas, aided by great pressure, on the carbonaceous matter of fossils in the sedimentary rocks, followed by cooling and consequent deposition of carbon in the crystalline condition.

MILK powder, mixed with powder of beef, is reported as having been used successfully by Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz in keeping up the strength of consumptive patients. For use, both articles are dissolved in ordinary milk, and the stomach is said to be very tolerant of the mixture.

WITH even a length of 600 yards of cable, divers have been able to communicate with persons above water, to receive instructions, to ask for tools, to report investigations, and the course of submarine investigations, all by telephone.

IF potatoes are peeled and treated with eight parts sulphuric acid and 100 parts of water, and then dried and pressed, a mass is obtained very like celluloid, and which can be used instead of meerschaum or ivory.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A SMALL leak will sink a great ship.

CUNNING is a fool's substitute for wisdom.

UNDERTAKE no more than you can perform.

"JONES, why do you send your wash to a Chinaman?" "I don't?" "You don't?" "No, he comes and gets it."

HALF of the trouble in life is caused by taking too much exercise. Both men and women would be happier if they would "jump at conclusions" less frequently.

"WELL," remarked a young M.D., just from college, "I suppose the next thing will be to hunt a good location, and wait for something to do, like 'Patience on a monument.'" "Yes," said a bystander, "and it won't be long after you do begin before the monuments will be on the patients."

A STORY is told of a rich tradesman who was about to build a mansion. Visiting the private house of a great publisher in order to get some ideas, the clothier and his wife were shown into the library. A happy thought occurred to the lady. "By-the-way," said she, appealing to her husband, "why can't we have books?"

A LETTER written by Prosper Mérimée during his Eastern travels, in 1841, has just been unearthed, which contains a compliment by a Turkish pasha to the press. "Great invention, newspapers," said the pasha to his visitor; "they afford an excellent way to pass the time." "But you Orientals have the pipe, which is infinitely superior." "I don't know about that," answered the pasha. "You see, when you smoke, sometimes it inspires you with gloomy thoughts, whereas, when you read the French newspapers, you never find anything to think about at all!"

"IS THIS woman your wife?" asked the justice of a colored man. "Is what my wife?" "Is this woman your wife?" "I don't see no 'oman; I sees a lady, and de lady is my wife." "Is this man your husband?" "Dat gen'lman is my husband." "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I have investigated this case, and have decided to send this lady and gentleman to jail for six months."

FOR the benefit of the boys who may have forgotten the recipe for our favorite army dish, we reproduce it, as it may be needed at our reunions: "Take a pail of water and wash it clean; then boil it till it is brown on both sides; pour in one bean; when the bean begins to worry, prepare it to simmer; if the soup will not simmer it is too rich, and you must pour in more water; dry the water with a towel before you put it in; the dryer the water the sooner it will brown."

THIS is a true one—A lady went into the kitchen to give her cook instructions about dinner. Turning to say a word to her servant, she discovered she had left the room. The mistress waited, but the cook did not return. Going up-stairs, she saw her calmly seated in the parlor. "What does this mean?" asked the indignant lady. "It means," responded the help, "that if you intend to be cook I will be lady." "In that case I will be both. Pack up your things, and out of my house on the instant."

LET US SPEAK BY THE BOOK.—(Scene—Glasgow post-office. Enter Tonalt with a highland paper in his hand, which he wishes to post to Tugalt, who is in England.) Tonalt (to office policeman)—"Where will she put a paper for England?" O. P.—"In there," pointing to a box marked "English Newspapers." Tonalt—"It's not an English paper at all, and she is not such a fool as she can't read whatever!" He dashes the paper into the box marked "Scotch Newspapers," and walks away, scowling at the smiling office policeman.

THERE is no luck like p—luck.

THE sting of reproach is the truth of it.

EVEN the laziest boy can catch a licking.

THE fourth of a man—A quarter-master.

THE keynote of good breeding is B natural.

"WILL you tell me," asked an old gentleman of a lady, "what Mrs. X's maiden name was?" "Why, her maiden aim was to get married, of course!" exclaimed the lady.

A SCHOOLBOARD inspector asked a small pupil of what the surface of the earth consists, and was promptly answered, "Land and water." He varied the question slightly, that the fact might be impressed on the boy's mind, and asked, "What, then, does land and water make?" To which came the immediate response—"Mud."

CORNERED.—"Handsome is that handsome does," quoted a man to his wife the other day. "Yes," replied she, in a winning tone, as she held out her hand; "for instance, a husband who is always ready to hand some money to his wife." The moralizer was cornered, and this is why the wife appeared at church last Sunday with a brand-new bonnet.

MADAME G. called at a friend's house on a wet day, and her feet being damp, she said to her friend: "My dear, will you let your maid bring me a pair of your slippers?" "My love," replied her friend—there were several people in the room—"do you think my slippers will fit you?" "Oh, I think so, my darling, if you will tell her to put a cork sole inside of them."

"SARAH, dear," said a waggish husband to his wife, "if I were in your place, I wouldn't keep that babe so full of butter as you do." "Butter, my dear! I never give it any butter." "No; but you poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon, and then trotted it on the knee for nearly two hours. If it don't contain a quantity of butter, it isn't for the want of churning."

THE LAY OF THE LAST VORTEX-ATOM.

Melody—*Lorelei*.

The Vortex-Atom was dying  
The last of his shivering race—  
With lessening energy flying  
Through the vanishing realms of Space.

No more could he measure his fleeting—  
No milestones to mark out his way;  
But he knew by his evident heating  
His motion was prone to decay.

So he staid in his drift rectilinear,  
For Time had nigh ceased to exist,  
And his motion grew ever less spinnier  
Till he scattered in infinite mist.

But as his last knot was dissolving  
Into the absolute naught—  
"No more," so sighed he resolving,  
"Shall I as atom be caught."

"I've capered and whirled for ages,  
I've danced to the music of spheres,  
I've puzzled the brains of the sages—  
Whose lives were but reckoned by years.

"They thought that my days were unending,  
But sadly mistaken were they;  
For, alas! my 'life-force' is expending  
In asymptotic decay!"

A GOOD story was told *à propos* of a noble lord who was recently returning from the races. In the adjoining compartment were eight bookmakers, who, cleaned out by successive failures, were traveling without tickets, hoping by a turn of good luck to escape payment. At last one of them, during a stoppage, hit upon a brilliant idea. Pulling his cap down over his eyes and buttoning his coat he went to the carriage of the noble lord and his friends, and, assuming an official air, collected all their tickets. These he distributed among his own friends; and, on the train reaching London, the noble lord had a narrow escape of seeing himself and his friends taken into custody for attempting to defraud the railway company, for, despite their assurances, the officials declined to believe that any one had been audacious enough to collect any of the passengers' tickets. "On the face of it," the thing was too absurd. It was only by paying their fare a second time that the noble lord and his friends escaped from the clutches of the railway servants.

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*"MY LOVE IS LIKE THE MELODY."*